

## The Girl from Tel-Aviv Who Wouldn't Kneel

Morrissey

The girl from Tel-Aviv who wouldn't kneel  
The girl from Tel-Aviv who wouldn't kneel  
Nor for husband, dictator, tyrant or king  
Humble homes with mottoes on the walls

Symbols and signs in framed designed  
Sure to keep the poor poor  
In fear of a god who hadn't saved them after all

And all of my friends are in trouble  
They're sorry, they're sick and they know  
All of my friends are in trouble  
There's no need to go into that now

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The sorrow my countenance shows  
Is hardly worth mentioning now  
Impartial application of the law  
In other words legalized torture

Of princes and kings and their costly parade  
Blitz them all back to the Stone Age  
The American way displayed proudly  
Is to show lots of teeth and talk loudly  
And the land weeps oil  
The land weeps oil  
What do you think all these armies are for?  
Just because the land weeps oil  
And the land weeps oil  
The land weeps oil  
What do you think all these conflicts are for?  
It's just because the land weeps oil