

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

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

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