

## The Operation

Morrissey

You fight with your right hand and caress with your left hand  
Everyone I know is sick to death of you  
With a tear that's a mile wide in the kite that you're flying  
Everyone I know is sick to death of you

Ever since you don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
You say clever things and you never used to

You don't catch what I'm saying when you're deafened to advice  
Everyone here is sick to the back teeth of you  
With a tear that's a mile wide in the kite that you're flying  
Everyone here is sick to the tattoo of you

Ever since you don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
You say pleasant things and there is no need to

Still, you fight with your right hand  
And caress with your left hand, ooh ooh

Sad to say  
How once I was in love with you  
Sad to say

You don't catch what I'm saying  
When you're deafened to advice, ooh ooh

Ever since you don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
What the hell have they stuck into you?