

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?