

# You Know I Couldn't Last

Morrissey

The whispering  
May hurt you  
But the printed word might kill you

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So don't let the blue  
The blue eyes fool you  
They're just gelignite  
Loaded and aiming right between your eyes  
CDs and T-shirts, promos and God knows  
You know I couldn't last  
Someone please take me home

The teenagers  
Who love you  
They will wake up, yawn and kill you

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Someone please take me home

There's a cash register ringing and  
It weighs so heavy on my back  
Someone please take me home

The critics who  
Can't break you  
They somehow help to make you

The critics who  
Can't break you  
Unwittingly they make you

So don't let the good days  
Of the gold discs  
Creep up and mug you  
With evil legal eagles  
You know I couldn't last  
Accountants rampant  
You know I couldn't last  
Every -ist and every -ism  
Thrown my way to stay

And the Northern leeches go on  
Removing, removing, removing

Then in the end  
Your royalties bring you luxuries  
Your royalties bring you luxuries  
Oh but  
The squalor of the mind  
The squalor of the mind  
The squalor of the mind  
The squalor of the mind