

# Lighten Up, Morrissey

Sparks

She won't go out with me, no, she won't go out  
'Cause my intellect's paper thin  
She won't go out with me, no, she won't go out  
Since my intellect's not like him

So, lighten up, Morrissey

She won't hang out with me, no, she won't hang out  
'Til my biting wit bites like his  
She won't hang out with me, no, she won't hang out  
'Til my quick retort's quick as his

So, lighten up, Morrissey? Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey

She won't have sex with me, no, she won't have sex  
'Less it's done with a pseudonym  
She won't do sport with me, no, she won't do sport  
Says it's way, way too masculine, look at him

So, lighten up, Morrissey? Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey

I got comparisons coming out my ears  
And she never can hit the pause  
If only Morrissey weren't so Morrisseyesque  
She might overlook all my flaws

So, lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up  
So, lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey'  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey  
She won't dine out with me, no, she won't dine out  
Says my t-bone steak is at fault  
She won't dine out with me, no, she won't dine out  
With a murderer, pass the salt

Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up

Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey  
Lighten up, lighten up  
Lighten up, Morrissey