

## Rusholme Ruffians

The Smiths

The last night of the fair  
By the big wheel generator  
A boy is stabbed  
And his money is grabbed  
And the air hangs heavy like a dulling wine

She is Famous  
She is Funny  
An engagement ring  
Doesn't mean a thing  
To a mind consumed by brass (money)

And though I walk home alone  
I might walk home alone ...  
...But my faith in love is still devout

The last night of the fair  
From a seat on a whirling waltzer  
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye  
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)  
From a seat on a whirling waltzer  
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye  
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)

And though I walk home alone  
I might walk home alone ...  
...But my faith in love is still devout

Then someone falls in love  
And someone's beaten up  
Someone's beaten up  
And the senses being dulled are mine  
And someone falls in love  
And someone's beaten up  
And the senses being dulled are mine

And though I walk home alone  
I might walk home alone ...  
...But my faith in love is still devout

This is the last night of the fair  
And the grease in the hair  
Of a speedway operator  
Is all a tremulous heart requires  
A schoolgirl is denied  
She said : "How quickly would I die  
If I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"  
La ...

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La ...

So ... scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen  
(This means you really love me)  
Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen  
(This means you really love me)  
Oh ...

And though I walk home alone  
I just might walk home alone  
But my faith in love is still devout  
I might walk home alone  
But my faith in love is still devout  
I might walk home alone  
But my faith in love is still devout  
La ...