

Wonderful Woman

The Smiths

Here her head, she lay
Until she'd rise and say :
"I'm starved of mirth;
Let's go and trip a dwarf"

Oh, what to be done with her ?
Oh, what to be done with her ?
Oh ...

Ice water for blood
With neither heart or spine
And then just
To pass time; let us go and rob the blind

What to be done with her ?
I ask myself :
What to be said of her ?
Oh ...

But when she calls me, I do not walk, I run
Oh, when she calls, I do not walk, I run
Oh ...
Oh ...

Oh ...