

On the Streets I Ran

Morrissey

Ooh, a working-class face glares back
At me from the glass and lurches
Oh forgive me, on the street's I ran
Turned sickness into, popular song
Streets of wet black holes
On roads you can never know
You never have them
But, they alway's have you
'Till the day that you croak
(it's no joke)

Ooh, a working-class face glares back
At me from the glass and lurches
Oh forgive me, on the street's I ran
Turned sickness into unpopular song
And all these street's can do
Is claim to know the real you
And warn if you don't leave
You will kill or be killed
Which isn't very nice
Here everybody's friendly
But nobody's friends
Oh, dear God when will I
Be where I should be?
And when the Palmist said:
"One Thursday you will be dead"
I said "No, not me, this cannot be,
Dear God, take him, take them, take anyone
The stillborn,
The newborn
The infirmed,
Take anyone
Take people from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Just spare me!"

Songwriters

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