

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

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