

Hand in Glove

The Smiths

Hand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds
No, it's not like any other love
This one is different, because it's us
Hand in glove
We can go wherever we please
And everything depends upon
How near you stand to me
And if the people stare, then the people stare
Oh, I really don't know and I really don't care
Kiss my shades, oh
Hand in glove
The good people laugh
Yes, we may be hidden by rags
But we've something they'll never have
Hand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds
Yes, we may be hidden by rags
But we've something they'll never have
And if the people stare, then the people stare
Oh, I really don't know and I really don't care
Kiss my shades, oh
So, hand in glove I stake my claim, I'll fight
To the last breath
If they dare touch a hair on your head, I'll fight
To the last breath
For the good life is out there somewhere
So stay on my arm, you little charmer
But I know my luck too well
Yes, I know my luck too well
And I'll probably never see you again
I'll probably never see you again
I'll probably never see you again
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

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