

The Happy Goth

The Divine Comedy

The lonely road you choose to travel on, it must seem awfully long
Innocence all gone, it must be wrong to hide your lovely face away
That music you play, I'm not saying it's bad, no, no
It just seems terribly sad

Is everything all right? I'd like to think you'd tell me if something was wrong
Well, her clothes are blacker than
the blackest cloth

And her face is whiter than the snows of Hoth
She wears Dr. Martens and a heavy cross

But on the inside she's a happy goth
Don't worry mum, don't worry dad
The hours that I spend alone are the happiest I've ever had
That's what she'd say if she ever spoke to you
But it's something she can never do

'Cause it's only by herself that she'll find out
What makes her different from the rest
Well, her clothes are blacker than the blackest cloth
And her face is whiter than the snows of Hoth

She wears Dr. Martens and a heavy cross
But on the inside she's a happy goth
Well, her clothes are blacker than the blackest cloth
And her face is whiter than the snows of Hoth
She wears Dr. Martens and a heavy cross
But on the inside

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