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 wrongWell, 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 gothDon't worry mum, don't worry dad
The hours that I spend alone are the happiest I've ever hadThat'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 restWell, 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 gothWell, 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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