

# Mute Witness

[Morrissey](#)

Your poor witness, crying so loudly on the floor  
Oh, well, she's only trying to tell you what it was that she saw  
She is only trying to tell you what it was that she saw Now see her standing on the table with her small arms  
flailing  
And you feel such compassion in your soul for your mute witness  
Still testing the strength of our patience  
Oh, well she's only trying to tell you what it was that she saw  
She is only trying to tell you what it was that she saw Now see her pointing to the Frisbee with a memory so  
fuzzy  
And her silent words describing the sight of last night  
4 a.m Northside, Clapham Common, oh, God  
What was she doing there? Will she sketch the answer later?  
Well, I will ask her, "Now dry your tears, my dear" Now see her mime in time so nicely, it would all have been  
so clear  
If only she had never volunteered, "Your taxi is here, my dear"

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