

# Piccadilly Palare (2010 Remaster)

Morrissey

Off the rails I was and off the rails  
I was happy to stay  
Get out of my way  
On the rack I was  
Easy meat, and a reasonably good buy  
A reasonably good buy The Piccadilly palare  
Was just silly slang  
Between me and the boys in my gang  
So bona to vada, oh you  
Your lovely eek and your lovely riah We plied an ancient trade  
Where we threw all life's instructions away  
Exchanging lies and digs my way  
'Cause in a belted coat  
Oh, I secretly knew  
That I hadn't a clue  
(No, no, no, no, no you can't get there that way, you follow me) The Piccadilly palare  
Was just silly slang  
Between me and the boys in my gang  
Exchanging palare  
You wouldn't understand  
Good sons like you never do So why do you smile  
When you think about Earl's court?  
But you cry when you think of all  
The battles you've fought and lost?  
It may all end tomorrow  
Or it could go on forever  
In which case I'm doomed  
It could go on forever  
In which case I'm doomed Bona drag

Songwriters

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