

# November Spawned a Monster

[Morrissey](#)

Sleep on and dream of love  
Because its the closest you will get to love, oh  
Poor twisted child, so ugly, so ugly  
Poor twisted child, oh hug me, oh hug me One November  
Spawned a monster in the shape of this child who later cried  
"But Jesus made me, so Jesus save me from pity, sympathy  
And people discussing me, this frame of useless limbs  
What can make good all the bad thats been done?" And if the lights were out could you even bear  
To kiss her full on the mouth or anywhere, oh?  
Poor twisted child, so ugly, so ugly  
Poor twisted child, oh hug me, oh hug me One November  
Spawned a monster in the shape of this child who must remain  
A hostage to kindness and the wheels underneath her  
A hostage to kindness and the wheels underneath her  
A symbol of where mad, mad lovers must pause and draw the line So sleep and dream of love  
'Cause its the closest you will get to love  
Ohh That November is the time which I must put out of my mind Oh, one fine day let it be soon  
She wont be rich or beautiful  
But shell be walking your streets  
In the clothes that she went out and chose for herself

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>