All The Lazy Dykes

Morrissey

All the lazy dykes, cross armed at the palms
Then legs astride their bikes, indigo burns on their arms
One sweet day, an emotional whirl, you will be good to yourself
And you'll come and join the girls
All the lazy dykes, they pity how you live
Just somebody's wife, you give, and you give
And you give and you give, give and you give
And one sweet day, an emotional whirl, you will be good to yourself
And you'll come and join the girls
Touch me, squeeze me, hold me too tightly
And when you look at me you actually see me
And I've never felt so alive, in the whole of my life
In the whole of my life
Free yourself, be yourself, come to the palms and see yourself
And at last your life begins, at last your life begins
At last your life begins, at last your life begins

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