

Sorrow Will Come In The End

Morrissey

Legalized theft
Leaves me bereft
I get it straight in the neck
(Somehow expecting no less)
A court of justice
With no use for truth
Lawyer...liar
Lawyer...liar
You pleaded and squealed
And you think you've won
But sorrow will come
To you in the end
And as sure as my words are pure
I praise the day that brings you pain
Q.C.'s obsessed with sleaze
Frantic for fame
They're all on the game
They just use a different name
You lied
And you were believed
By a J.P. senile and vile
You pleaded and squealed
And you think you've won
But sorrow will come
To you in the end
And as sure as my words are pure
I praise the day that brings you pain
So don't close your eyes
Don't close your eyes
A man who slits throats
Has time on his hands
And I'm gonna get you
So don't close your eyes
Don't ever close your eyes
You think you've won
Oh no

Songwriters

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