

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 meOne 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 meOne 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 lineSo sleep and dream of love
'Cause its the closest you will get to love
OhhThat November is the time which I must put out of my mindOh, 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/>