

This Night Has Opened My Eyes

The Smiths

In a river the color of lead
Immerse the baby's head
Wrap her up in the News Of The World
Dump her on a doorstep, girl

This night has opened my eyes
And I will never sleep again
You kicked and cried like a bullied child
A grown man of twenty-five

Oh, he said he'd cure your ills
But he didn't and he never will
Oh, save your life
Because you've only got one

The dream has gone
But the baby is real
Oh, you did a good thing
She could have been a poet

Or, she could have been a fool
Oh, you did a bad thing
And I'm not happy
And I'm not sad

A shoeless child on a swing
Reminds you of your own again
She took away your troubles
Oh, but then again

She left pain
So, please save your life
Because you've only got one
The dream has gone

But the baby is real
Oh, you did a good thing
She could have been a poet
Or, she could have been a fool

Oh, you did a bad thing
And I'm not happy
And I'm not sad
Oh...

And I'm not happy
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Oh...
And I'm not happy

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