Now My Heart Is Full

Morrissey

There's gonna be some trouble
A whole house will need re-building
And everyone I love in the house
Will recline on an analyst's couch quite soonYour father cracks a joke
And in the usual way
Empties the roomTell all of my friends
I don't have too many
Just some rain-coated lovers puny brothersDallow, Spicer, Pinkie, Cubitt
Rush to danger, wind up nowhere
Patric Doonan, raised to wait
I'm tired again, I tried again, andNow my heart is full
Now my heart is full
And I just can't explain
So I won't even try toDallow, Spicer, Pinkie, Cubitt
Every jammy Stressford poet
Loafing oafs in all-night chemists
Loafing oafs in all-night chemistsUnderact, express depression
Ah, but Bunnie I loved you
I was tired again
I tried again, andNow my heart is full
Now my heart is full
And I just can't explain
So I won't even try toCould you pass by? Could you pass by?
Could you pass by? Could you pass by?
Could you pass by? OhNow my heart is full
Now my heart is full
And I just can't explain
So slow, slow, slow, slow, slow, slow

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