

Sweet and Tender Hooligan (BBC Version)

The Smiths

H was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
He said that he'd never, never do it again
And of course he won't, oh, not until the next time He was a sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
And he swore that he'll never, never do it again
And of course he won't, oh, not until the next time Poor old man, he had an accident with a three-bar fire
But that's okay, because he wasn't very happy anyway A poor woman, strangled in her very own bed as she read
But that's okay, 'cause she was old
And she would have died anyway Don't blame the sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
Because he'll never, never, never, never
Never, never do it again, not until the next time Jury, you've heard every word, so before you decide
Would you look into those motherly eyes?
I love you for you, my love, you, my love
You, my love, you, my love Jury, you've heard every word, but before you decide
Would you look into those motherly eyes?
I love you for you, my love, you, my love
I love you just for you, my love Don't blame the sweet and tender hooligan, hooligan
Because he'll never, never do it again
And in the midst of life we are in death, etc. Don't forget the hooligan, hooligan
Because he'll never, never do it again
And in the midst of life we are in death, etc. Etc., etc., etc., etc.
In the midst of life we are in death, etc.
Etc., etc., etc., etc.
In the midst of life we are in debt, etc. Just will you free me? Will you find me?
Will you free me? Will you find me?
Will you free me, free me, free me
Free me, free me, free me? Jury will you free me? Will you find me?
Will you free me? Will you find me?
How will you find me, find me, find me
Find me, find me, find me, find me? Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.
Etc., etc., etc., etc.
In the midst of life we are in debt, etc.
Oh, oh

Songwriters

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