

Paint a Vulgar Picture

The Smiths

At the record company meeting
On their hands a dead star
And oh, the plans they weave
And oh, the sickening greed
At the record company party
On their hands a dead star
The sycophantic slags all say
"I knew him first, and I knew him well"
Re-issue, re-package, re-package
Re-evaluate the songs
Double-pack with a photograph
Extra track and a tacky badge
A-list, playlist, please them, please them, please them
Sadly, this was your life
But you could have said no if you'd wanted to
You could have said no if you'd wanted to
BPI, MTV, BBC, please them, please them
Sadly this was your life
But you could have said no if you'd wanted to
You could have walked away, couldn't you?
I touched you at the soundcheck
You had no real way of knowing
In my heart I begged, "Take me with you
I don't care where you're going"
But to you I was faceless
I was fawning, I was boring
Just a child from those ugly new houses
Who could never begin to know
Who could never really know
Best of, most of
Sate the need
Slip them into different sleeves
Buy both, and feel deceived
Climber new entry, re-entry
World tour, media whore, please the press in Belgium
This was your life and when it fails to recoup, well, maybe
You just haven't earned it yet, baby
I walked a pace behind you at the soundcheck
You're just the same as I am
What makes most people feel happy
Leads us headlong into harm
So, in my bedroom in those ugly new houses
I danced my legs down to the knees
But me and my true love
Will never meet again
At the record company meeting
On their hands at last, a dead star
But they can never taint you in my eyes
No, they can never touch you now
No, they can not hurt you, my darling
They can not touch you now

But me and my true love
Will never meet again

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