

Christian Dior

Morrissey

Christian Dior, you wasted your life
On aroma and clothes, fabric and dyes
Christian Dior, you wasted your life
On grandeur and style, and making the poor, rich smile
You could have run wild on the backstreet's of Lyon
Or Marseilles, reckless and legless and stoned
Impregnating women or kissing mad street boys from Napoli
Who couldn't even write their own name
Christian Dior, you wasted your life
Sensually stroking the weaves of a sleeve
You could have run wild on the backstreet's of Lyon
Or Marseilles, reckless and legless and stoned
Impregnating women or kissing mad street boys from Napoli
Who couldn't even spell their own name
Oh, Christian Dior
Oh, Christian Dior
When you look at me, failure is all that you see
I discipline my days just like Christian Dior
I could've run loudly and proudly or forcible entry
And morally bankrupt and never non-violent
And drawn to what scares me, and scared of what bores me
Years alone will never be returned, Christian Dior
Lyonise maverick, ah
Design if you can, ah
The way to just be a man, ah
To just be a man, ah
Christian Dior
Christian Dior
Christian Dior

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