

Frankly, Mr. Shankly

The Smiths

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way, and it corrodes my soul
I want to leave, you will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the twenty-first century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history, Mr. Shankly Fame, fame, fatal fame
It can play hideous tricks on the brain
But still I'd rather be famous than righteous or holy
Any day, any day, any day But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to live and I want to love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
Oh, I didn't realize that you wrote poetry
I didn't realize you wrote such bloody awful poetry, Mr. Shankly Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask
You are a flatulent pain in the ass
I do not mean to be so rude
Still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly
Oh, give us your money

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