

Scandinavia

Morrissey

I was bored in a fjord
And I curse the heart and soul
Of ScandinaviaLet the people burn
Let their children cry and die
In blind asylumsBut then you came along
And you held out your hand
And I fell in love with you
And ScandinaviaI kiss the soil
I hug the soil
I eat the soil
And I praise the God who made youStab me in your own time in Scandinavia
Unprotesting I'll die in ScandinaviaPinned to a crime in Trondheim
I despise each syllable in ScandinaviaLet the people burn
Let their children cry and die
In blind asylumsBut then you came along
And you held out your hand
And I fell in love with you
And ScandinaviaI kiss the soil
I hug the soil
I eat the soil
And I praise the God who made youStab me in your own time in Scandinavia
I'd be so happy to die in Scandinavia

Songwriters

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