

# Friday Mourning

## Morrissey

Friday mourning  
I am dressed in black  
Douse the house lights  
I'm not coming back  
For years, I warned you  
Through tears, I told you  
Friday mourning, there comes a time  
Before that breaks, this very smug mug of mine  
This dawn raid soon put paid to all the things  
I whispered to you at night time  
And I will never stand naked in front of you or if I do  
It won't be for a long time  
Look once to me, just once to me  
Then look away  
Look once to me  
Then look away  
And when they hold me down the hall  
And when they kick me down the stairs  
I see the faces all lined up before me of teachers and of parents  
  
And bosses who all share a point of view  
You are a loser, you are a loser, loser  
Loser  
A loser  
A loser  
Friday  
Friday mourning  
Dressed in black  
I won't be coming back  
Friday  
Friday mourning  
Dressed in black  
I won't be coming back  
Friday  
Friday mourning  
Friday, Friday, Friday [Incomprehensible]  
[Incomprehensible]

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