

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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