The Boy With The Thorn In His Side

The Smiths

The boy with the thorn in his side
Behind the hatred there lies a murderous desire for loveHow can they look into my eyes
And still they don't believe me?
How can they hear me say those words
Still they don't believe me?And if they don't believe me now
Will they ever believe me?
And if they don't believe me now
Will they ever, will they ever, believe me?The boy with the thorn in his side
Behind the hatred there lies a plundering desire for loveHow can they see the love in our eyes
And still they don't believe us?
And after all this time
They don't want to believe usAnd if they don't believe us now
Will they ever believe us?
And when you want to live, how do you start
Where do you go, who do you need to know?

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