

# On The Streets I Ran

Morrissey

Ooh, a working-class face glares back  
At me from the glass and lurches, oh  
Forgive me, on the street's I ran  
Turned sickness into, popular song  
Streets of wet black holes  
On roads you can never know  
You never have them  
But, they always have you  
'Till the day that you croak, it's no joke  
Ooh, a working-class face glares back  
At me from the glass and lurches, oh  
Forgive me, on the street's I ran  
Turned sickness into unpopular song  
And all these street's can do  
Is claim to know the real you  
And warn if you don't leave  
You will kill or be killed which isn't very nice  
Here everybody's friendly  
But nobody's friends  
Oh, dear God when will I  
Be where I should be?  
And when the palmist said  
"One Thursday you will be dead"  
I said, "No, not me, this cannot be  
Dear God, take him, take them, take anyone  
The stillborn, the newborn  
The infirmed, take anyone  
Take people from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
Just spare me"

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