

The Smiths, Rusholme Ruffians

The last night of the fair
By the big wheel generator
A boy is stabbed
And his money is grabbed
And the air hangs heavy like a dulling wine
She is famous
She is funny
An engagement ring
Doesn't mean a thing
To a mind consumed by brass (money)
And though I walk home alone
(I might walk home alone)
But my faith in love is still devout
The last night of the fair
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)
And though I walk home alone
(I might walk home alone)
But my faith in love is still devout
Then someone falls in love
And someone's beaten up
Someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine
And someone falls in love
Then someone's beaten up
Someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine
And though I walk home alone
(I might walk home alone)
But my faith in love is still devout
This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator
Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said: "How quickly would I die
If I jumped from the top of the parachute?"
This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator
Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said: "How quickly would I die
If I jumped from the top of the parachute?"
So scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen
This means you really love me
Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen
This means you really love me
And though I walk home alone
(I just might walk home alone)
But my faith in love is still devout
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout