THE SMITHS
BEST...
THE SMITHS
BEST I

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GIRLFRIEND IN A COMA
HALF A PERSON
HAND IN GLOVE
HOW SOON IS NOW?
PANIC
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, LET ME GET WHAT I WANT
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SHEILA TAKE A BOW
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SOME GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS
STOP ME IF YOU THINK YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE
THIS CHARMING MAN
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?
WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING
HALF A PERSON

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

Call me morbid, call me pale.

I've spent six years on your trail,

To Coda

six years on your trail.
Call me morbid, call me pale,  
I've spent six years on your trail,
I went to London and I, I booked myself in at the Y.

W. C. A. I said "I like it here, can I stay, I like it here, can I stay?"
Do you have a vacancy for a back scrubber?

She was left behind and sour.

and she wrote to me equally dour, she said “In the days when you were hopelessly poor, I just liked you more.”
So if you
Call me mor-
And if you
have five se - con ds to spare _
then I’ll tell you the sto - ry of my life...
six - teen, clam - sy and shy, _
that’s the
sto - ry of my life, _
six - teen clam - sy and shy,
the story of my life.
That's the story of my life,
that's the story of my life,
that's the story of my life,
the story of my life.
That's the story of my life.
HAND IN GLOVE

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

1. Hand in glove

the sun shines out of our be - hinds no it's

not like any oth - er love, this one's differ - rent be - cause it's us.

2. Hand in glove we can
go wherever we please and everything depends
upon how near you stand to me.

3. And if the people stare then the people stare

oh I really don't know and I really don't care.
INTRO:  (Repeat)

VERSE 4:  Hand in glove
           The Good People laugh
           Yes, we may be hidden by rags
           But we've something they'll never have.

VERSE 5:  Hand in glove
           The sun shines out of our behinds,
           Yes we may be hidden by rags
           But we've something they'll never have.

VERSE 3:  And if the people stare
           Then the people stare
           Oh, I really don't know and I really don't care.

INTRO:  (Repeat)

VERSE 6:  So, hand in glove I'll stake my claim
           I'll fight to the last breath
           If they dare touch a hair on your head
           I'll fight to the last breath.

VERSE 7:  For the good life is out there somewhere
           So I'll stay on your arm 'cos you look charming
           But I know my luck too well
           Yes I know my luck too well
           And I'll probably never see you again
           I'll probably never see you again, no
           I'll probably never see you again.

INTRO & VERSE (Instr.):  (Repeat) – Fade
HOW SOON IS NOW?

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

1. I am the son and the heir
   of a shyness that is criminally vul-

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I am the son and heir of nothing in particular.

You shut your mouth how can you say

I go about things the wrong way? I am human and I need to be loved

just like everybody else does.
INTRO & VERSE 1 & INTRO: (Repeat)

VERSE 2: ½ Instr. +
There’s a club if you’d like to go
You could meet somebody who really loves you
So you go and you stand on your own
And you leave on your own and you go home
And you cry and you want to die.

INTRO: (Repeat) – Fade
PANIC

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

Panic on the streets of London,
Panic on the streets of Birmingham,

Em    G    Em
- don,    pan-ic on the streets of Birm-ing-ham, I won-

Em    G    Em
- meres,    but hon-ey pie, you're not safe here so you run down

C    D    Bb    F    G
- der to my self _ to the safe-ty of the town. But there's pan-ic on the streets of Car-

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Burn down the disco, hang the blessed Leeds side-streets that you slip down, on the provincial towns you

D.J., because the music that they constantly play, it says
Hang the D.J., hang the D.J., hang the

nothing to me about my life, hang the blessed

D.J., because the music they constantly play on the
D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J., hang the D. J.
LET ME GET WHAT I WANT
Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

D /C# /B /A

Ah.

Bm/E Dmaj7

Good times for a change

A

see the look I've had can make a good man

A

turn bad.

G

So please, please.

L.H.

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please, let me, let me, let me, let me,

get what I want this time.

Have'n't had a dream in a long time.
See the life I've had can make a good man bad

So for once in my life let me

get what I want. Lord knows

it would be the first time.
Lord knows it would be the first time.

Please,
please, please let me get what I want.

Lord knows it would be the first time. Let me, let me,

let me, let me get what I want this time...

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RUBBER RING

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

sad fact widely known.
The most impassionate song to a lone-
But don't forget the songs that made you smile,
and the songs that made you cry,
when you lay in awe on the bedroom floor, and said oh,
smother me mother.
Verse 2:
The passing of time
And all of its crimes
Is making me sad again
The passing of time
And all of its sickening crimes
Is making me sad again
But don't forget the songs
That made you cry
And the songs that saved your life
Yes you're older now
And you're a clever swine
But they were the only ones who ever stood by you.

Verse 3:
The passing of time
Leaves empty lives
Waiting to be filled
The passing of time
Leaves empty lives
Waiting to be filled
I'm here with the cause
I'm holding the torch
In the corner of your room
Can you hear me?
And when you're dancing and laughing
And finally living
Hear my voice in your head
And think of me kindly.
SHEILA TAKE A BOW

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

Is it wrong to want to live on your own
not to always be glad

no it's not wrong but I must know
how can

some one so young
sing
words

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Sheila take a Sheila take a bow
boot the grime of this world in the crotch dear and

don't go home to night come out and find the

one that you love and who loves you the
one that you love and who loves you oh.

1.

2. Is it wrong

2.

Take my hand
and off we stride.
Oh la la la la la la

la la la. You're a girl and I'm a boy.
I'm a girl and you're a boy.

La la la la la la la la la la la la

Take my hand. La la la la la la
La la la la la la...

Sheila take a Sheila take a bow.

La la la la la la la la.

Throw your home work on to the fire.

Come out and find the one that you love.

Come out and find the one you love.
SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

Learn to love me assemble the ways
now today, tomorrow and all

My only weakness is a list of crimes
My only weakness is a listed crime but

...my only weakness is well never mind, never mind
last night the plans of a future war was all I saw on Channel Four

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Shop-lifters of the world, unite and take over.

Shop-lifters of the world, hand it over, hand it over, hand it over.

1, 2. 

A heartless hand on my shoulder,
a push and it's over, al - a-bas-ter crash-es down,
six months is a long time.
I tried living in the real world instead of a shell, but before I began,

I was bored before I even began.

Shoplifters of the world, unite and take over.

Shoplifters of the world, take over.
SOME GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

From the As

Ice Age

Anthony said to Cleopatra

there is
but one concern. And I have just discovered.

Some girls are bigger than others, some girls are bigger than others. Some girls’ mothers are bigger than other girls’ mothers. Some
STOP ME IF YOU THINK YOU'VE
HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

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hanim 08/05/05
Stop me. Stop me if you think that you’ve heard this one before.

Nothing’s changed. I still love you. Oh I still love you.

Only slightly less than I used to my love.
I was delayed, I was waylaid
I was restrained, he broke my
emergency stop
spleen, he broke my knee and then he really laid into me
I crashed down on the crossbar
and the pain was enough
to make a per
Fri-day night in out
patients
who said I'd lied to her

shy bald
Bud-dist re-flect
and
plan a mass
mur-der
who
who said I'd lied because I never

said I'd lied to her

who said I'd lied because I never

said I'd lied because I never

who said I'd lied because I never.
THIS CHARMING MAN

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

Bm7

A

F#m

E

A

E

Bm7

D

E

1. Punctured

bicycle

on a hillside
desolate

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A

F#m    E    A

E

will nature make a man of me

yet

when in this

A

F#m    E    A

E

charming car

this charm
VERSAL 3:  I would go out tonight
(As V. 2)  But I haven't got a stitch to wear
This man said "It's gruesome
That someone so handsome should care."
(MIDDLE)

D9

C\m7/E

F\bem7

A jumped-up pantry boy

who

B7(+9)

D9

C\m7/E

never knew his place, he said re-

F\bem7

D

turn the ring (he

knows so much a-
b)out
these
things.)

(3. I would go )

VERSE 3: (Repeat) *This charming man...

MIDDLE: (Repeat) *Instr.
WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

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and high tide I think I can rely on you.

And yet you start to recoil heavy words are so lightly thrown.

but still I'd leap in front of a
Flying bullet for you.

So what difference does it make?

It makes none but now you have gone.
VERSE 2: The devil will find work for idle hands to do
I stole and I lied, and why? Because you asked me to
Now you make me feel so ashamed because I’ve only got two hands
Well I’m still fond of you.

CHORUS: So what difference does it make?
So what difference does it make?
It makes none
But you have gone
And your prejudice won’t keep you warm tonight.

VERSE 3: The devil will find work... me to
But now you know the truth about me
You won’t see me anymore
Well I’m still fond of you, oh, oh, oh.

CHORUS: But no more apologies
No, no more apologies
I’m too tired
I’m so sick and tired
And I’m feeling very sick and ill today

But I’m still fond of you, oh, oh.
WILLIAM, IT WAS REALLY NOTHING

Words by MORRISSEY
Music by JOHNNY MARR

Gmaj7(+9) Dmaj7 F#m7 Bm Gmaj7 Dmaj7

1. The rain falls hard on a hum-drum town
   this town has dragged you down oh the

F#m7 Bm Gmaj7 Dmaj7 F#m7 Bm

rain falls hard on a hum-drum town
   this town has dragged you

Gmaj7 Dmaj7 F#m7 Bm Gmaj7(+9)

down and

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everybody's got to live their life and God knows I've got to live mine

God knows I've got to live mine

William William it was really no
How can you stay with a fat girl who'll say

"Would you like to marry me?"

and if you like you can buy the ring

she doesn't care about anything

"Would you"

one