

# His Latest Flame / Rusholme Ruffians

The Smiths

Very old friend  
Came by today  
As he was telling everyone in town  
Of all the love that he'd just found

And Marie's the name (of his latest flame)

Talked and talked  
And I heard him say  
That she had the longest blackest hair  
Prettiest green eyes anywhere

And Marie's the name (of his latest flame)

The last night of the fair  
By the big wheel generator  
A boy is stabbed  
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), oh

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  
A hideous trait (on her mother's side)

Then someone falls in love  
Someone's beaten up  
Someone's beaten up  
And the senses being dulled are mine  
And someone falls in love  
Someone's beaten up  
And the senses being dulled are mine

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 parachutes ?"

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  
Oh, if I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"

...Oh, walk home alone  
I 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  
I might walk home alone  
But my faith in love is still devout