

Michael's Bones

Morrissey

Michael's bones
Lay where he fell
Face down on a sports ground
Oh...

He was just somebody's luckless son
Oh, but now look what he's done
Oh, look what he's done

Your gentle hands are frozen
And your unkissed lips are blue
Your thinning clothes are hopeless
And no one was mad about you

Michael's bones
Were very young
But they were never to know
Oh...
Impetuous fun
Mr. Policeman
I don't know where you get such notions from

His gentle hands are frozen
And his unkissed lips are blue
But his eyes still cry

And now you've turned the last bend
And see - are we all judged the same at the end?
Tell me, tell me

Oh, you lucky thing
You are too brave
And I'm ashamed of myself
As usual

Oh...