

Shakespeare's Sister

The Smiths

Young bones groan
And the rocks below say :
"Throw your skinny body down, son !"

But I'm going to meet the one I love
So please don't stand in my way
Because I'm going to meet the one I love
No, Mamma, let me go !

Young bones groan
And the rocks below say :
"Throw your white body down !"

But I'm going to meet the one I love
At last ! At last ! At last !
I'm going to meet the one I love
La-de-da, la-de-da
No, Mamma, let me go !
No ...

I thought that if you had
An acoustic guitar
Then it meant that you were
A Protest Singer
Oh, I can smile about it now
But at the time it was terrible
No, Mamma, let me go
No ...