

Little Man, What Now?

Morrissey

An afternoon nostalgia
Television show
You spoke in silhouette
But they couldn't name you
Though the panel were very polite to you

Oh, but I remembered you
Friday nights, nineteen sixty nine
ATV, you murdered every line
Too old to be a child star
Too young to take leads
Four seasons passed
And they axed you

Nervous juvenile
Won't smile!
What became of you?
Did that swift eclipse
Torture you?

A star at eighteen
And then suddenly gone
Down to a few lines
In the back page
Of a faded annual
Oh, but I remembered you
I remembered you