

# 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...