

The Youngest Was the Most Loved

Morrissey

The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the shielded
We kept him from the world's glare
And he turned into a killer

Retrousse nose
Turned up and mischievous
Forget-me-not eyes
that cried if we ever left his side

There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal

The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
A small boy from a poor house
Who turned into a killer

A blush, it rose
If he had to say 'hello'
A lop-sided grin
Strained to keep the shyness in

There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal

The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
The luck was all before him
With a lovely wife beside him

The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
We kept him from the world's glare
And he turned into a killer

There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal