

# 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 ...