

My Life Is A Succession Of People Saying Goodbye

[Morrissey](#)

My life is an endless succession
Of people saying goodbye
My life is an endless succession
Of people saying goodbye
And what's left for me? What's left for me?
At one time, the future, it stretched out before me

But now it stretches behind me
And all of the best things in life are behind glass
Money, jewellery and flesh
And what's left for me? What's left for me?

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