

# 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

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