

# Cemetery Gates

## The Smiths

A dreaded sunny day  
So I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Keats and Yeats are on your side  
A dreaded sunny day  
So I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Keats and Yeats are on your side  
While Wilde is on mine So we go inside and we gravely read the stones  
All those people, all those lives  
Where are they now?  
With loves, and hates  
And passions just like mine  
They were born  
And then they lived  
And then they died  
It seems so unfair  
I want to cry You say : "'Ere thrice the sun done salutation to the dawn"  
And you claim these words as your own  
But I've read well, and I've heard them said  
A hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)  
If you must write prose/poems  
The words you use should be your own  
Don't plagiarise or take "on loan"  
'Cause there's always someone, somewhere  
With a big nose, who knows  
And who trips you up and laughs  
When you fall  
Who'll trip you up and laugh  
When you fall You say : "'Ere long done do does did"  
Words which could only be your own  
And then produce the text  
From whence was ripped  
(Some dizzy whore, 1804) A dreaded sunny day  
So let's go where we're happy  
And I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Oh, Keats and Yeats are on your side  
A dreaded sunny day  
So let's go where we're wanted  
And I meet you at the cemetery gates  
Keats and Yeats are on your side

But you lose  
'Cause weird lover Wilde is on mineSure!

Songwriters

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