

Munich Air Disaster 1958

Morrissey

We love them
We mourn for them
Unlucky boys of red
I wish I'd gone down
Gone down with them
To where mother nature
 Makes their bed
 We miss them
 Every night we kiss them
Their faces fixed in our heads
 I wish I'd gone down

Gone down with them
To where mother nature
 Makes their bed
 They can't hurt you
Their style will never desert you
Because they're all safely dead
 I wish I'd gone down
 Gone down with them
 To where mother nature
 Makes their bed

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