

The Queen Is Dead

The Smiths

Farewell to this land's cheerless marshes
Hemmed in like a boar between arches
Her very lowness with her head in a sling
I'm truly sorry but it sounds like a wonderful thing
Dear Charles, don't you ever crave
To appear on the front of the Daily Mail
Dressed in your mother's bridal veil?
So I checked all the registered historical facts
And I was shocked into shame to discover
How I'm the eighteenth pale descendent
Of some old queen or other.
Has the world changed or have I changed?
Has the world changed or have I changed?
As some nine-year-old peddles drugs
I never even knew what drugs were.
So I broke into the Palace
With a sponge and a rusty spanner.
She said, Eh, I know you and you cannot sing
I said that's nothing, you should hear me play piano.
We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And we can talk about precious things.
But when you're tied to your mother's apron
No one talks about castration.
We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And we can talk about precious things
Like love and law and poverty
These are the things that kill me.
We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And we can talk about precious things
But the rain that flattens my hair
These are the things that kill me.
Passed the pub that saps your body
And the church who'll snatch your money.
The queen is dead boys and it's so lonely on a limb.
Passed the pub that wrecks your body
And the church, all they want is your money.
The queen is dead boys, you can trust me boys.
Life is very long when you're lonely ...

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