

The Queen Is Dead

The Smiths

Farewell to cheerless marshes
Hemmed in like a boar between arches
Her very lowness with a head in a sling
I'm truly sorry, but it sounds like a wonderful thing I said, "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
I was shocked into shame to discover
I am this 18th pale descendant
Of some old queen or another Oh, has the world changed, or have I changed?
Oh has the world changed, or have I changed? Some 9 year old tough who peddles drugs
I swear to God, 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 talk about precious things
But when you're tied to your mother's apron
No one talks about castration Past the pub who wrecks your body
And the church, wants to snatch your money
The queen is dead, boys
And it's so lonely on a limb Past the pub who 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
Life is very long, when you're lonely

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