

Shakespeare's Sister

The Smiths

Young bones groan, and the rocks below say
"Throw your skinny body down, son" But I'm going to meet the one I love
So please don't stand in my way
Because I'm going to meet the one I love
No, mama, let me go Young bones groan and the rocks below say
"Throw your white body down" But I'm going to meet the one I love
At last, at last, at last!
I'm going to meet the one I love
La-de-da, la-de-da
No, mama, let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no I thought that if you had an acoustic guitar
Then it meant that you were
A protest singer
Oh, I can smile about it now
But at the time it was terrible
No, mama, let me go
No, no, no, no, no, no

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