

Istanbul

Morrissey

When he first cried his mother died
I had tried to be his guide
When he was born I was too young
The father searches for the son
In Istanbul, give him back to me
Oh Istanbul, give me back my brown-eyed son Moonlight jumping through the trees
Sunken eyes avoiding me,
From dawn to dusk, the hunt is on,
The father searches for the son
In Istanbul, give him back to me
In Istanbul give me back my brown-eyed son On secret streets in disbelief
Little shadow shows the lead
Prostitutes, stylish and glum
In amongst them you are one Oh, what have I done?! Rolling breathless off the tongue
The vicious street gang slang
I lean into a box of pine
Identify the kid as mine

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