

# My Life Is a Succession of People Saying Goodbye

[Morrissey](#)

My life is an endless succession  
Of people saying goodbye  
My life is an endless succession  
Of people saying goodbye And what's left for me? What's left for me?  
At one time, the future, it stretched out before me  
But now it stretches behind me And all of the best things in life are behind glass  
Money, jewellery and flesh  
And what's left for me? What's left for me?

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