

Michael's Bones

[Morrissey](#)

Michael's bones
Lay where he fell
Face down on a sports ground
He was just somebody's luckless son
Oh, but now look what he's done
Oh, look what he's done Your gentle hands are frozen
And your unkissed lips are blue
Your thinning clothes are hopeless
And no one was mad about you Michael's bones
Were very young
But they were never to know
Impetuous fun
Mr. Policeman, I don't know
Where you get such notions from His gentle hands are frozen
And his unkissed lips are blue
But his eyes still cry And now you've turned the last bend
And see are we all judged the same at the end?
Tell me, tell me Oh, you lucky thing
You are too brave
And I'm ashamed of myself as usual

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