

Morrissey, Munich Air Disaster 1958

We love them
We mourn for them
Unlucky boys of Red

I wish I'd gone down
Gone down with them
To where Mother Nature makes their bed

We miss them
Every night we kiss them
Their faces fixed in our heads

I wish I'd gone down
Gone down with them
To where Mother Nature makes their bed

They can't hurt you
Their style will never desert you
Because they're all safely dead

I wish I'd gone down
Gone down with them
To where Mother Nature makes their bed