

# 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