

Morrissey, My Life Is An Endless Succession Of People

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
And all of the best things in life are behind glass
Money, jewelry and flesh
And what's left for me?
What's left for me?