

# Morrissey, The Never-Played Symphonies

Reflecting from my deathbed  
I'm balancing life's riches  
against the ditches  
and the flat gray years in-between  
all I can see are the never-laid  
that's the never played symphonies

I can't see those who tried to love me  
or those who felt they understood me  
and I can't see those who  
very patiently put up with me  
All I can see are the never-laid  
or the never played symphonies

You were one, you meant to be one  
and you jumped into my face  
and laughed and kissed me on the cheek  
and then were gone forever  
not quite

Black sky in the daytime  
and I don't much mind dying  
when there is nothing left to care for anymore  
just the never layed  
the never played symphonies

You were one, you knew you were one  
and you slid right through my fingers  
no not literally  
but metaphorically  
and now you're all I see  
as the light fades