

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