

Smiths, The "Cemetery Gates"

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A dreaded sunny day
so I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side

A dreaded sunny day
so I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
while Wilde is on mine

So we go inside and we gravely read the stones
all those people all those lives
where are they now?
with the loves and hates
and passions just like mine
they were born
and then they lived and then they died
seems so unfair
and I want to cry

You say:

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