

Smiths, The

"Shakespeare's Sister"

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Young bones groan
And the rocks below say :
"Throw your skinny body down, son!"

But I'm going to meet the one I love
So please don't stand in my way
Because I'm going to meet the one I love
No, Mamma, let me go!

Young bones groan
And the rocks below say :
"Throw your white body down!"

But I'm going to meet the one I love
At last! At last! At last!
I'm going to meet the one I love
La-de-da, la-de-da
No, Mamma, let me go!
No...

I thought that if you had
An acoustic guitar
Then it meant that you were
A Protest Singer
Oh, I can smile about it now
But at the time it was terrible
No, Mamma, let me go
No...

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