

Smiths, The

"The Queen Is Dead"

Visit "[The Queen Is Dead](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Farewell to this land's cheerless marches
Hemmed in like a boar between arches
Her very Lowness with her head in a sling
I'm truly sorry but it sounds like a wonderful thing

I say Charles don't you ever crave
To appear on the front of the Daily Mail
Dressed in your Mother's bridal veil?

And so I checked all the registered historical facts
And I was shocked into shame to discover
How I'm the 18th pale descendent
Of some old queen or other

Oh has the world changed, or have I changed?
Oh has the world changed, or have I changed?
Some nine year old tough who peddles drugs
I swear to God, I swear I never even knew what drugs
were

So I broke into the Palace
With a sponge and a rusty spanner
She said: "Eh, I know you, and you cannot sing"
I said: "that's nothing - you should hear me play piano"

We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And talk about precious things
But when you are tied to your mother's apron
No-one talks about castration

We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And talk about precious things
Like love and law and poverty
These are the things that kill me

We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
And talk about precious things
But the rain that flattens my hair
These are the things that kill me

Passed the pub that saps your body

And the church who'll snatch your money
The Queen is dead, boys
And it's so lonely on a limb

Pass the pub that wrecks your body
And the church, all they want is your money
The Queen is dead, boys
And it's so lonely on a limb

Life is very long, when you're lonely
Life is very long, when you're lonely
Life is very long, when you're lonely
Life is very long, when you're lonely

Visit [Smiths, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.