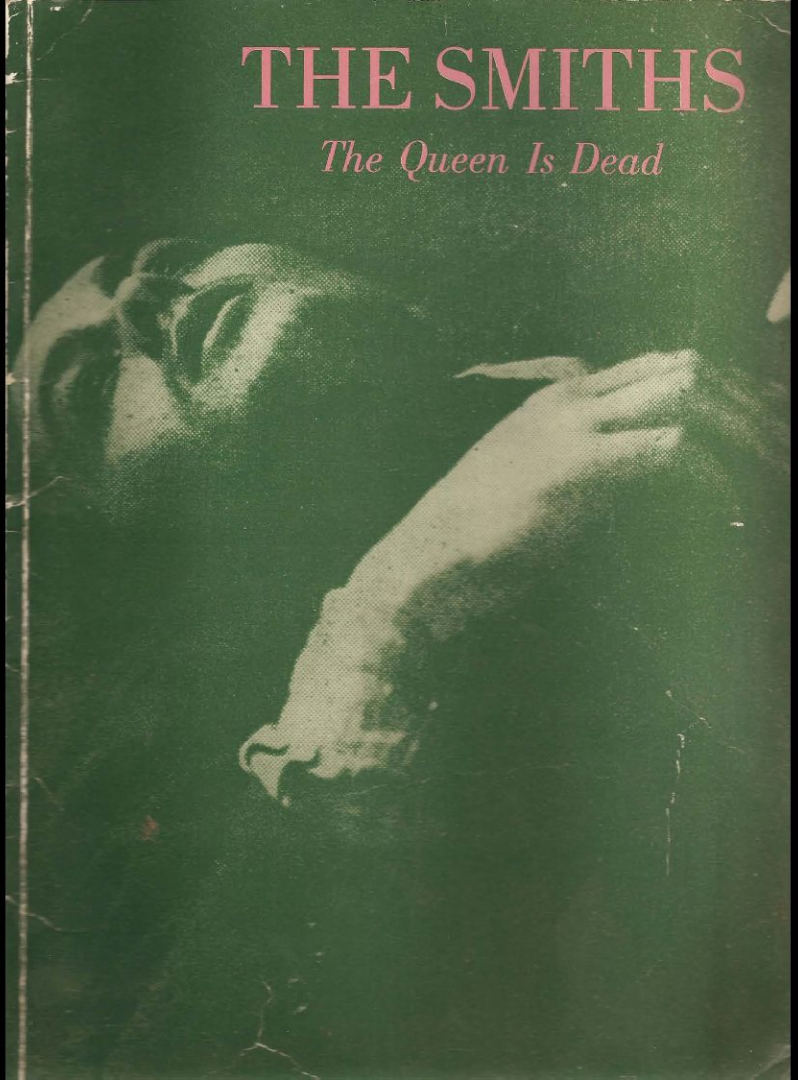
THE SMITHS

The Queen Is Dead



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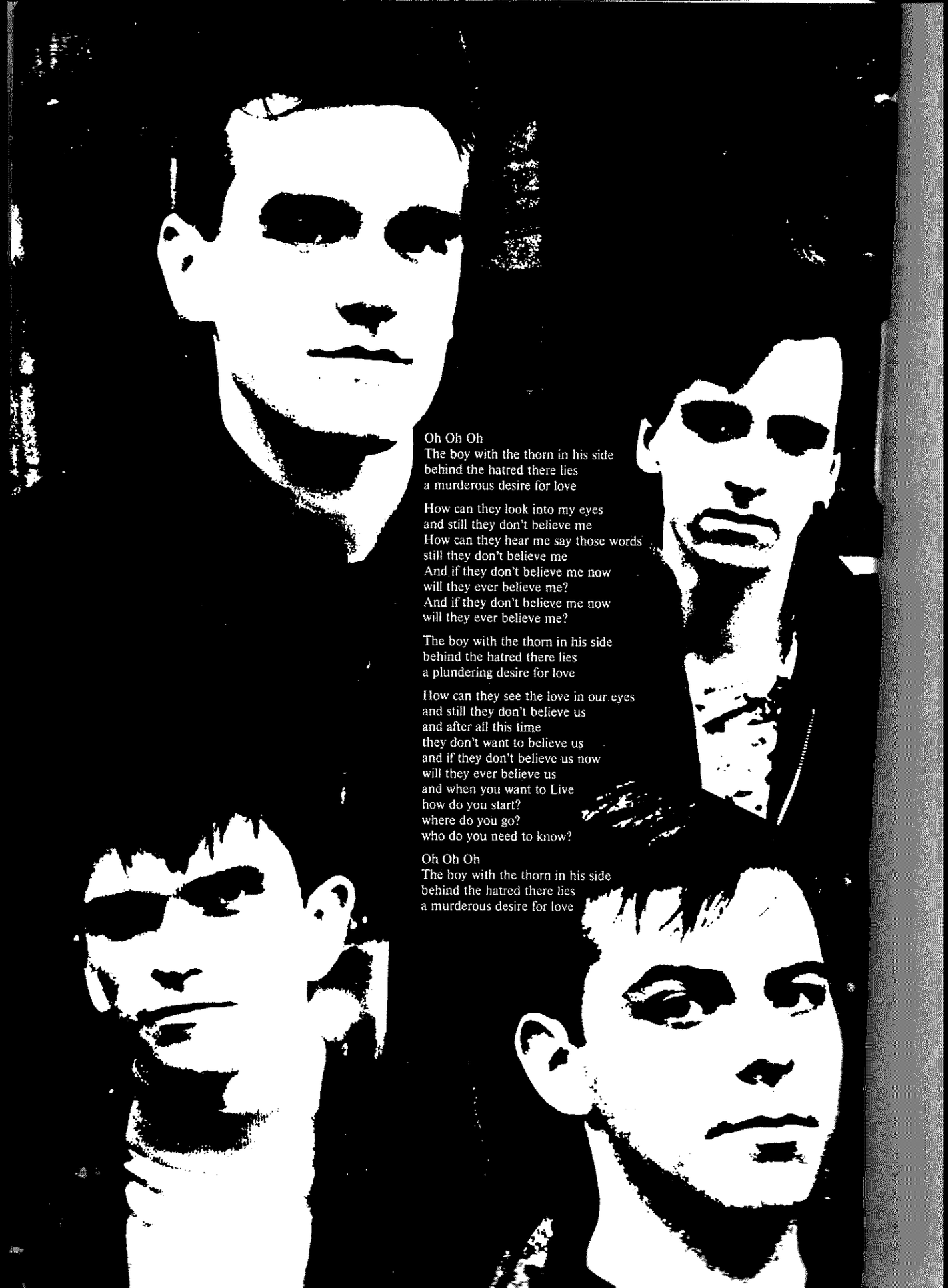


Oh Oh Oh
The boy with the thorn in his side
behind the hatred there lies
a murderous desire for love

How can they look into my eyes
and still they don't believe me
How can they hear me say those words
still they don't believe me
And if they don't believe me now
will they ever believe me?
And if they don't believe me now
will they ever believe me?

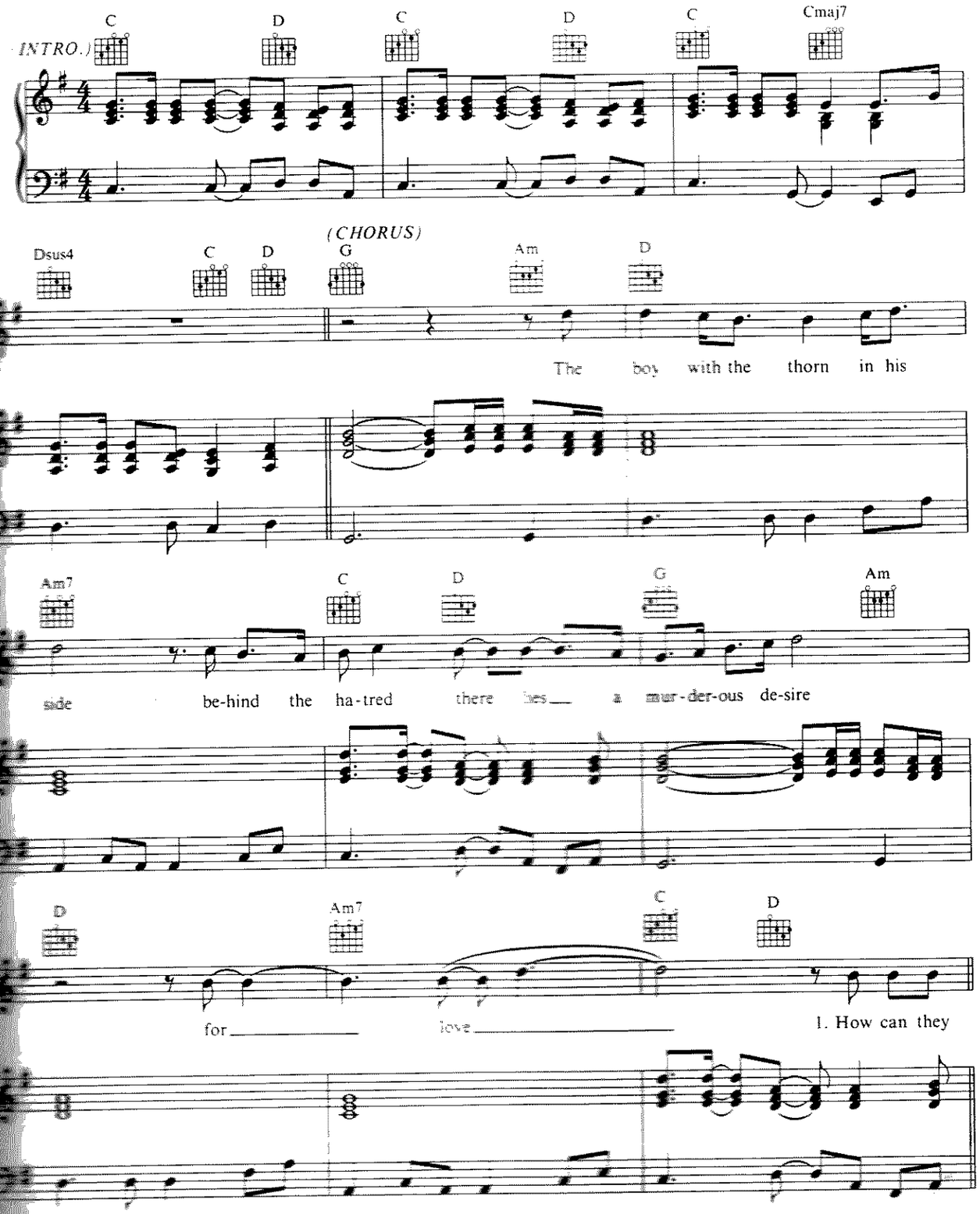
The boy with the thorn in his side
behind the hatred there lies
a plundering desire for love

How can they see the love in our eyes
and still they don't believe us
and after all this time
they don't want to believe us
and if they don't believe us now
will they ever believe us
and when you want to Live
how do you start?
where do you go?
who do you need to know?

Oh Oh Oh
The boy with the thorn in his side
behind the hatred there lies
a murderous desire for love

THE BOY WITH A THORN IN HIS SIDE

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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G Am D Am7

look in - to my eyes and still they don't be - lieve me

C D G Am D

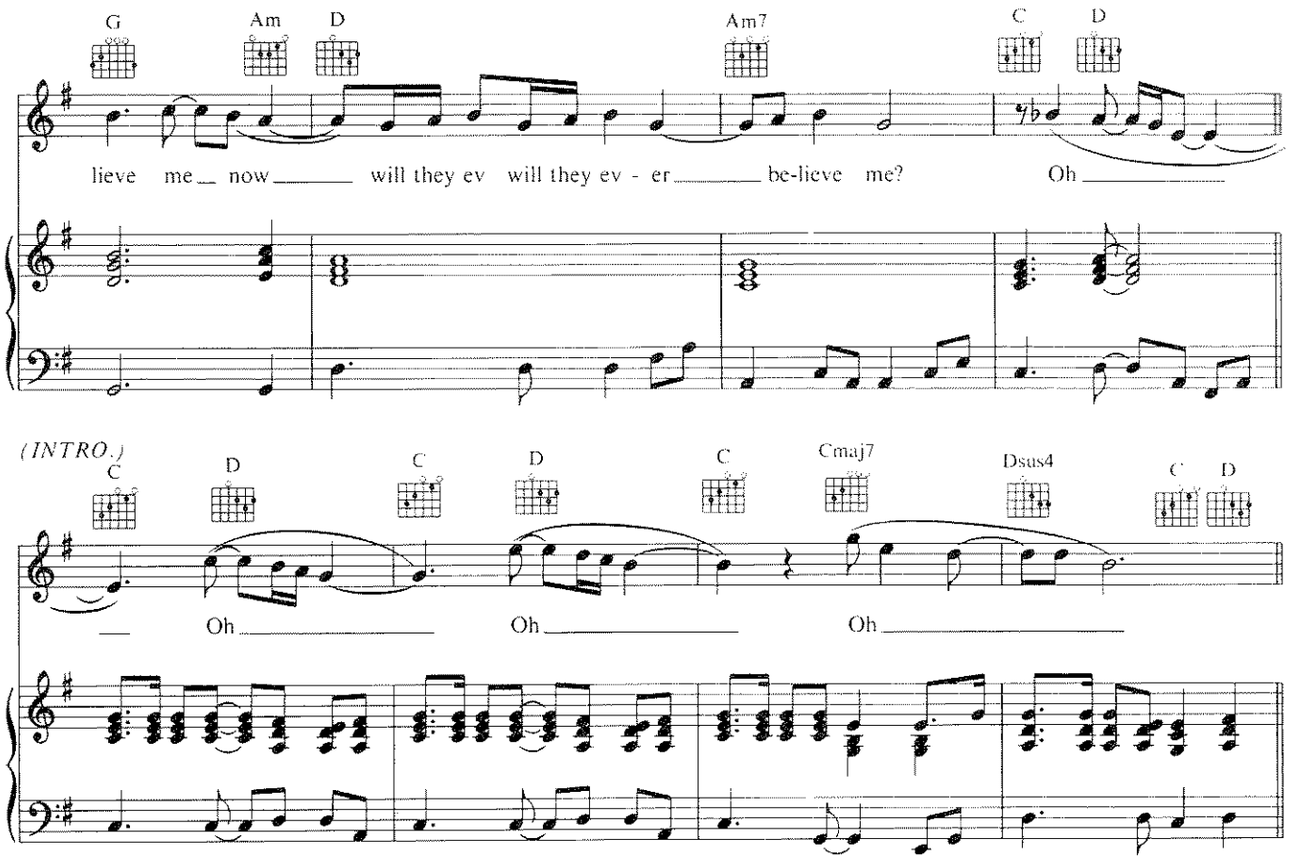
How can they hear me say those words still they don't be - lieve

Am7 C D G Am

me And if they don't be - lieve me now

D Am7 C D

will they ev - er be - lieve me? And if they don't be -

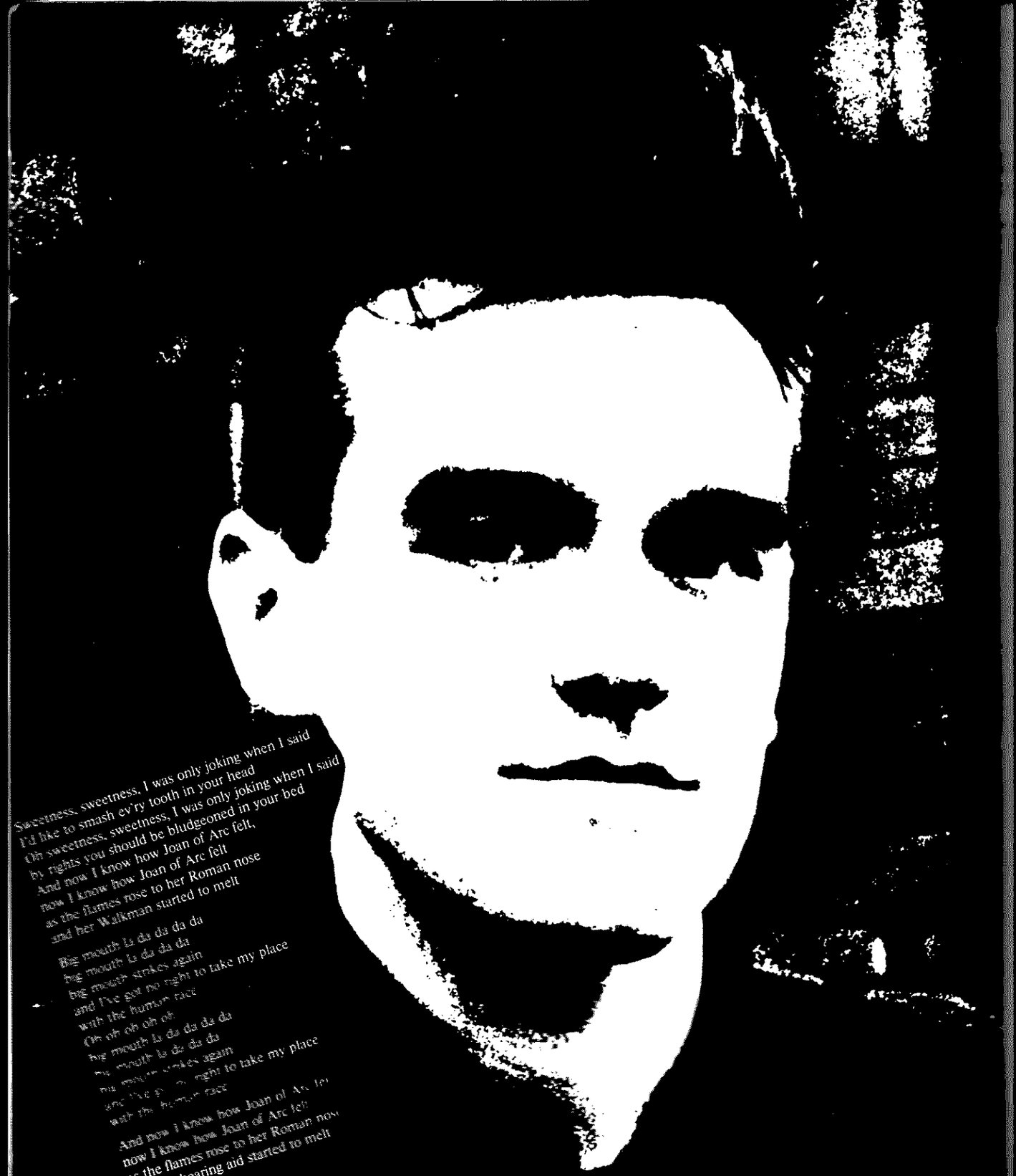


CHORUS: The boy with the thorn in his side
behind the hatred there lies
a plundering desire for love

VERSE 2: How can they see the love in our eyes
and still they don't believe us
and after all this time
they don't want to believe us
and if they don't believe us now
will they ever believe us
and when you want to Live
how do you start?
where do you go?
who do you need to know?

INTRO: *(Repeat)*

CHORUS: *(Instr.)*



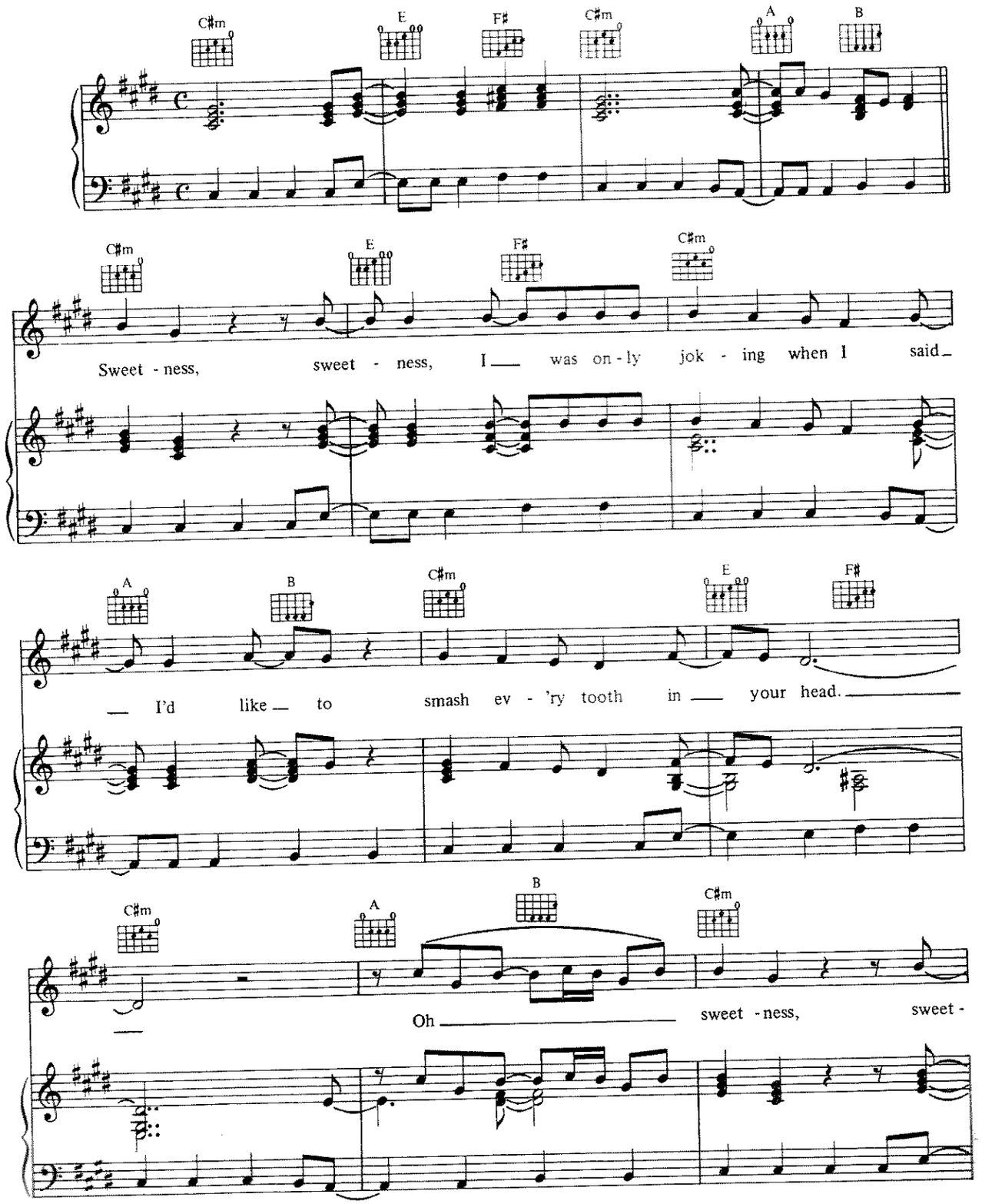
Sweetness, sweetness, I was only joking when I said
I'd like to smash ev'ry tooth in your head
Oh sweetness, sweetness, I was only joking when I said
by rights you should be bludgeoned in your bed
And now I know how Joan of Arc felt,
now I know how Joan of Arc felt
as the flames rose to her Roman nose
and her Walkman started to melt

Big mouth la da da da da
big mouth la da da da
big mouth strikes again
and I've got no right to take my place
with the human race
Oh oh oh oh oh
big mouth la da da da da
big mouth la da da da
big mouth strikes again
and I've got no right to take my place
with the human race

And now I know how Joan of Arc felt
now I know how Joan of Arc felt
as the flames rose to her Roman nose
and her hearing aid started to melt

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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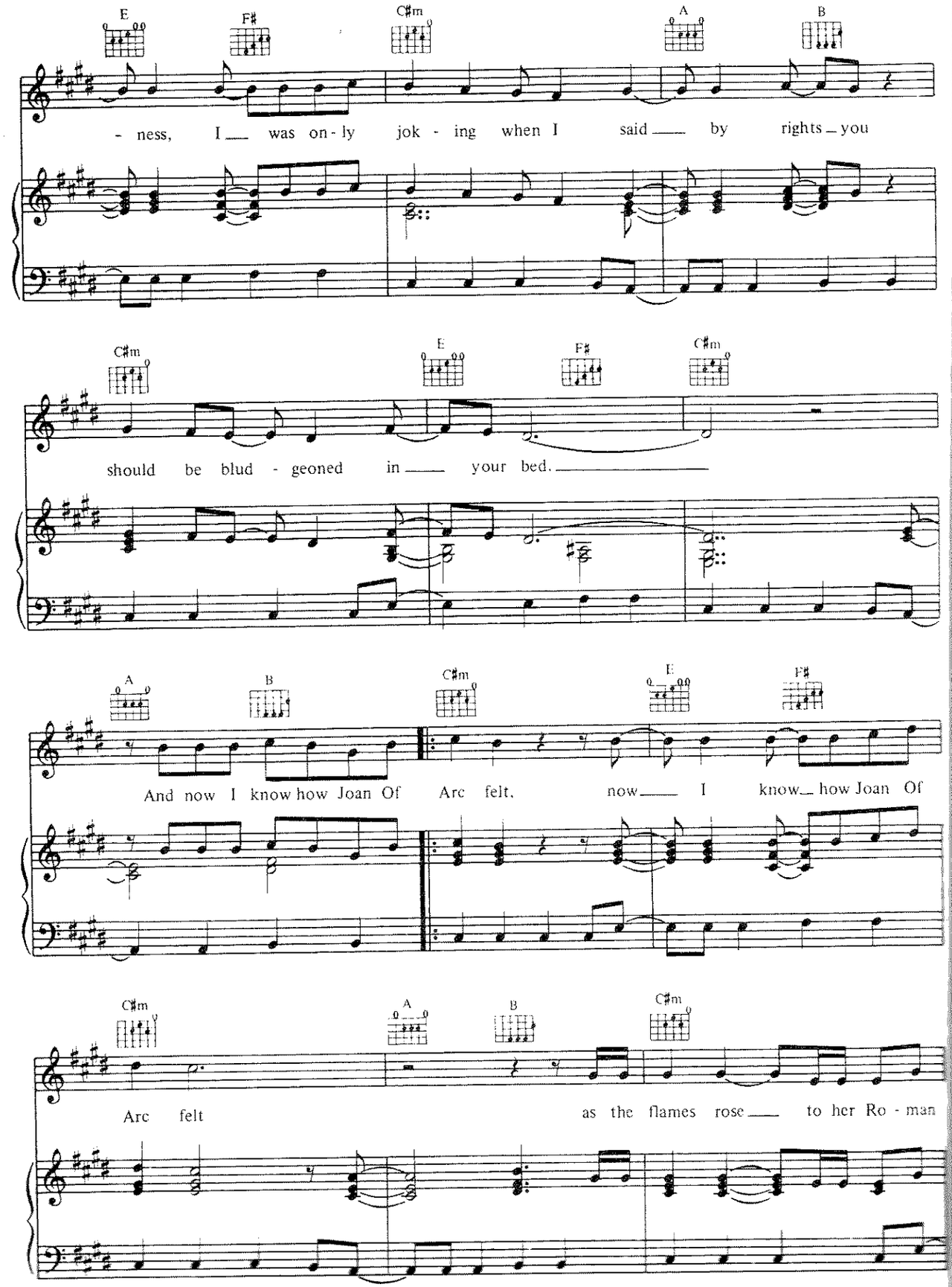

E
F♯
C♯m
A
B
- ness, I was on - ly jok - ing when I said by rights you
C♯m
E
F♯
C♯m
should be blud - geoned in your bed.
A
B
C♯m
E
F♯
And now I know how Joan Of Arc felt, now I know how Joan Of
C♯m
A
B
C♯m
Arc felt as the flames rose to her Ro - man

E F♯ C♯m A B

nose and her Walk - man / hear - ing aid start-ed to melt.

1. C♯m E F♯ C♯m

A B C♯m E F♯

C♯m A B

C♯m E F♯ C♯m

Big - mouth la da da da da big - mouth la da da da

A B C♯m E F♯

big-mouth strikes a - gain and I've got no right to take my place with the

C♯m A B C♯m

hu-man race. Oh, oh, oh oh oh big - mouth la da da

E F♯ C♯m A B

da da, big - mouth la da da da, big-mouth strikes

C♯m I F♯ C♯m

— a - gain — and I've got no right to take my place with the hu-man race.

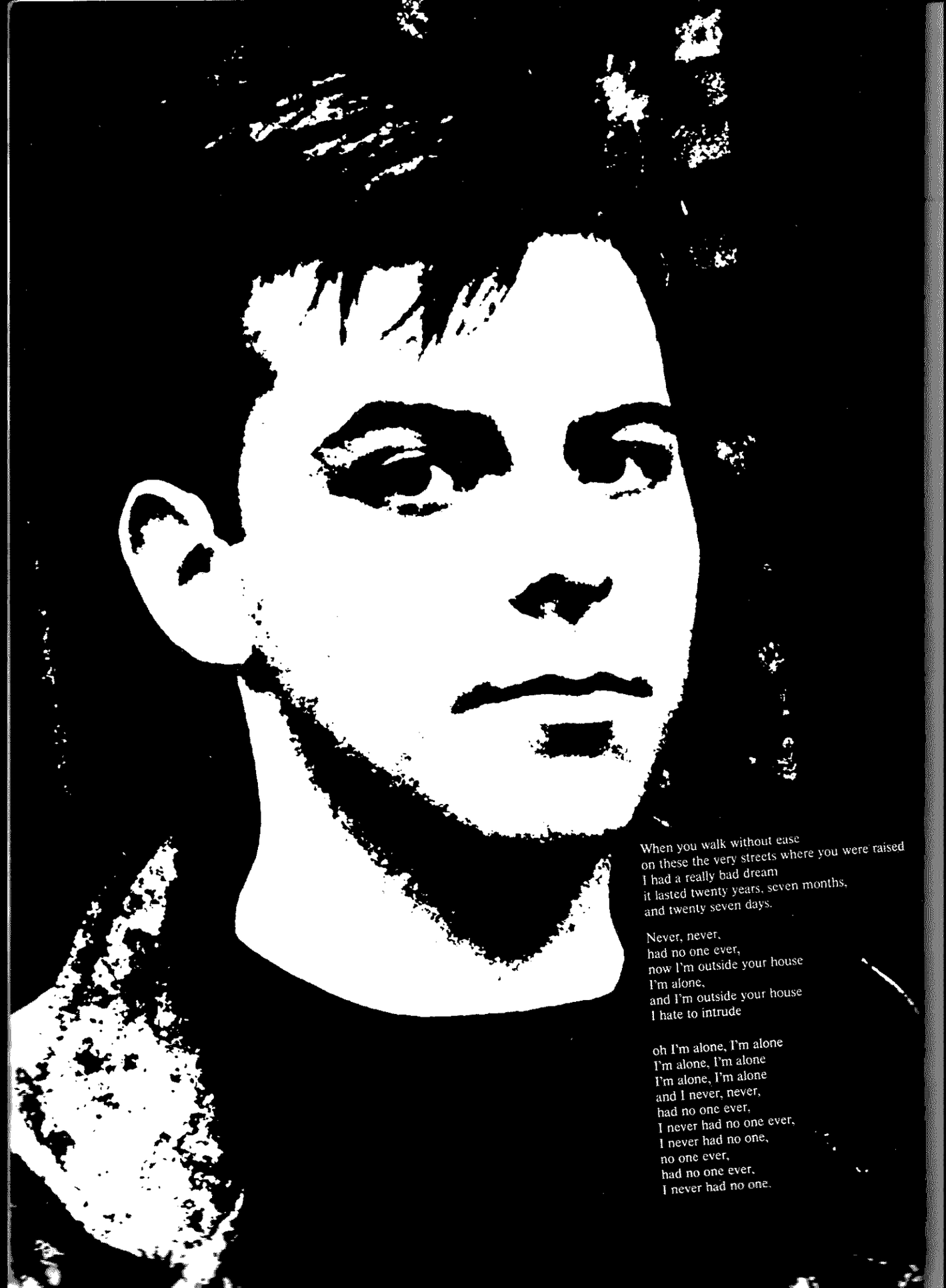
A B 2. G♯m F♯

And now I know how Joan Of

G♯m A B G♯m

D.S. to FADE

F♯ G♯m A B Cm



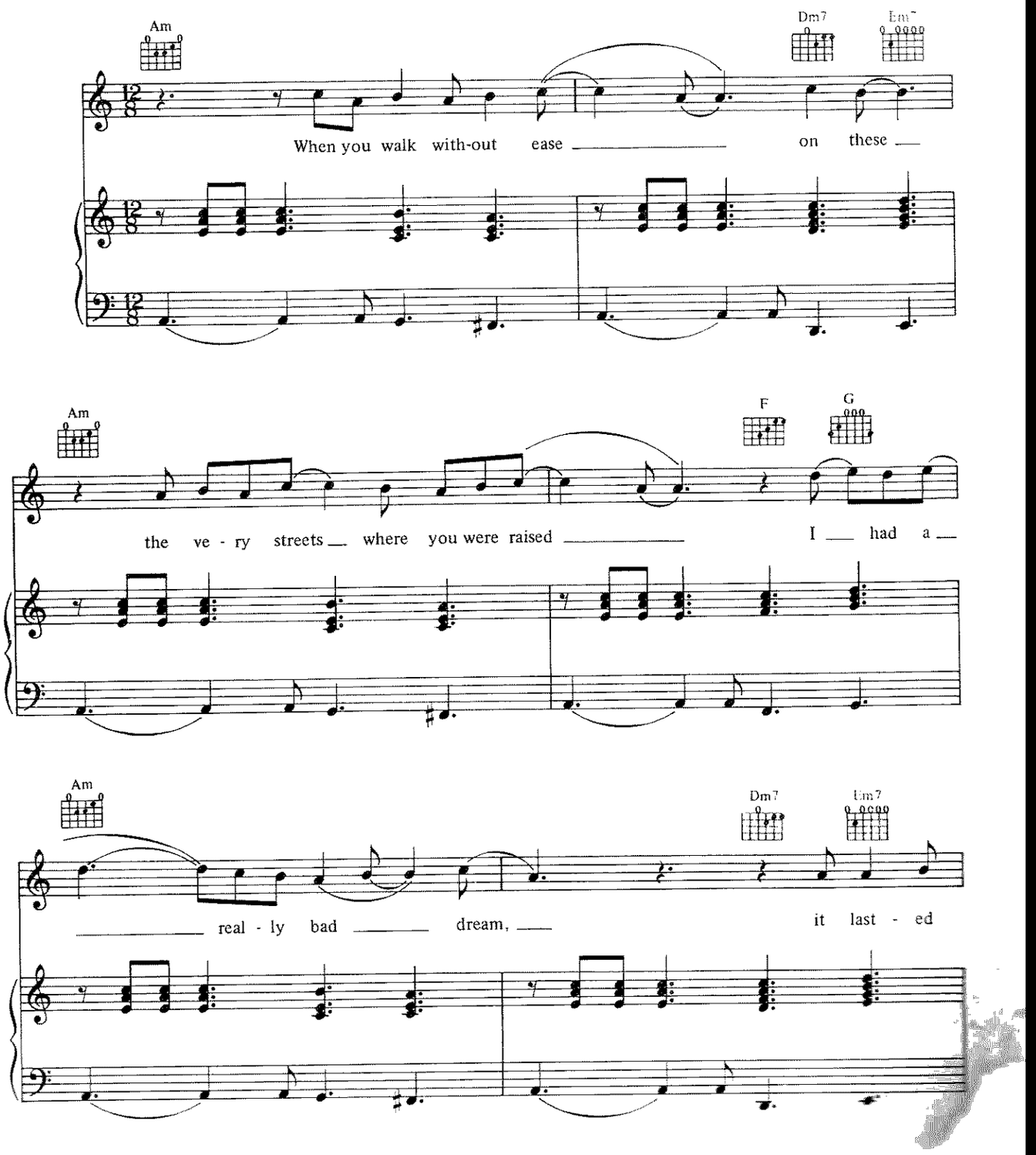
When you walk without ease
on these the very streets where you were raised
I had a really bad dream
it lasted twenty years, seven months,
and twenty seven days.

Never, never,
had no one ever,
now I'm outside your house
I'm alone,
and I'm outside your house
I hate to intrude

oh I'm alone, I'm alone
I'm alone, I'm alone
I'm alone, I'm alone
and I never, never,
had no one ever,
I never had no one ever,
I never had no one,
no one ever,
had no one ever,
I never had no one.

NEVER HAD NO ONE EVER

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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Am F G

twen - ty years, se - ven months, and twen - ty se - ven days.

F E

Ne - ver, ne - ver.

Am Dm7 Em7

had no one ev - er.

Am F G

now I'm out - side your house I'm a -

Am F G

- lone, ___ and I'm out - side your house ___ I hate ___

Am E F G

___ to ___ in - trude ___ oh ___ I'm a -

Am

- lone, ___ I'm a - lone, ___ I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, I'm a - lone, and I

F E

ne - ver, ___ ne - ver, ___

Am Dm7 Em7

had no one ev - er, I ne - ver

Am F G

had no - one ev - er, I ne - ver

Am Dm7 Em7

had no one, no one ev -

Am F G

- er, had no one ev - er, I ne - ver

F E

had no

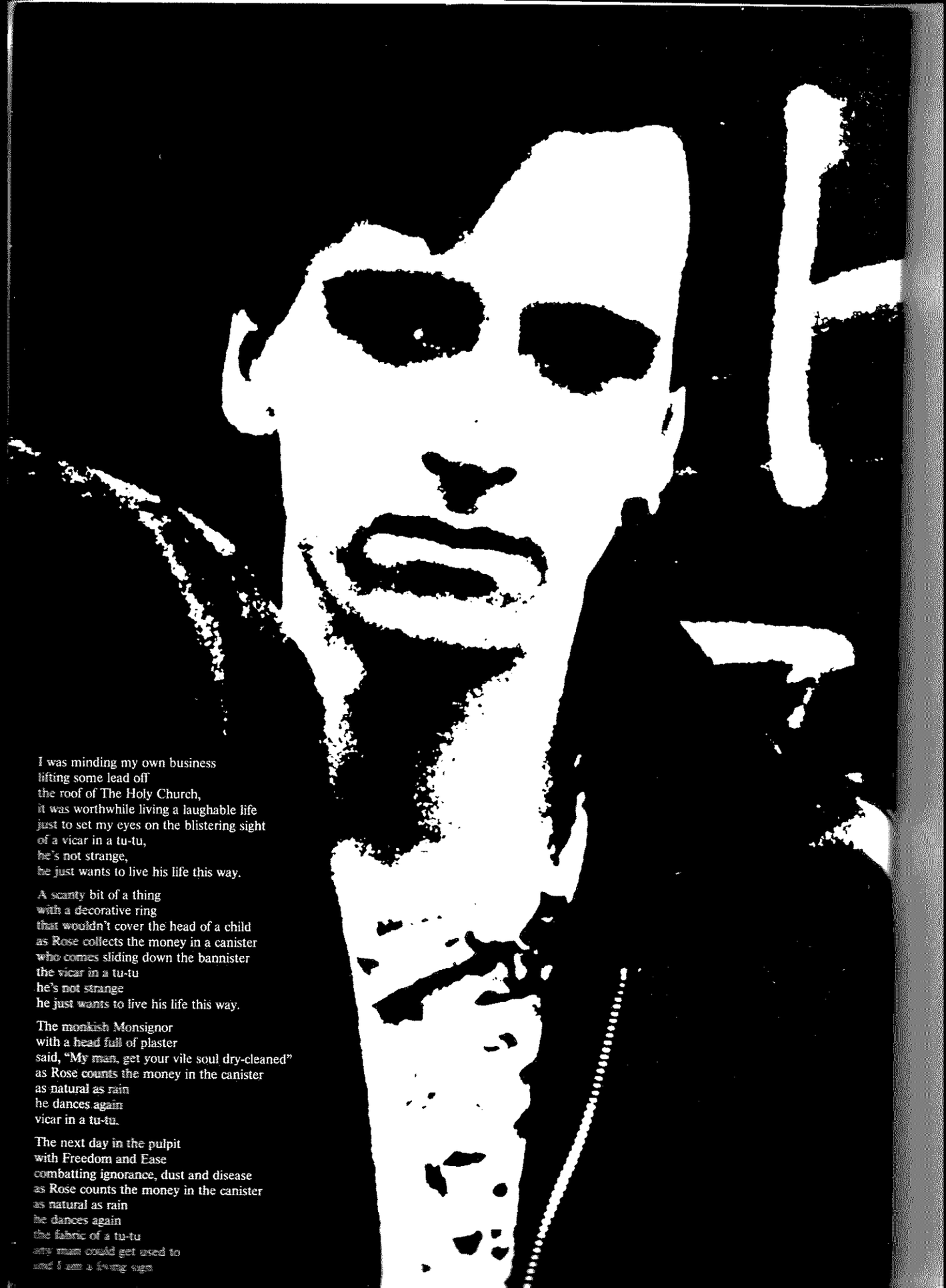
Am Dm7 Em7

one.

Am F G

Am Dm7 Em7

ad lib. to FADE



I was minding my own business
lifting some lead off
the roof of The Holy Church,
it was worthwhile living a laughable life
just to set my eyes on the blistering sight
of a vicar in a tu-tu,
he's not strange,
he just wants to live his life this way.

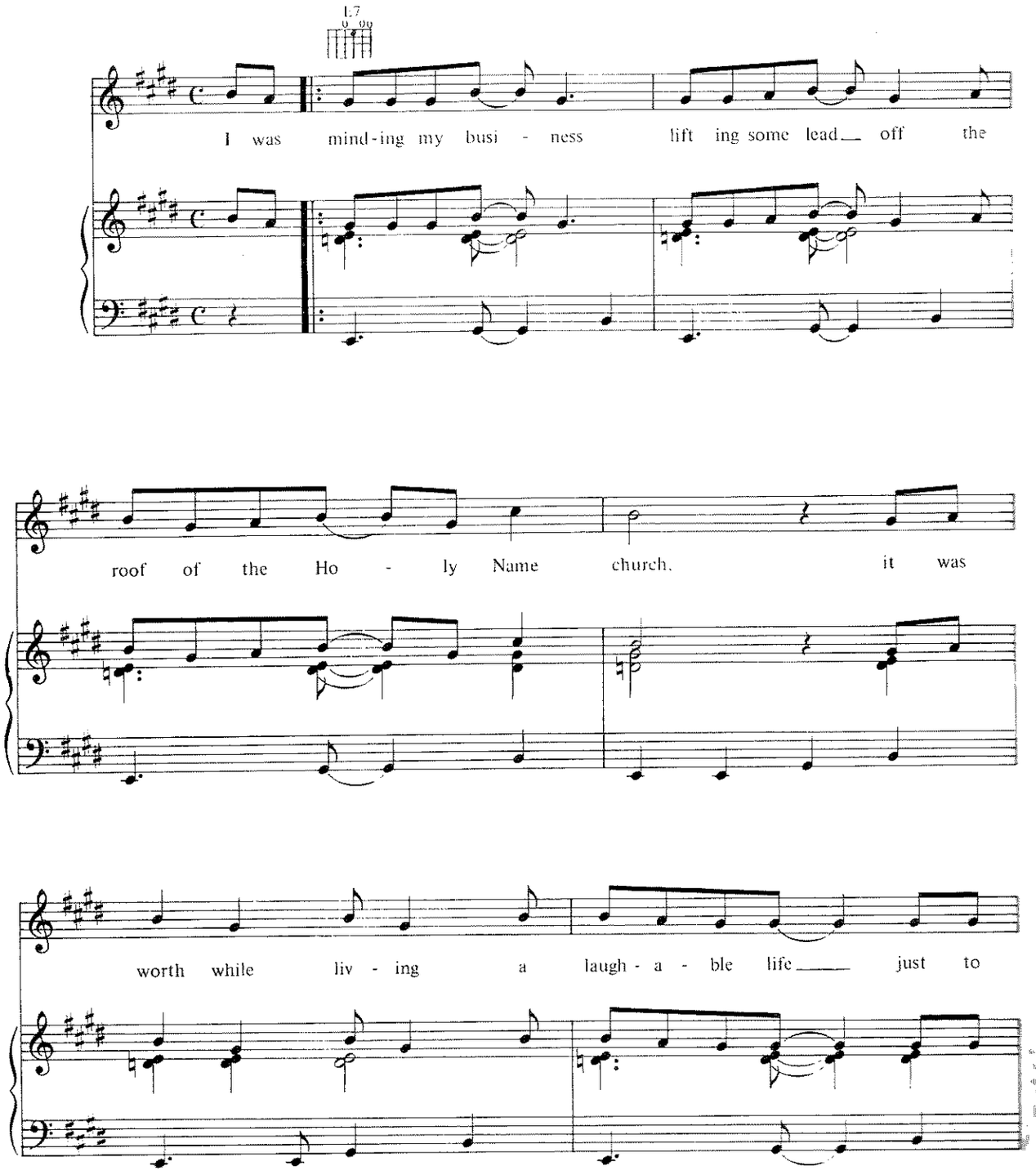
A scanty bit of a thing
with a decorative ring
that wouldn't cover the head of a child
as Rose collects the money in a canister
who comes sliding down the bannister
the vicar in a tu-tu
he's not strange
he just wants to live his life this way.

The monkish Monsignor
with a head full of plaster
said, "My man, get your vile soul dry-cleaned"
as Rose counts the money in the canister
as natural as rain
he dances again
vicar in a tu-tu.

The next day in the pulpit
with Freedom and Ease
combatting ignorance, dust and disease
as Rose counts the money in the canister
as natural as rain
he dances again
the fabric of a tu-tu
any man could get used to
and I am a living sign

VICAR IN A TUTU

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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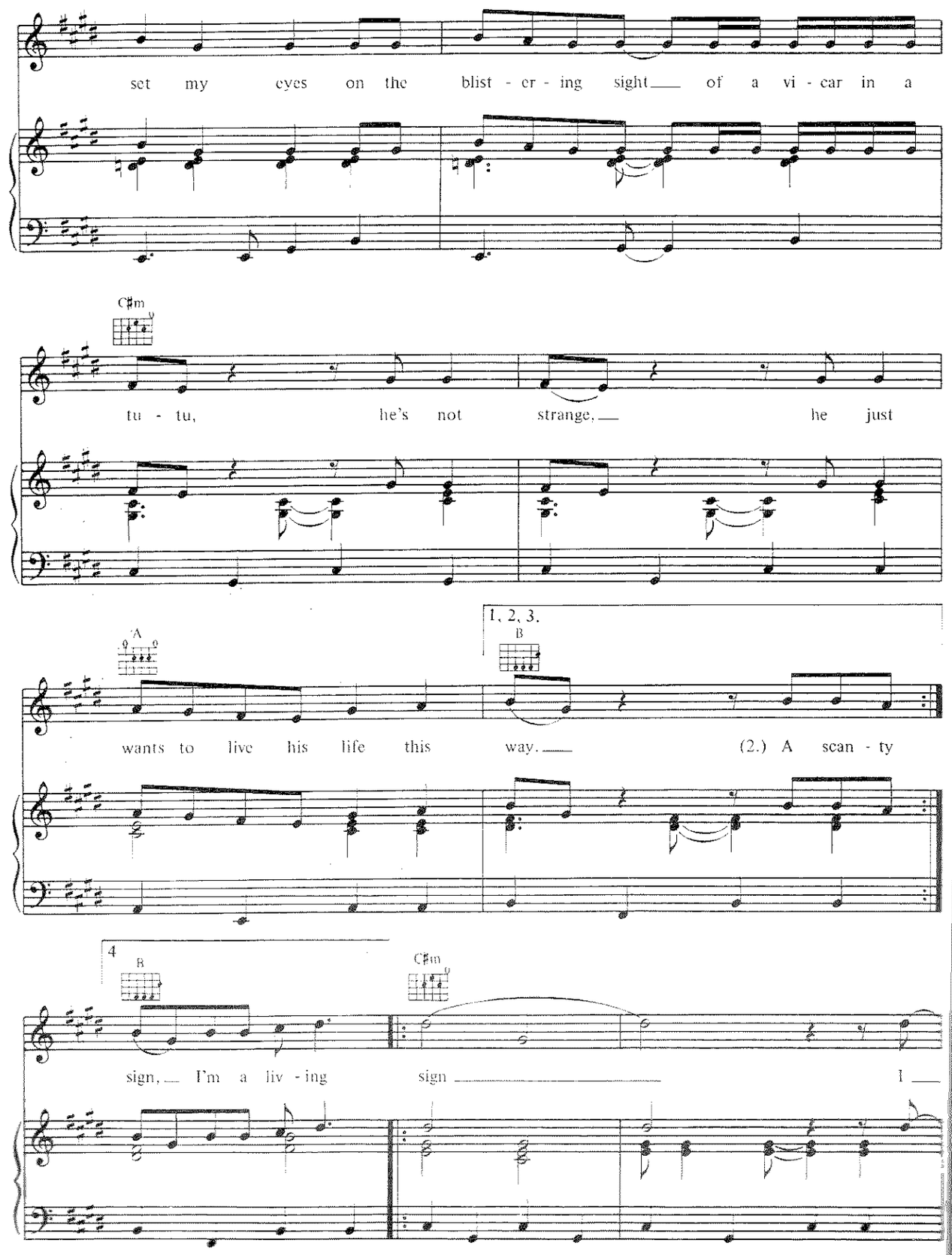
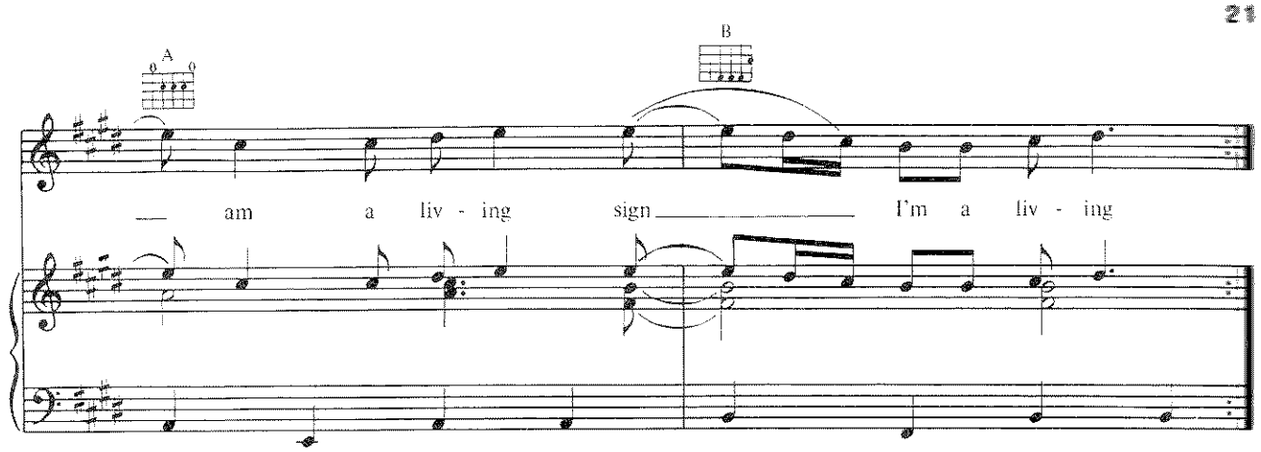
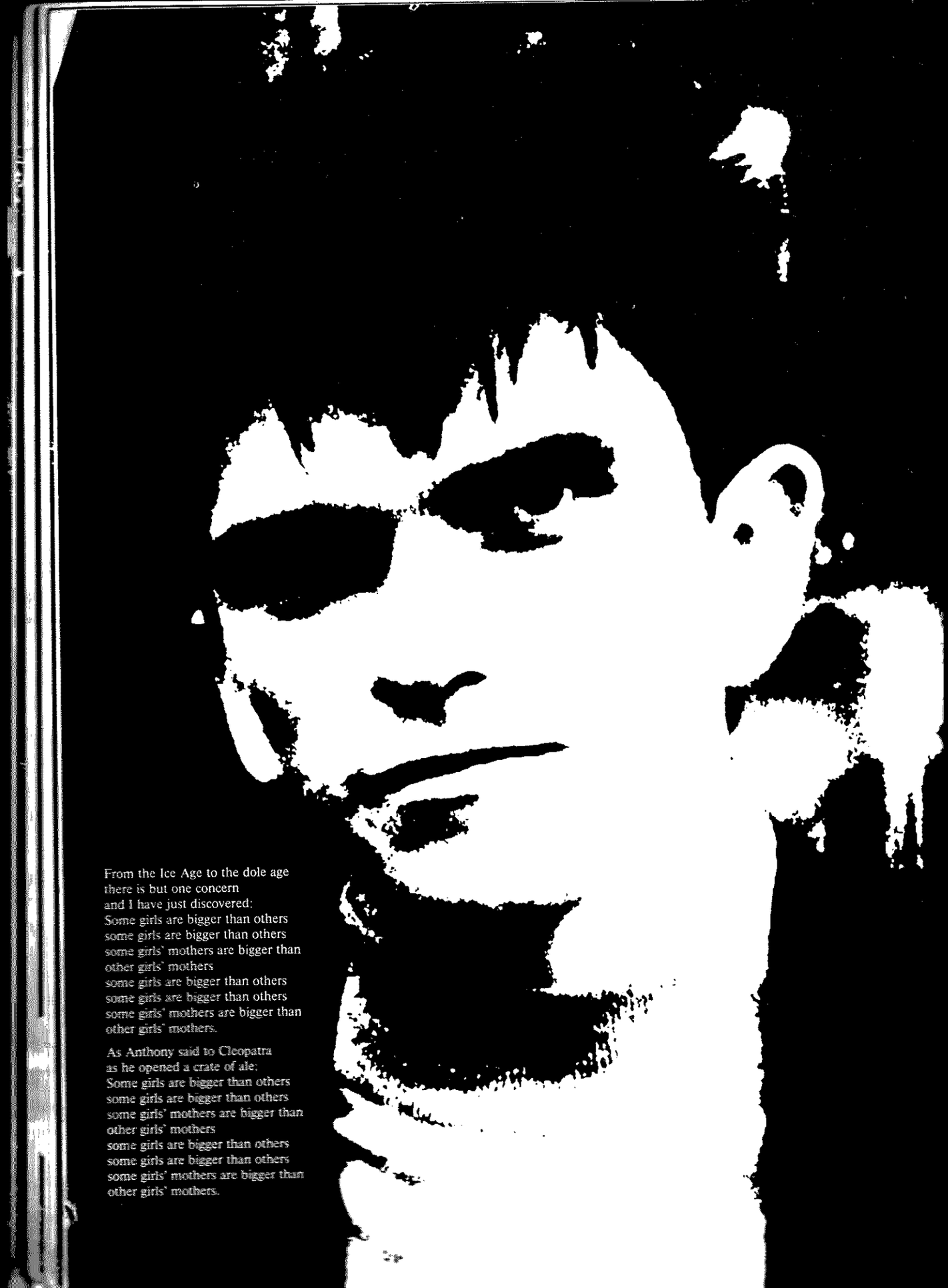

set my eyes on the blist - er - ing sight of a vi - car in a
C♯m
tu - tu, he's not strange, he just
1, 2, 3.
A
B
wants to live his life this way.
(2.) A scan - ty
4
B
C♯m
sign, I'm a liv - ing sign
1



VERSE 2:
A scanty bit of a thing
With a decorative ring
That wouldn't cover the head of a child
As Rose collects the money in a canister
Who comes sliding down the bannister
The vicar in a tu-tu
He's not strange
He just wants to live his life this way.

VERSE 3:
The monkish Monsignor
With a head full of plaster
Said, My man, get your vile soul dry-cleaned
As Rose counts the money in the canister
As natural as rain
He dances again
Vicar in a tu-tu.

VERSE 4:
The next day in the pulpit
With Freedom and Ease
Combatting ignorance, dust and disease
As Rose counts the money in the canister
As natural as rain
He dances again
The fabric of a tu-tu
Any man could get used to
And I am a living sign.

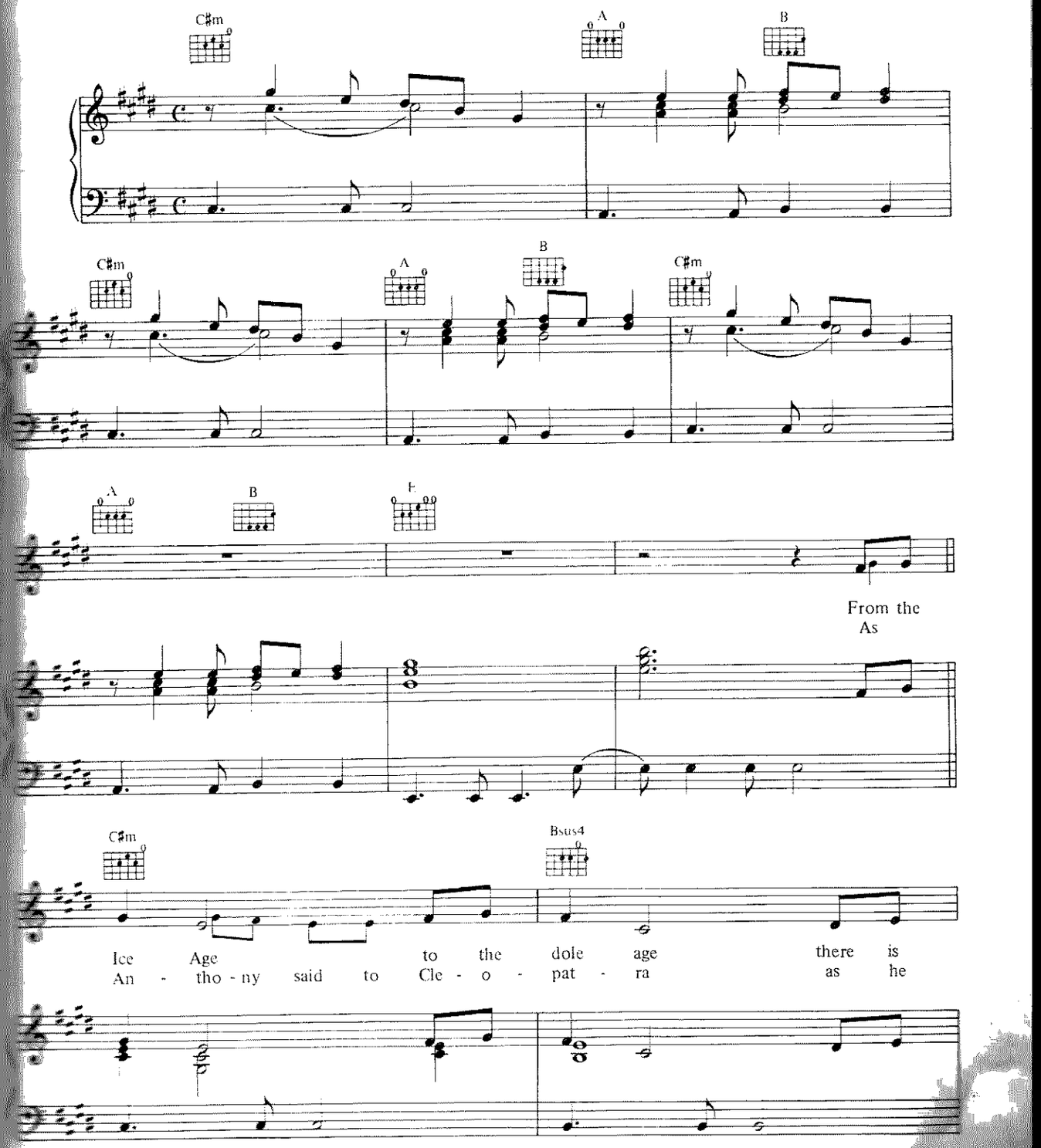


From the Ice Age to the dole age
there is but one concern
and I have just discovered:
Some girls are bigger than others
some girls are bigger than others
some girls' mothers are bigger than
other girls' mothers
some girls are bigger than others
some girls are bigger than others
some girls' mothers are bigger than
other girls' mothers.

As Anthony said to Cleopatra
as he opened a crate of ale:
Some girls are bigger than others
some girls are bigger than others
some girls' mothers are bigger than
other girls' mothers
some girls are bigger than others
some girls are bigger than others
some girls' mothers are bigger than
other girls' mothers.

SOME GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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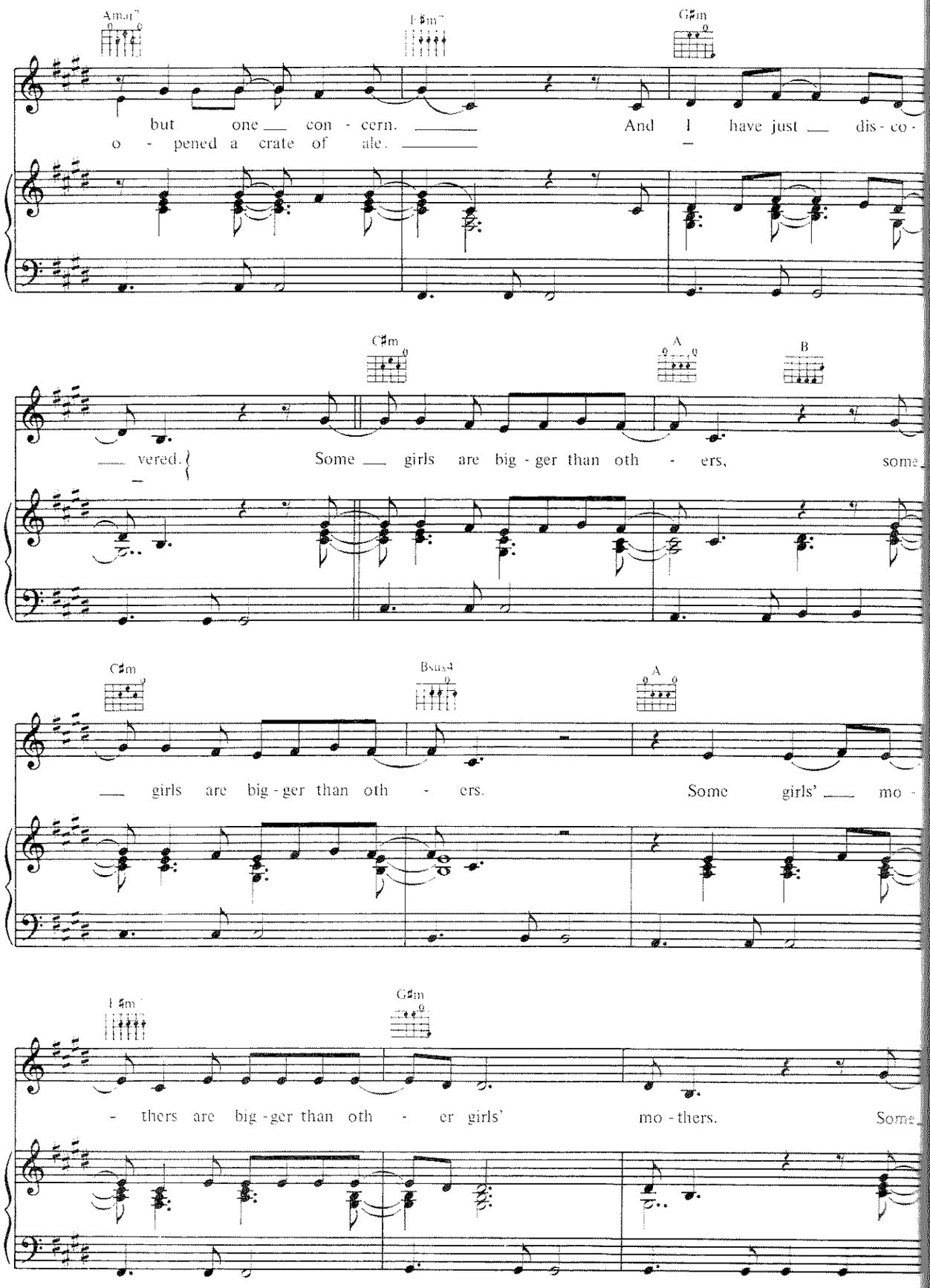

A♯m7
F♯m7
G♯m
but one con - cern.
o - pened a crate of ale.
And I have just dis - co -
C♯m
A
B
vered.
Some girls are big - ger than oth - ers,
some
C♯m
Bsus4
A
girls are big - ger than oth - ers.
Some girls' mo -
F♯m7
G♯m
- thers are big - ger than oth - er girls'
mo - thers.
Some

C♯m A B C♯m

— girls are big - ger than oth - ers, some — girls are big - ger than oth -

Bsus4 A F♯m7

- ers. Some girls'— mo - thers are big - ger than oth -

G♯m C♯m

- er girls' mo - thers.

A B C♯m A B

To FADE

Take me out tonight
where there's music and there's people
who are young and alive
driving in your car
I never never want to go home
because I haven't got one
anymore

Take me out tonight
because I want to see people and I
want to see lights
driving in your car
oh please don't drop me home
because it's not my home, it's their
home, and I'm not welcome no more

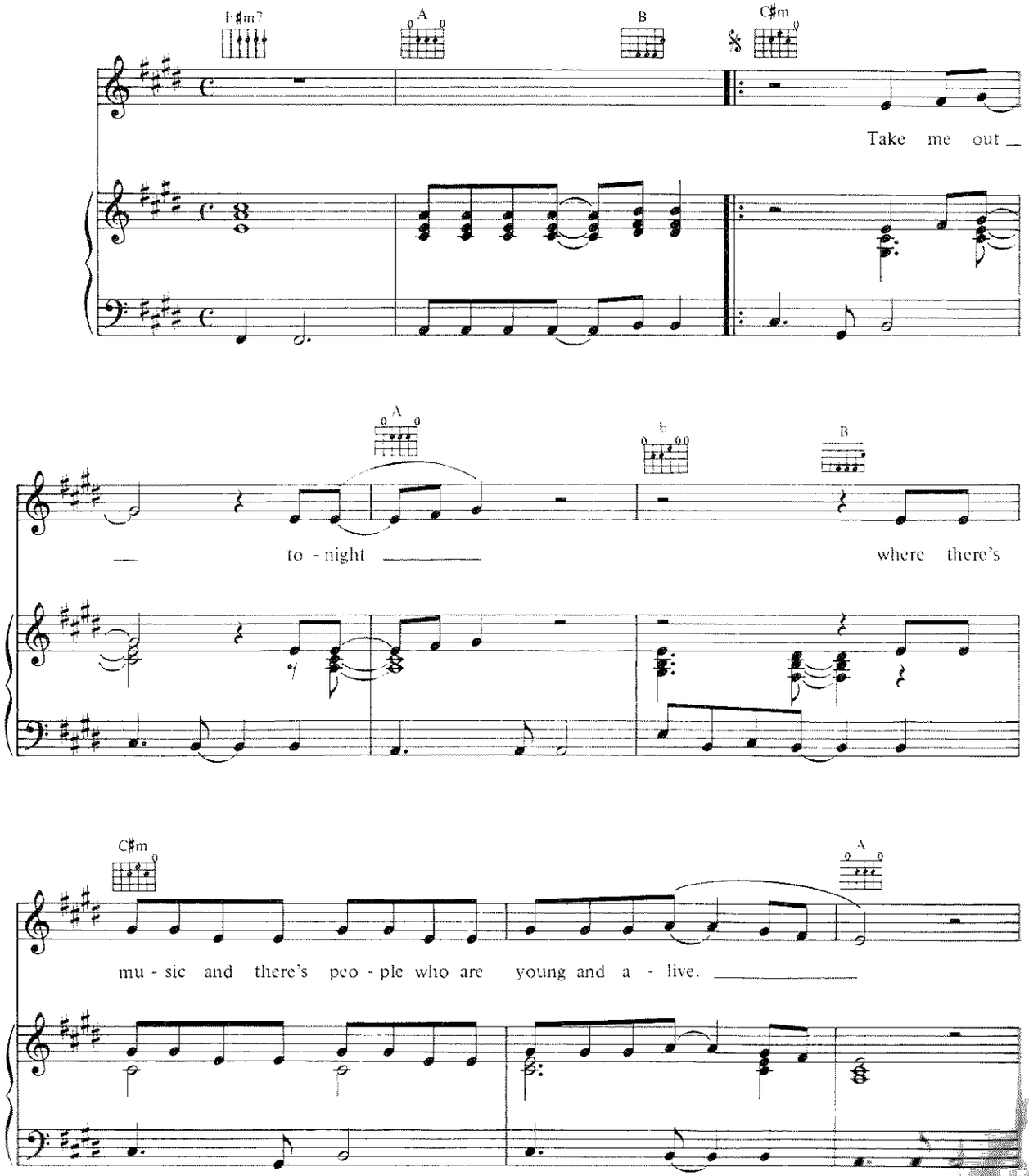
And if a double decker bus
crashes into us
to die by your side
such a heavenly way to die
and if a ten ton truck
kills the both of us
to die by your side
the pleasure and the privilege is mine.

Take me out tonight
oh take me anywhere, I don't care
and in the darkened underpass
I thought, oh God, my chance has come at last
(But then a strange fear gripped me and I
just couldn't ask)

Take me out tonight
oh take me anywhere, I don't care
just drive in your car
I never want to go home
because I haven't got one
I haven't got one.

THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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E B C♯m

Dri - ving in your car, I ne -

A E B C♯m

- ver, ne - ver want to go home, be-cause I have-n't got one

A E B

a - ny - more.

F♯m7 A B E

And if a dou-ble deck - er bus

C♯m A

crash - es in - to us

B E A

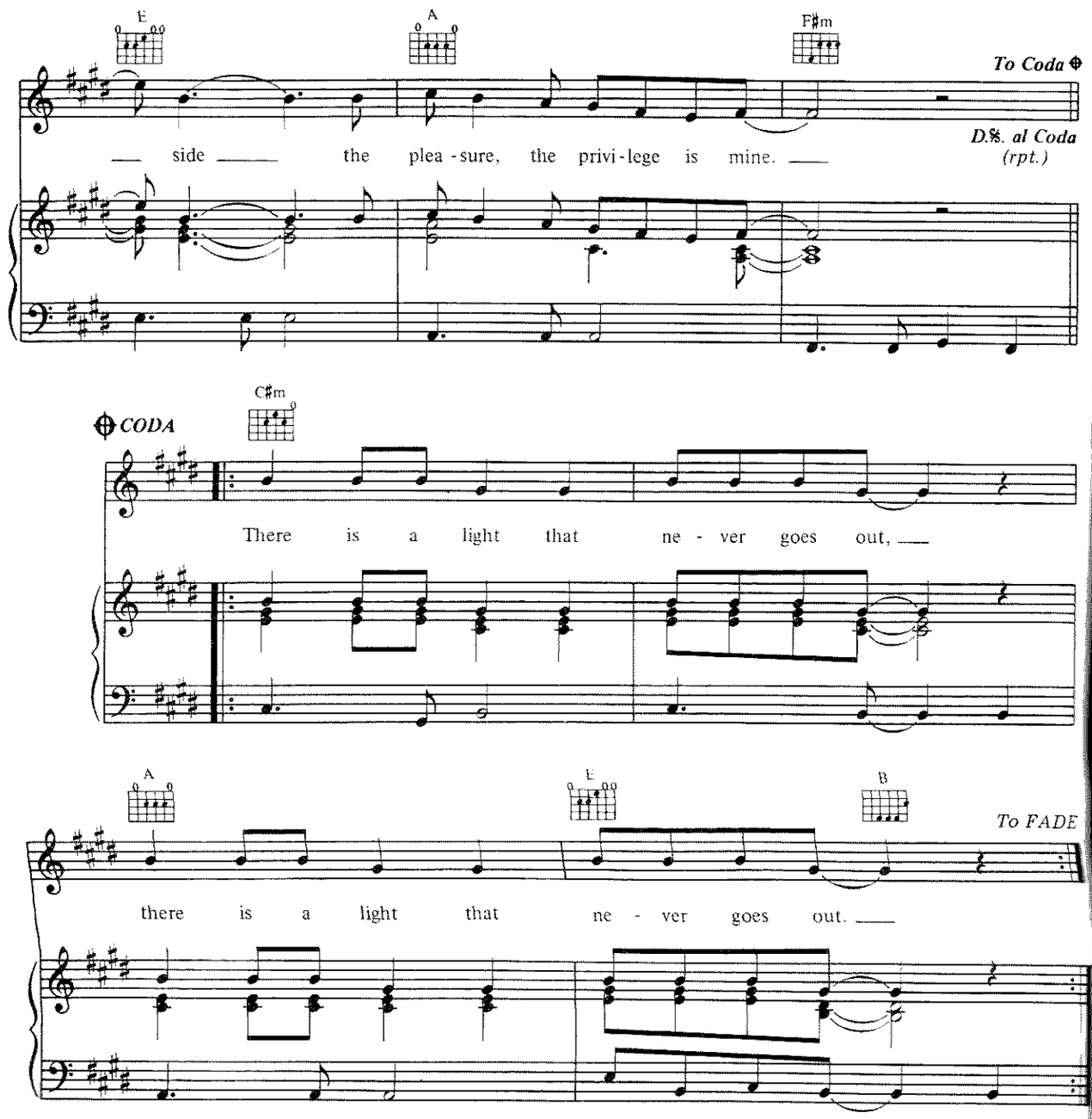
to die by your side such a hea - ven - ly way to die.

F♯m E C♯m

And if a ten ton truck,

A B

kills the both of us to die by your



VERSE 2:
Take me out tonight
Because I want to see people and I
Want to see lights
Driving in your car
Oh please don't drop me home
Because, it's not my home, it's their
home, and I'm welcome no more.

VERSE 3:
Take me out tonight
Oh take me anywhere, I don't care
And in the darkened underpass
I thought, oh God, my chance has come at l
(But then a strange fear gripped me and I
Just couldn't ask).

VERSE 4:
Take me out tonight
Take me anywhere, I don't care
Just drive in your car
I never never want to go home
Because I haven't got one
I haven't got one.

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
it pays my way, but it corrodes my soul
I want to leave, you will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the 21st Century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history

Fame, Fame, fatal Fame
it can play hideous tricks on the brain
but still I'd rather be Famous
than righteous or holy, any day

But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled
making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to Live and I want to Love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
it pays my way and it corrodes my soul
oh, I didn't realise that you wrote poetry
(I didn't realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry).

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask
you are a flatulent pain in the arse
I do not mean to be so rude
but still? I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly.

FRANKLY, MR. SHANKLY

Words and Music by
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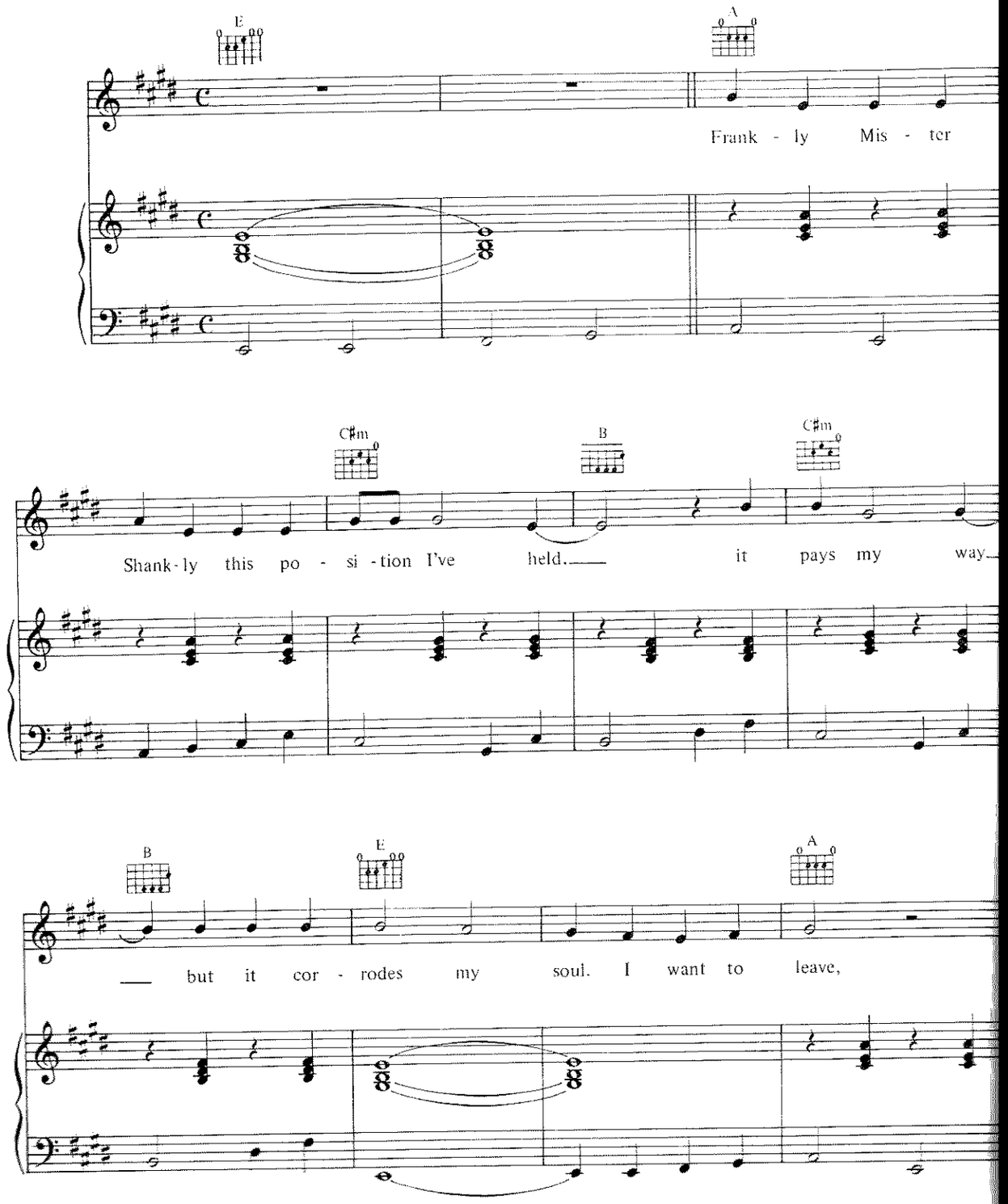

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C♯m B C♯m

you will not miss me, I want to go down

B A 1. B 2. B

To Coda 𝄌

mu - si - cal his - to - ry.

A E B C♯m A E B C♯m

A E B C♯m G 1. B E

2.

B A E A

Fame, fame,

C♯m B C♯m

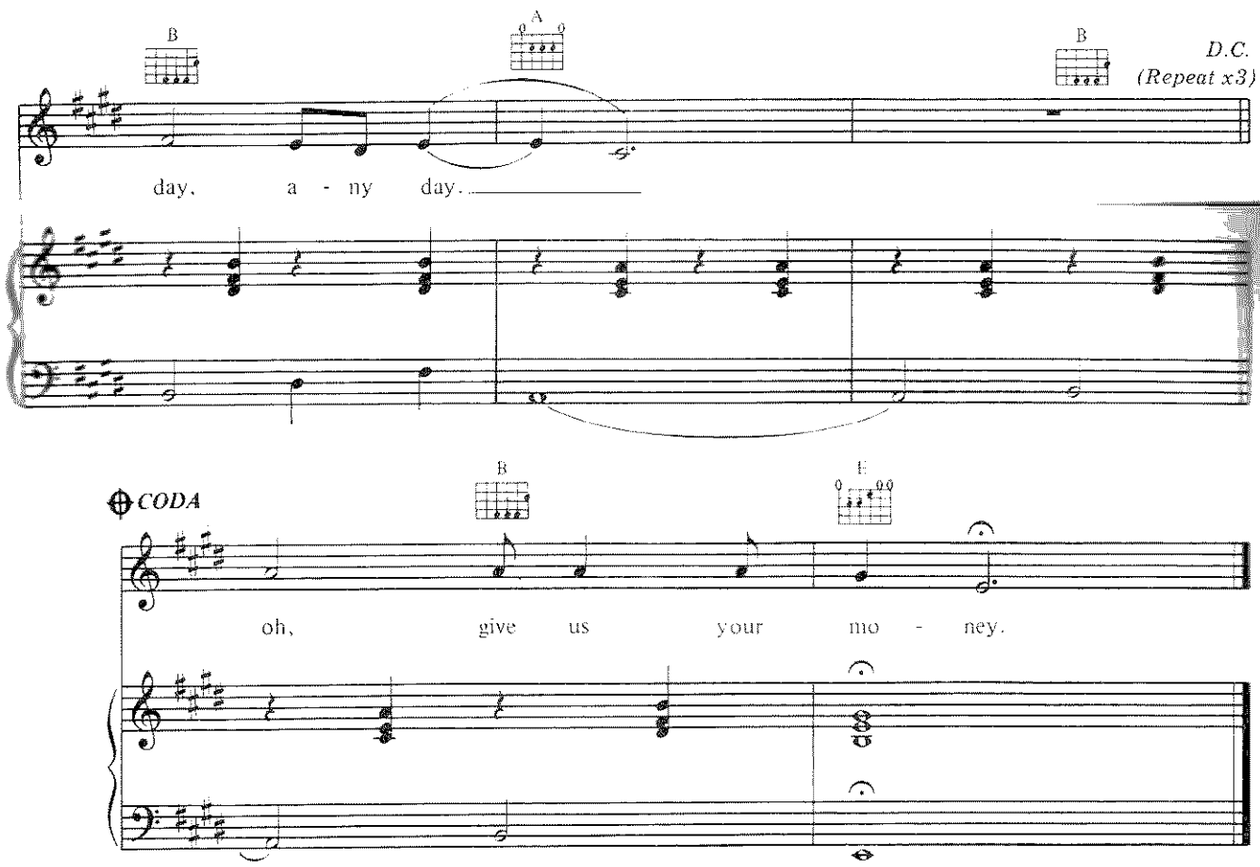
fa - tal fame, it can play hi - de - ous tricks

B E A

on the brain but still I'd ra - ther be

C♯m B C♯m

fa - mous than right - eous or ho - ly, a - ny day, a - ny



Frankly Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the 21st Century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history.

But sometimes, I'd feel more fulfilled
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to live and I want to love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of.

Frankly Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
Oh I didn't realise that you wrote poetry
(I didn't realise that you wrote such bloody awful poetry).

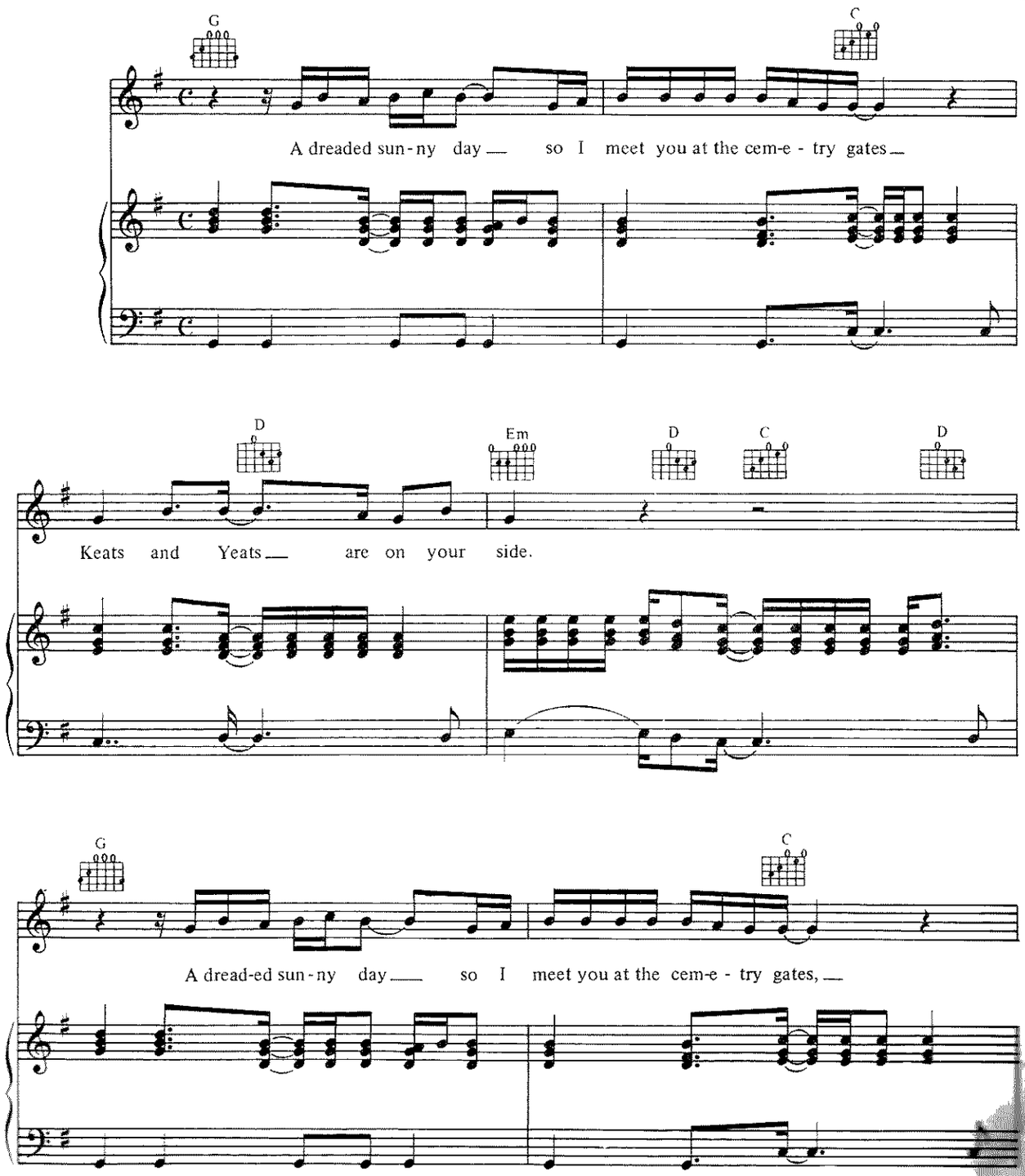
Frankly Mr. Shankly, since you ask
You are a flatulent pain in the arse
I do not mean to be so rude
But still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly.

A dreaded sunny day
so I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yates are on your side
a dreaded sunny day
so I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yates 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 loves, and hates
and passions just like mine
they were born
and then they lived
and then they died
which seems so unfair
and I want to cry
you say "ere thrice the sun hath done
salutation to the dawn"
and you claim these words as your own
but I'm well-read, have heard them said
a hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)
if you must write prose/poems
the words you use should be your own
don't plagiarise or take "on loan"
there's always someone, somewhere
with a big nose, who knows
and who trips you up and laughs
when you fall
who'll trip you up and laugh
when you fall
you say: "ere long done do does did"
words which could only be your own
you then produce the text
from whence was ripped
(some dizzy whore, 1804)

A dreaded sunny day
so let's go where we're happy
and I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yates are on your side
a dreaded sunny day
so let's go where we're wanted
and I meet you at the cemetery gates
Keats and Yates are on your side
but you lose
because Wilde is on mine.

CEMETRY GATES

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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D Em C D C D

To Coda ⊕

Keats and Yeats __ are on your side while Wilde ____ is on

1. G

2. 3. G

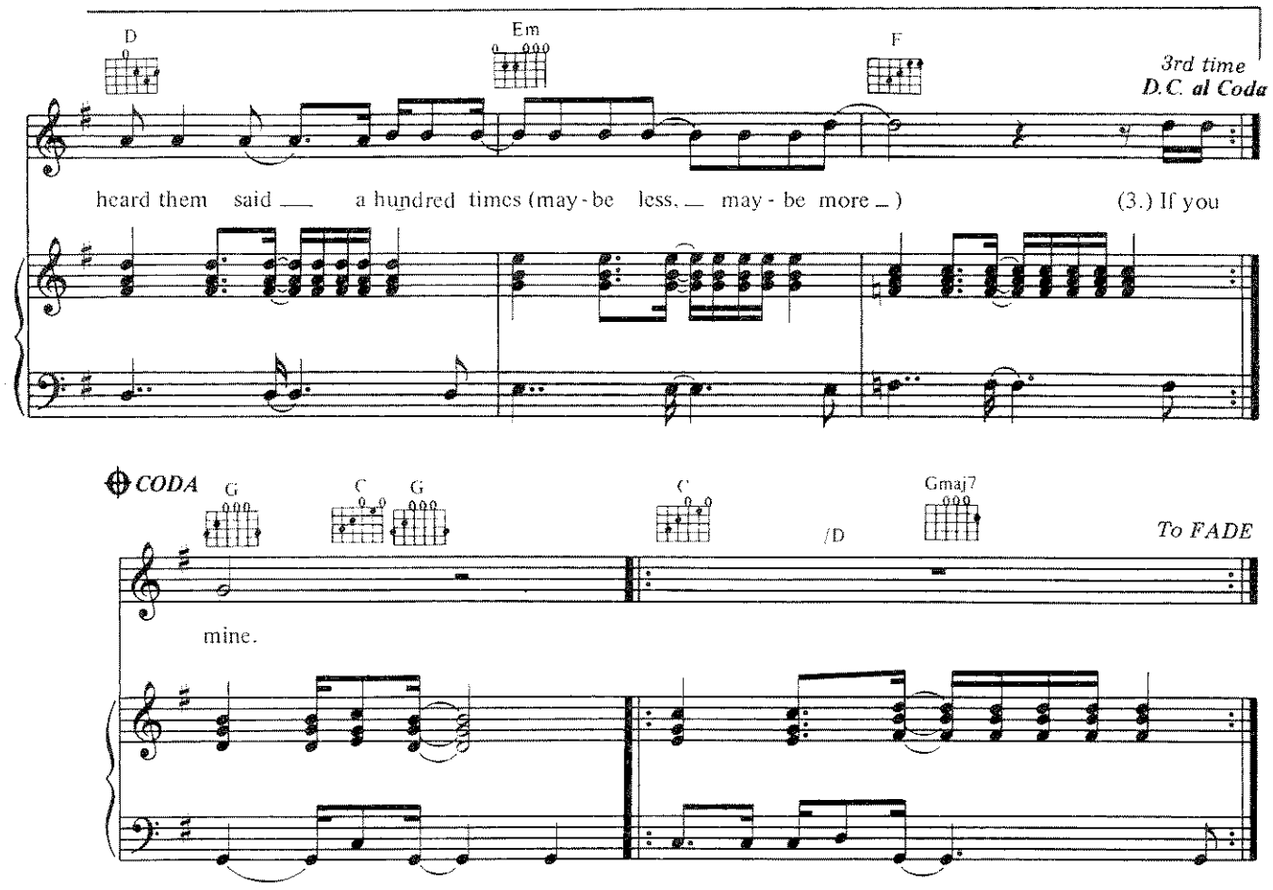
mine. (cry.) You say 'ere

Bm Gmaj7

thrice the sun __ hath done sal - u - ta - tion to the dawn. and you

Bm Gmaj7 C

claim these words as your own. But I'm well read, have __



VERSE 2:
So we go inside and we gravely read the stones
All those people all those lives
Where are they now?
With loves, and hates
And passions just like mine
They were born
And then they lived
And then they died
Which seems so unfair
And I want to cry.

VERSE 3:
If you must write prose/poems
The words you use should be your own
Don't plagiarise or take "on loan"
There's always someone, somewhere
With a big nose, who knows
And who trips you up and laughs
When you fall
Who'll trip you up and laugh
When you fall.

MIDDLE:
You say 'ere long done do does did
Words which could only be your own
You then produce the text
From whence was ripped
(some dizzy whore, 1804)

VERSE 4:
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're happy
And I meet you at the cemetry gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
A dreaded sunny day
So let's go where we're wanted
And I meet you at the cemetry gates
Keats and Yeats are on your side
But you lose
Because Wilde is on mine.

Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
and as I climb into an empty bed
oh well, enough said.
I know it's over - still I cling
I don't know where else I can go.
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
see, the sea wants to take me
the knife wants to cut me
do you think you can help me?

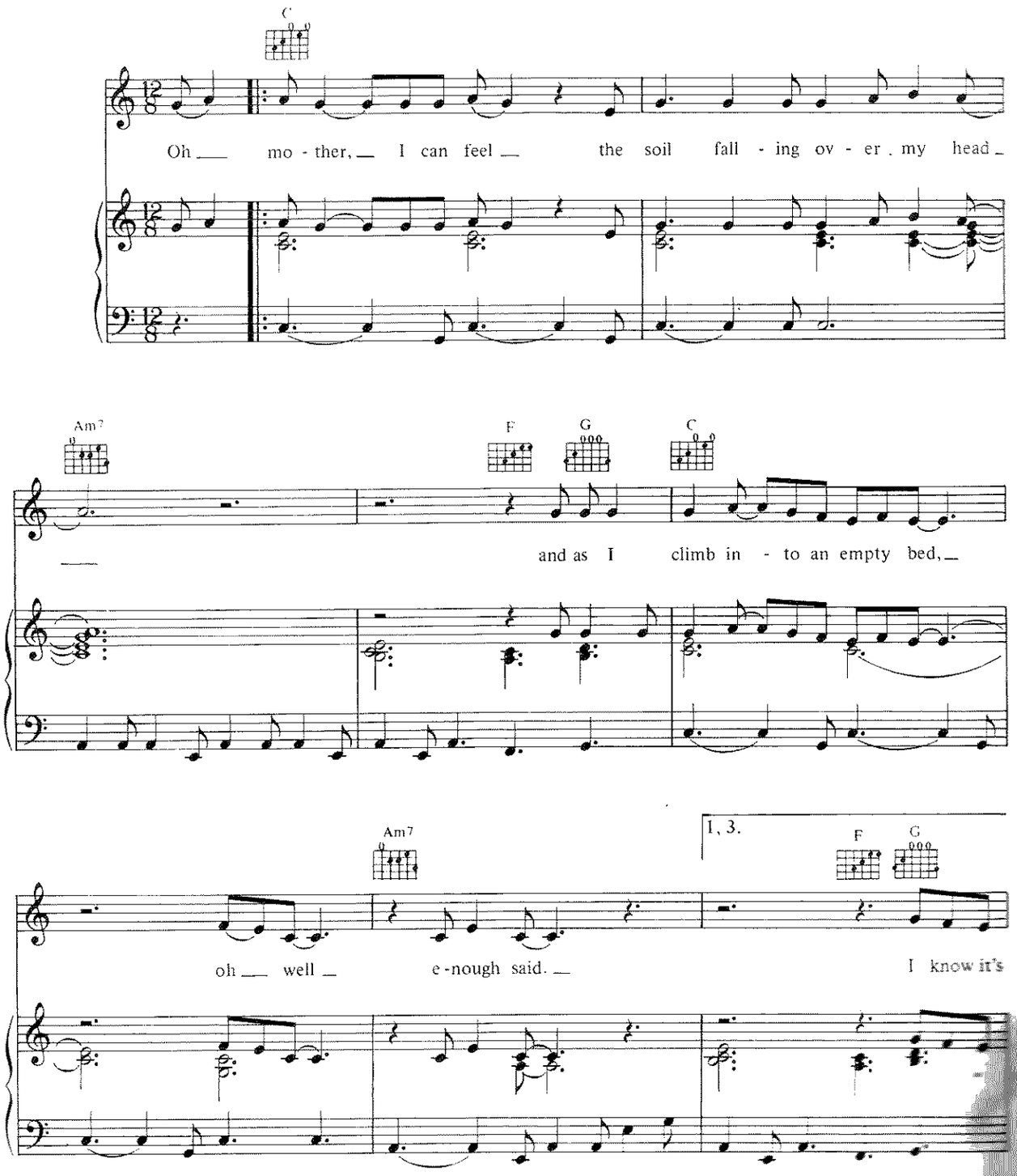
Sad veiled bride, please be happy
handsome groom, give her room
loud, loutish lover, treat her kindly
(although she needs you
more than she loves you)
and I know it's over - still I cling
I don't know where else I can go
I know it's over
and it never really begun
but in my heart it was so real
and you even spoke to me and said:
"If you're so funny
then why are you on your own tonight?

and if you're so clever
why are you on your own tonight?
if you're so very entertaining
why are you on your own tonight?
if you're so terribly good looking
then why do you sleep alone tonight?
because tonight is just like any other night
that's why you're on your own tonight
with your triumphs and your charms
while they are in each other's arms..."

It's so easy to laugh
it's so easy to hate
it take strength to be gentle and kind
it's so easy to laugh
it's so easy to hate
it takes guts to be gentle and kind
love is Natural and Real
but not for you, my love
not tonight, my love
love is Natural and Real
but not for such as you and I, my love
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head.

I KNOW IT'S OVER

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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F G Em G

ov - er ___ still I cling, I don't know where else I can go. ___

F G F G *3º segue*

___ (2.) Oh ___

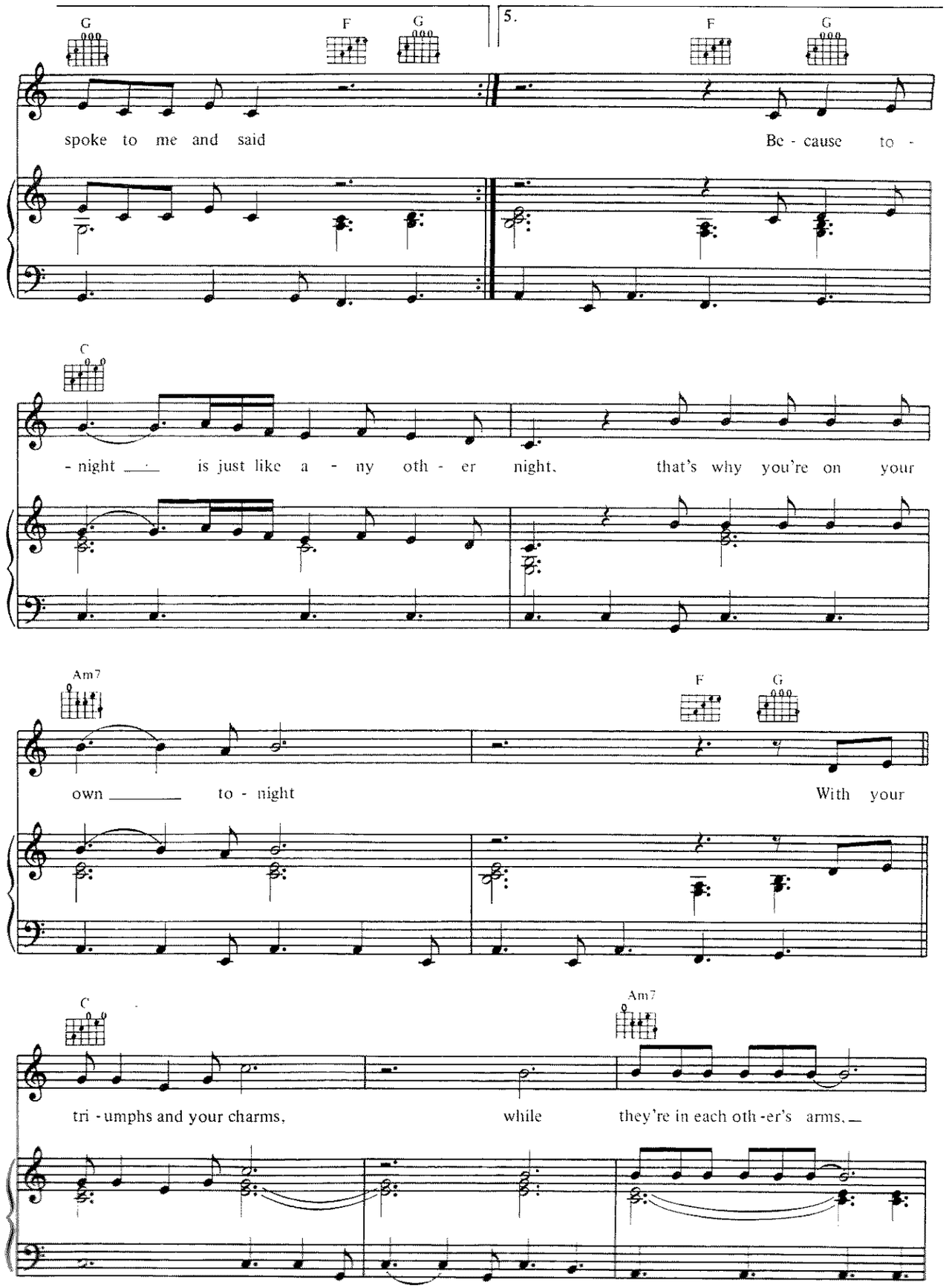
2, 4. *3º cont.*

F G F

(3.) Sad veiled ___ bride ___ ov - er and it ne - ver real - ly be - gan

G F G Am F G

but in my heart it was so real and you ev - en


G
F
G
5.
F
G
spoke to me and said
Be - cause to -
C
- night is just like a - ny oth - er night, that's why you're on your
Am7
F
G
own to - night
With your
C
Am7
tri - umphs and your charms, while they're in each oth - er's arms.

F G F G

it's so ea - sy to laugh, it's so ea - sy to hate, it takes

F G Fmaj9 G I G

strength to be gen-tle and kind. It's so ea-sy to

C F G I G

laugh, it's so ea - sy to hate, it takes guts to be gen - tle and kind.

Am7 F G F G C F

Love is nat - u - ral and real

G F G Em

but not for ___ you my love, not to -

F G C F

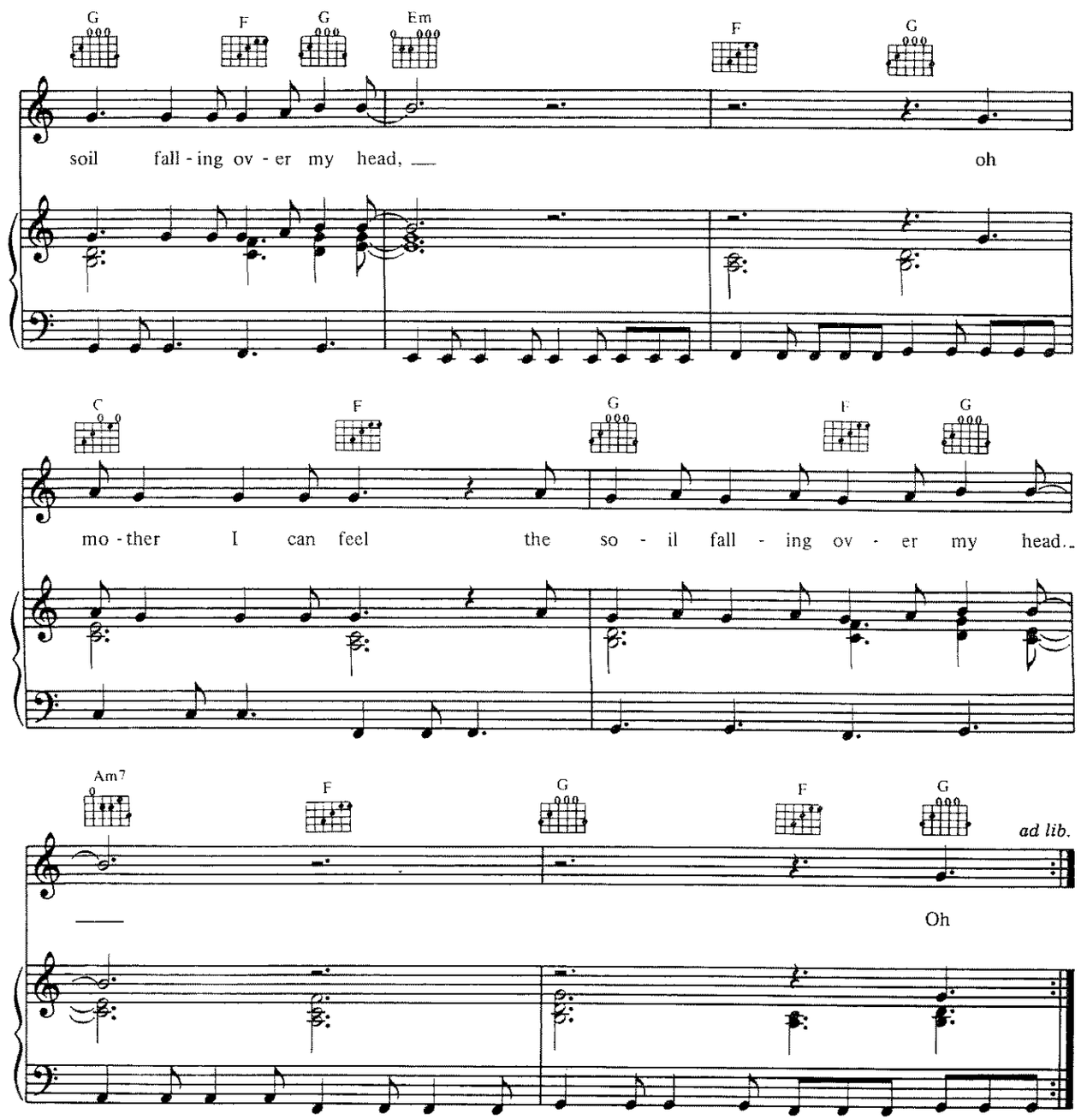
night my love love is nat - u - ral and real. ___

G F G Am F

but not for such as you ___ and I ___ my

G F G C F

love. Oh mo - ther, ___ I can feel ___ the



VERSE 2:
Oh mother I can feel the soil falling over my head
See, the sea wants to take me
The knife wants to cut me
Do you think you can help me?

VERSE 3:
Sad veiled bride, please be happy
Handsome groom, give her room
Loud loutish lover, treat her kindly
(Although she needs you
More than she loves you)
And I know it's over – still I cling
I don't know where else I can go
I know it's over.
(Continue 3rd time continuation bar)

VERSE 4:
If you're so funny
Then why are you on your own tonight?
And if you're so clever
Why are you on your own tonight.

VERSE 5:
If you're so very entertaining
Why are you on your own tonight?
If you're so terribly good looking
Then why do you sleep alone tonight?
(Continue 5th time bar)

H

Farewell to this lands cheerless marshes
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
dear Charles, don't you ever crave
to appear on the front of the Daily Mail
dressed in your Mother's bridal veil?

So, I checked all the registered historical facts
and I was shocked into shame to discover
how I'm the 18th pale descendant
of some old queen or other
has the world changed, or have I changed?
has the world changed, or have I changed?
as some 9-year old tough peddles drugs
(I never even knew what drugs were)

And 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 we can talk about precious things
but when you're tied to your Mothers' apron
no one talks about castration

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

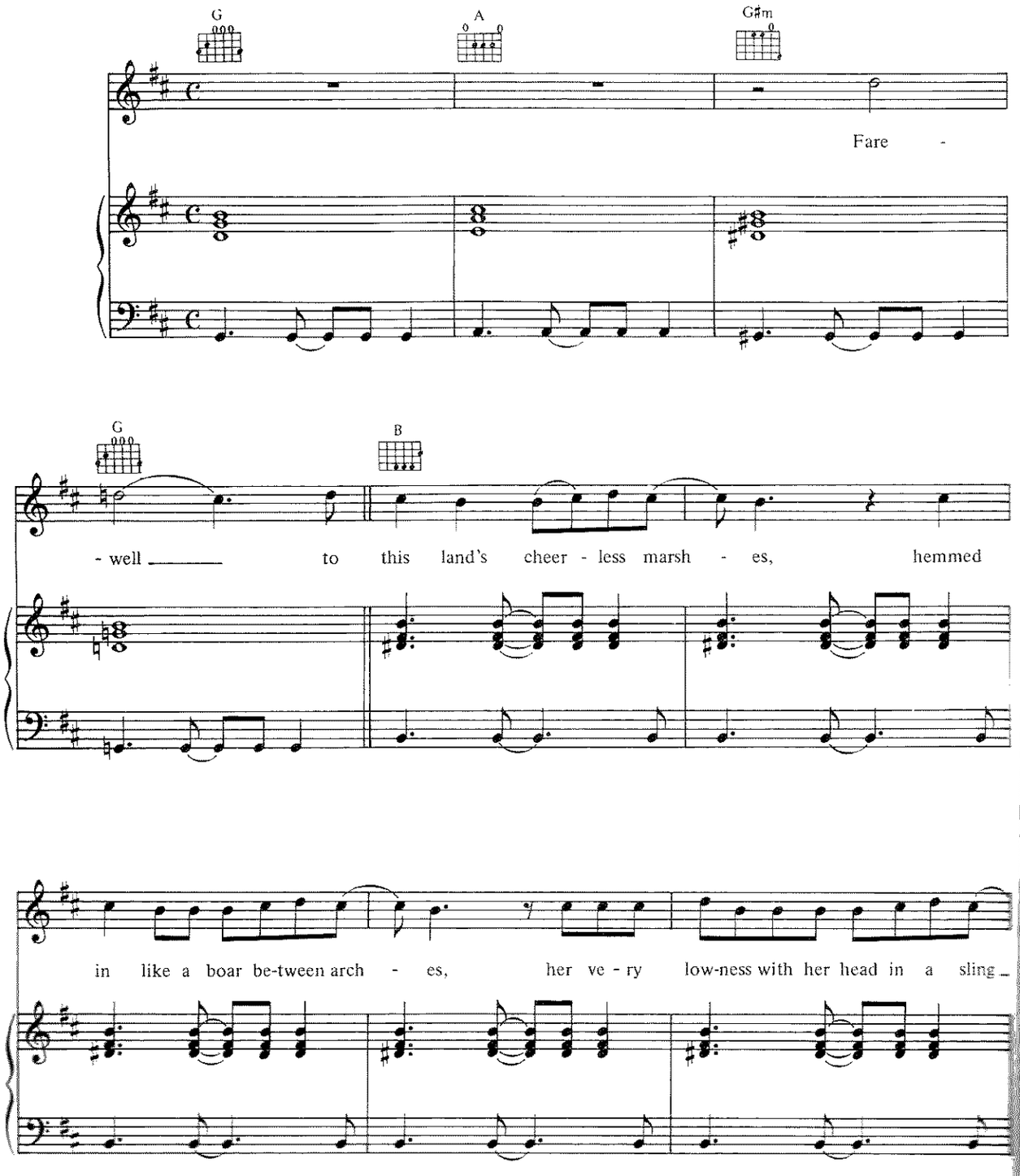
We can go for a walk where it's quiet and dry
and we can talk about precious things
but the rain that flattens my hair
these are the things that kill me

Passes 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
Passed the pub that wrecks your body
and the church - all they want is your money
the Queen is dead, boys
you can trust me, boys

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.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR



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D E

I'm tru - ly sor - ry but it sounds like a won-der-ful thing.

B B

Dear Charles don't you ev - er crave

to ap - pear on the front of the Dai - ly Mail,

D E G

dressed in your mo-ther's bri - dal veil?

A G♯m G

So I

B

checked all the re - gi-stered his - tor - i - cal facts and I was shocked in - to shame to dis - co -

- ver how I'm the eigh - teenth pale des - cen - dent of

D E B

some old queen or oth - er

has the world changed or have I

— changed? Has the world changed or have I — changed? As

D

nine year old tough — ped-dles drugs, I ne-ver ev - en knew — what drugs

E G A

— were.

G♯m 1. G B

And so I broke in - to

- ace with a sponge and a rus - ty span - ner, She said eh, I

D

know you and you can-not sing, I said that's nothing, you should hear me play pi - a - no.

E B

We can go for a walk where it's qui - et and dry and we can

talk a - bout pre-cious things, but when you're tied to your

D E

mo-ther's a - pron, no ___ one talks a - bout ___ cas - tra -

G A G♯m

- tion.

G 2. G B

(See block lyric) We can

B

Passed the pub that saps ___ your bo - dy and the
pub that wrecks ___ your bo - dy and the

D

who'll snatch your mo - ney, the queen is dead boys, and it's so
all they want is your mo - ney, the queen is dead boys, you can

E

1.

B

lone - ly on a limb. Passed the
trust me boys.

2.

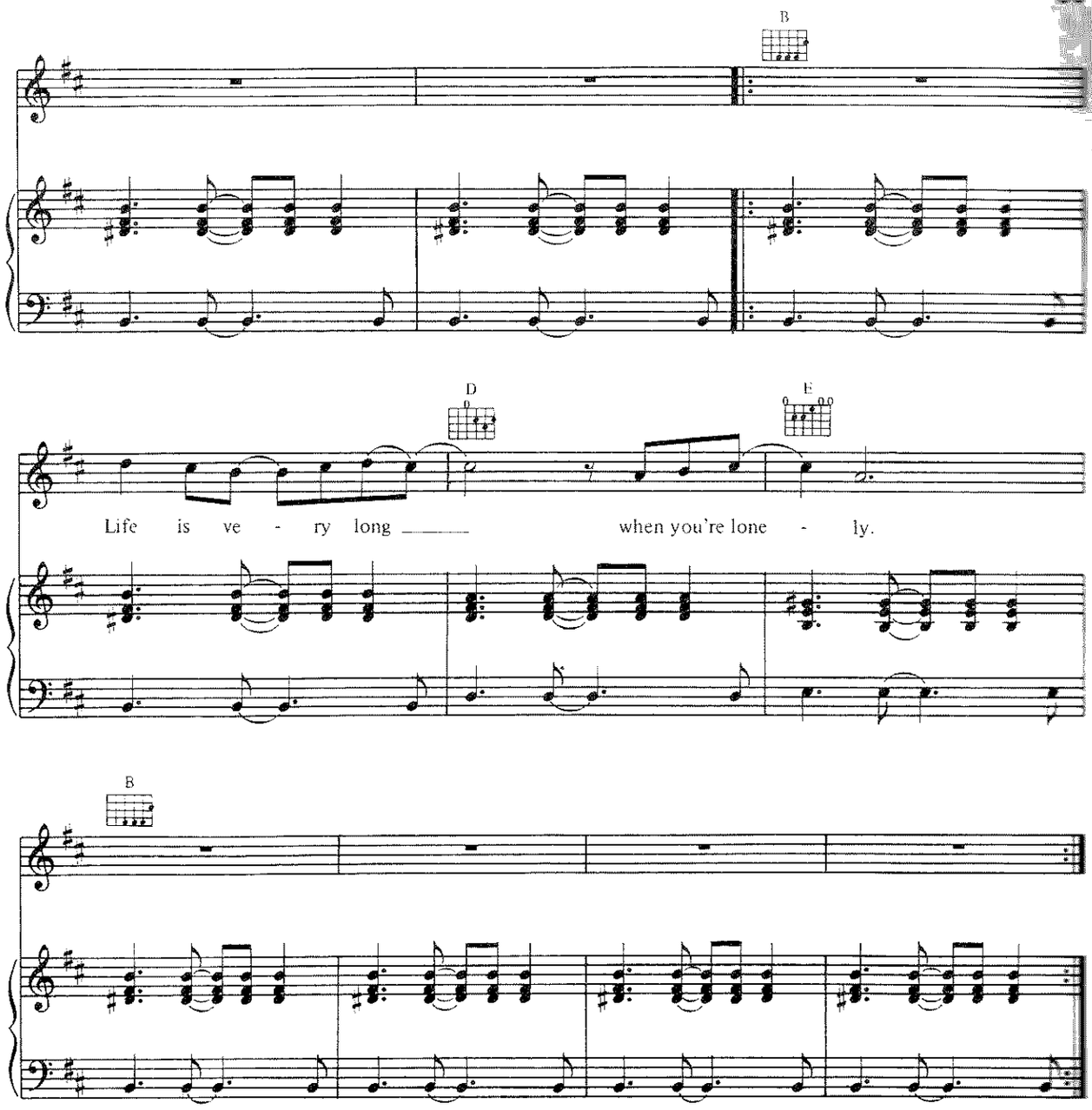
G

A

G♯m

G

B



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

The Queen Is Dead

Frankly, Mr. Shankly

I Know It's Over

Never Had No One Ever

Cemetry Gates

Bigmouth Strikes Again

The Boy With The Thorn In His Side

Vicar In A Tutu

There Is A Light That Never Goes Out

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

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