THE SMITHS
The Queen Is Dead
Contents

The Boy With A Thorn In His Side 3
Bigmouth Strikes Again 7
Never Had No One Ever 13
Vicar In A Tutu 19
Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others 23
There Is A Light That Never Goes Out 27
Frankly, Mr. Shankly 32
Cemetery Gates 37
I Know It's Over 41
The Queen Is Dead 48
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 talk 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

INTRO:

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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.)
BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

Sweet-ness, sweet-ness, I was only joking when I said...

I'd like to smash every tooth in your head.

Oh sweet-ness, sweet-ness,
- ness. 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 knew how Joan Of

Arc felt as the flames rose to her Roman
Big-mouth la da da da da big-mouth la da 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 oh big-mouth la da da da
big-mouth la da 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

D.S. to FADE
NEVER HAD NO ONE EVER

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

When you walk without ease on these

the very streets where you were raised I had a

really bad dream, it lasted

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twenty years, seven months, and twenty seven days.

Never, never.

had no one ever.

now I'm outside your house, I'm a
Am

- lone.

and I'm out - side your house

I hate

Am

to

in - trude

oh

F

I'm a

Am

- lone.

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

F

ne - ver.

ne - ver.
had no one ever.
I never

had no one ever.
I never

had no one ever.
I never

had no one ever.
I never

had no one. ad lib. to FADE
VICAR IN A TUTU

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

I was mind-ing my busi-ness lifting some lead off the

roof of the Ho-ly Name church. it was

worth while liv-ing a laugh-a-ble 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
(2.) A scanty sign... I'm a living sign
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 banister
The vicar in a tutu
He's not strange
He just wants to live his life this way.

VERSE 3:
The meskik 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 tutu.

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 tutu
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

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From the
As

Ice

Anthony said to Cleo there is

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but one concern.

And I have just discovered

Some girls are bigger than others,
some girls are bigger than others.

Some girls' mothers

Some girls' mothers.
girls are bigger than others, some girls are bigger than others.

Some girls' mothers are bigger than others, other girls' mothers.

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 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
dancing 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 seem 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

Take me out...

to-night

where there's music and there's people who are young and alive.
Driving in your car, I never want to go home, because I haven’t got one anymore.

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 both of us to die by your...
Coda

There is a light that never goes out,

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
Ain't in the darkest underpass
I thought, oh God, my chance has come at last
(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.
Finally, Mr. Snarkly, this position. We hold
if you know what I mean. It's not a
in the national interest. I've told
I'm not a fool. I've been here for
in the last 21st Century. Sociology, you
I'm not a fool. I've been here for
in the last 21st Century. Sociology, you
You're a foolish little man, aren't you,
you're a foolish little man, aren't you,
you're a foolish little man, aren't you,
you're a foolish little man, aren't you,
you're a foolish little man, aren't you,
FRANKLY, MR. SHANKLY

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

Frankly Mister

Frankly this position I've held... it pays my way...

but it corrodes my soul. I want to leave.
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, any
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 hate
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 three the sun hath done
salutation to the dawn"
and you claim those worth as your own
but I'm well-read, have heard them said
a hundred times (maybe less, maybe more)
if you must write poems/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 tries 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 whose, 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

A dreaded sun-ny day.__ so I meet you at the cem-e-try gates.__

Keats and Yeats are on your side.__

A dreaded sun-ny day.__ so I meet you at the cem-e-try gates.__

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Keats and Yeats are on your side
While Wilde is on mine.
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...
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 tripe 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 cemetery 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 cemetery 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 clung
I don't know where else I can go.
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head
I see, the sun 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 rooms
loud, loathsome lover, trust her kindly
call though she needs you
more than she loves you
and I know it's over - still I clung
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 takes 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
Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head.
I KNOW IT'S OVER

Words and Music by
MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

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
(1.) Over still I cling, I don't know where else I can go.

(2.) Oh...

(3.) Sad veiled bride over and it never really began

but in my heart it was so real and you even
spoke to me and said

Because to-

-night is just like any other night, that's why you're on your

own tonight

With your

triumphs and your charms, while they're in each other's arms...
it's so easy to laugh, it's so easy to hate, it takes

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.
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 boisterous 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.

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)
Farewell to this land of nothing, day and night, as hours of darkness are passed. My heart is heavy with the loss of the one I loved, my love for her is strong, but she is gone. I cannot bear the thought of her absence. My heart aches for her, my spirit is broken.

In her memory, I pledge to live a life that honours her. Her spirit will guide me through the dark days. I will not forget her, nor will I allow my heart to be broken.

In this land of nothing, we are alone, but together, we are strong. Our love will never die, and our memories will live on.

We will meet again, my love. Until then, I will hold you in my heart, for you are my everything.
THE QUEEN IS DEAD

Words and Music by MORRISSEY and JOHNNY MARR

G  A  C

Fare

G  B

well to this land's cheerless marshes, hemmed

G  F  B

in like a boar between arches, her very low-ness 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?
checked all the registered historical facts and I was shocked into shame to discover how I'm the eighteenth pale descendant of some old queen or other — has the world changed or have I...
Has the world changed or have I changed?

Nine year old tough peddles drugs, I never even knew what drugs were.

And so I broke into the...
- ace with a sponge and a rusty spanner. She said, 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...
mother's apron, no one talks about cassation.

(See block lyric) We can

Passed the pub that saps your body and the...
who'll snatch your money, the queen is dead boys, and it's so

all they want is your money, the queen is dead boys, you can

lonely on a hmb. boys. Passed the
Life is very long when you're lonely.

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.
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