

Morrissey, ISTANBUL

When he first cried, his mother died.
I had tried to be his guide
When he was born I was too young,
The father searches for the son

In Istanbul.
Give him back to me
In Istanbul.
Give me back my brown eyed son.

Moonlight jumping through the trees,
Sunken eyes avoiding me.
From dawn to dusk the hunt is on,
The father searches for the son.

On secret streets in disbelief,
Little shadow shows the lead
Prostitutes stylish and glum,
In amongst them you are one
Oh, what have I done...

Rolling breathless off the tongue
The vicious street gang slang
I lean into a box of pine,
Identify the kid as mine