

# The Smiths, Shakespeare's Sister

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!

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!