

# Morrissey, My Life Is A Series Of People Saying Goodbye

My life is an endless succession of people saying goodbye  
My life is! an endless succession of people saying goodbye  
And what's left for me?  
What's left for me?

At one time the future it stretched out before me  
But now it stretches behind me.  
And all of the best things in life are behind glass  
Money, jewelry and flesh  
And what's left for me?  
What's left for me?