

# Morrissey, My Life Is An Endless Succession Of People

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  
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?