Morrissey, The Never-Played Symphonies

Reflecting from my deathbed I'm balancing life's riches against the ditches and the flat gray years in-between all I can see are the never-laid that's the never played symphonies

I can't see those who tried to love me or those who felt they understood me and I can't see those who very patiently put up with me All I can see are the never-laid or the never played symphonies

You were one, you meant to be one and you jumped into my face and laughed and kissed me on the cheek and then were gone forever not quite

Black sky in the daytime and I don't much mind dying when there is nothing left to care for anymore just the never layed the never played symphonies

You were one, you knew you were one and you slid right through my fingers no not literally but metaphorically and now you're all I see as the light fades