

Morrissey, The Youngest Was The Most Loved

The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the shielded
We kept him from the world's glare
And he turned into a killer
Retrouss nose
Turned up and mischievous
Forget-me-not eyes that cried if we ever left his side
There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal
The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
A small boy from a poor house
Who turned into a killer
A blushed rose if he had to say hello
A lopsided grin strained to keep the shyness in
There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal
The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
The look was all before him
With a lovely wife beside him
The youngest was the most loved
The youngest was the cherub
We kept him from the world's glare
And he turned into a killer
There is no such thing in life as normal
There is no such thing in life as normal