

Godley & Creme "Punchbag"

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If I brought a note to school
That said my days were numbered
They'd leave me
Numb and bleeding
Or strangle me with jump-leads
Momma, momma, momma,
In my world
The birds don't sing
The bells don't ring
The bicycle bells, the bicycle bells
Momma, momma, momma, Help me!
I wish I could blend
Into the background
I've no excuses for my lack of guts
Lack of guts
What is it about me
That draws attention?
Fourth form atrocities
Punchbag
Come and get it Socrates
Got to hit back
Get down on your knees
Ready for the polythene bag
I've never been a natural
At physical things
I've never been good at cross-country running
Since the first football hit me in the ear
Like a frozen cannonball
And the knees buckled
And stayed bent
And the laughs came
And the nerve went
And "Dirty Jew"
Was written on the blackboard
Fourth form atrocities
Punchbag
Come and get it Socrates
Got to hit back
Get down on your knees
Ready for the polythene
Ready for the polythene
Ready for the polythene

Bag treatment
Running through the corridors

Far too many obstacles
Bursting, bursting
Bursting for the crap I know
They'll never let me have
Fourth form punchbag
Oh God I wish that I was
Thicker than I am
And thinner than I am
Oh God I wish that I had
Normal ears
And clearer skin
I'm praying for the day
When handsome's out
And ugly's in
Fourth form punchbag
Fourth form punchbag
To Jesus I pray
For strength to survive
Your Christian soldiers
Smell blood
I torture myself in private
To prepare me for the pain
I talk to myself in public
On the buses and the train
My father just ignores it
'Cos it goes against the grain
Momma, momma, momma, Help me!
Fourth form punchbag
Fourth form punchbag
Booming round the corridors
Like guadiamus igitur
Fourth form punchbag
Fourth form punchbag
Can
I
Please
Get
Up
Now
No
When?

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