

Jay Jay Johanson "Teachers"

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All my teachers, much greater than preachers
All my teachers, much better than their features
I grew up in a rock block
Wearing leather gear and zipper clock
We kissed the girls and ran away
Oh what a shame
We were living on beat street
When i started moving my feet
To Flash and Zapp i joined the gang
The kids they sang
All my teachers, much greater than preachers
All my teachers, much better than their features
I remember when the pop died
Didn't like it on the country side
All the precious time I waste
We changed the taste
Moving on to a french house
In the suburb of a funky town
We worked and danced the night away
The dj played
All my teachers, much greater than preachers
All my teachers, much better than their features
This situation, the state I'm in
This education, can never win
From technology to art school
I developped my pop soul
With all my electronic friends
That never ends
All my teachers, much greater than preachers
All my teachers, much better than their features

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