

Leslie Fish "Teacher, Teacher"

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Teacher, teacher, do what you can
To teach your children all the knowledge of man,
Teach them how to think and how to survive
A world that eats the soul and body alive.
Teacher, teacher, you know what they face,
A sea of bigotry for age, sex, or race,
Or any other cause that's useful this year.
Try to warn the children while they're still safe in here.

Teacher, teacher, the hole waits outside,
To turn your children into tools for his pride.
He's always scratchin' for a way to come in.
Here comes a pressure group, he's tryin' again.
Teacher, teacher, you know you're alone.
You're boss won't save your skin; he's saving his own.
Nor will the parents help; they'll only condemn.
They want their children taught to be just like them.

Here comes the beaurocrat with fifty more rules
To tie your hands and take more bread from the
schools.
Here comes the preacher tryin' hard to get in.

He wants all children taught his pet brand of sin.
Here comes the government with plenty to say.
It wants your children taught to serve and obey.
Here comes the school board, and that's worst of all,
They want the teachers taught to cave in and fall.

Teacher, teacher, you know what you'll find.
They want their thumbprints stamped on everyone's
mind.
The kids suspect it and resent it like hell,
And all too often they'll suspect you as well.
Teacher, teacher, tell me how can you teach
When all the grownups only want you to preach?
How can you teach the kids to think for themselves
With all the censors stealing books off of shelves?
(musical interlude)

Teacher guarding the dwindling flame,
How many of your kids have beaten the game?

The wind is rising and the night's falling fast.
Will you run, save yourself, or fight to the last

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