

## **Morrissey**

# **"Slum Mums"**

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Six filthy children  
from six absent fathers

And then you turn  
to us for succour  
because you think  
we're just suckers

We may be welfare, oh yeah,  
but we don't care  
and we get paid to despise  
your council house eyes

You can change your name  
you can bleach your skin  
camouflage your accent  
so that even you don't recognise it

But you won't escape  
from the slum mums  
because you are one  
because you live and breathe like one

And the Labour government  
can't stand the slum mums  
It's ingrained  
underneath your fingernails

The office of the  
Social Service  
is strategically placed  
in a dowdy, rowdy part of town  
to discourage you

from signing

We make you feel  
as if you're whining  
when you claim  
what's legally yours

You can change your name

and you can bleach your skin  
camouflage your accent  
so that even you don't recognise it

But you won't escape  
from the slum mums  
because you are one  
because you live and breathe like one

And the Labour government  
can't stand the slum mums  
It's ingrained  
underneath your fingernails

Take you and your rat pack brood  
to the long grass of the meadow  
administer seven doses lethal and illegal  
which may render you elsewhere

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