

Morrissey

"The Teachers Are Afraid Of The Pupils"

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There's too many people
Planning your downfall
When your spirit's on trial
These nights can be frightening

Sleep transports sadness
To some other mid-brain
And somebody here
Will not be here next year

So you stand by the board
Full of fear and intention
And if you think that they're listening
Well, you've got to be joking

Oh, you understand change
And you think it's essential
But when your profession
Is humiliation

Say the wrong word to our children
We'll have you, oh yes, we'll have you
Lay a hand on our children
And it's never too late to have you

Mucus on your collar
A nail up through the staff chair
A blade in your soap
And you cry into your pillow

To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
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To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief

Say the wrong word to our children
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Lay a hand on our children
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To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief

I'm very glad the spring has come
The sun shines out so bright
Little birds upon the trees
Are singing for delight

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