

Morrissey "The Teachers Are Afraid Of Their 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

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

To be finished would be a relief

I'm very glad this thing has come

Sometimes I'm so glad Never bother to play the tunes I've seen it coming for dear life

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