

## Smiths

# "Suffer Little Children"

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Over the moor, take me to the moor  
Dig a shallow grave  
And I'll lay me down

Over the moor, take me to the moor  
Dig a shallow grave  
And I'll lay me down  
Lesley-Anne, with your pretty white beads  
Oh John, you'll never be a man  
And you'll never see your home again  
Oh Manchester, so much to answer for  
Edward, see those alluring lights ?  
Tonight will be your very last night  
A woman said : "I know my son is dead  
I'll never rest my hands on his sacred head"  
Hindley wakes and Hindley says :  
Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes, and  
says :  
"Oh, wherever he has gone, I have gone"  
But fresh lilaced moorland fields  
Cannot hide the stolid stench of death  
Fresh lilaced moorland fields  
Cannot hide the stolid stench of death  
Hindley wakes and says :  
Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes, and  
says :  
"Oh, whatever he has done, I have done"  
But this is no easy ride  
For a child cries :  
"Oh, find me ... find me, nothing more  
We are on a sullen misty moor  
We may be dead and we may be gone  
But we will be, we will be, we will be, right by your side  
Until the day you die  
This is no easy ride  
We will haunt you when you laugh  
Yes, you could say we're a team  
You might sleep  
You might sleep  
You might sleep  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER DREAM !  
Oh, you might sleep

BUT YOU WILL NEVER DREAM !  
You might sleep  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER DREAM !"

Oh Manchester, so much to answer for  
Oh Manchester, so much to answer for

Oh, find me, find me !  
Find me !  
I'll haunt you when you laugh  
Oh, I'll haunt you when you laugh  
You might sleep  
BUT YOU WILL NEVER DREAM !  
Oh ...  
Over the moors, I'm on the moor  
Oh, over the moor  
Oh, the child is on the moor

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