

## The Housemartins

### "Bow Down"

Visit "[Bow Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Mother, father, I think that I would rather  
Stay at home with you for another year  
That building's so tall and it makes me feel so small  
That I might get lost and simply disappear  
Evil smiles won't change my mind  
I'm worried and I'm not the worrying kind  
Why's that man rubbing his hands  
Looking at me writing down his plans?

Today I have been moulding plasticine  
And I made a little man who looked just like me  
His limbs were so weak and he couldn't move his  
mouth to speak  
And I could bend him into any shape I wanted him to be

Evil smiles won't change my mind  
I'm worried and I'm not the worrying kind  
Why's that man rubbing his hands

Looking at me writing down his plans?

Those kids with the blazers on  
They went in with names on their elbows  
Came home with medals on  
Spit it out that's the way the story goes

A flying start for the briefcase crew

Oh, you didn't have to teach me like you did  
But you did  
And you didn't have to beat me like you did  
But you did  
But you did  
You did  
You did

Visit [The Housemartins](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.