

## **Richard Thompson**

# **"When We Were Boys At School"**

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All he ever wanted to do was harm  
All he ever wanted to be was cruel  
At 12 years old Fate marked his brow  
And he said, I have a mission now  
But we laughed at his clothes  
And the blackheads round his nose  
When We Were Boys At School

Teachers spoke of Hannibal and Hector  
Nimrod and Nietzsche were his fuel  
Swastikas and pentagrams  
Flourished from his tender hands  
But we watched in the rain  
As the bully beat him up again  
When We Were Boys At School

And he said, my camouflage will hide me  
I'll be grey as the world is grey  
A thousand government corridors  
Behind which of a thousand doors  
Will I delegate and rule  
O little boys at school

All he ever wanted to do was harm  
All he ever wanted to be was cruel  
And sometimes when the night is still  
I can feel the gathering of his will  
I can feel him flex the strings of power  
And grope to his appointed hour  
But we laughed at the dirt  
And the frayed cuffs on his shirt  
When We Were Boys At School

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