

The Smiths

"Suffer Little Children"

Visit "[Suffer Little Children](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Over the moors, I'm on the moor
Oh, over the moor
Oh, the child is on the moor

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.