

Morrissey, The Teachers Are Afraid Of The Pupils

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
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I'm very glad the spring has come
The sun shines out so bright
All the birds that are on the trees
Are singing for delight