# Bow Down

## The Housemartins

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 molding 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

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