

The Father Who Must Be Killed

Morrissey

Stepchild, you have outlived your time
You represent embarrassment and failure
And the father who must be killed
Is the blight upon your blighted life
And his might is his legal right
To ground you down Stepchild, with every petty swipe
You just might find you're fighting for your life
And the father who must be killed
Is a step farther but nonetheless
The way he chews his food
Rips right through your senses Stepchild, there's a knife in a drawer in a room downstairs
And you, you know what you must do
So the stepchild ran with a knife to his sleeping frame
And slams it in his arms, his legs, his face, his neck and says "There's a law against me now"
And the father who must be killed
With his dying breath, he grabs her hand
And he looks into her eyes
He says, "I'm sorry" and he dies Stepchild, I release you
With this broken voice I beseech you Why are lives so short?
The stepchild thought heart pointing to the sky
No one to warn me, no hand to touch me
And no Bible-Belters to mess with me
Mama don't miss me, mama don't miss me
This death will complete me But where I go there will be no one to meet me
I know there will be no one to meet me
But still the step-child press the knife to her throat
Heart pointing to the sky
Just as motherless birds fly high then so shall I So shall I
So shall I
So shall I
So shall I

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