

Baggy Trousers

[Lisa Mychols](#)

Naughty boys in nasty schools
Headmasters breaking all the rules
Having fun and playing fools
Smashing up the woodwork tools All the teachers in the pub
Passing 'round the ready rub
Trying not to think of when
The lunch time bell will ring again Oh, what fun we had
But did it really turn out bad
All I learnt at school
Was how to bend not break the rules Oh, what fun we had
But at the time it seemed so bad
Trying different ways
To make a difference to the days Headmaster's had enough today
All the kids have gone away
Gone to fight with next door's school
Every term, that is the rule Sits alone and bends his cane
Same old backsides again
All the small ones tell tall tales
Walking home and squashing snails Oh, what fun we had
But did it really turn out bad
All I learnt at school
Was how to bend not break the rules Oh, what fun we had
But at the time it seemed so bad
Trying different ways
To make a difference to the days Lots of girls and lots of boys
Lots of smells and lots of noise
Playing football in the park
Kicking push bikes after dark Baggy trousers, dirty shirt
Pulling hair and eating dirt
Teacher comes to break it up
Back of the 'ead with a plastic cup Oh, what fun we had
But did it really turn out bad
All I learnt at school
Was how to bend not break the rules Oh, what fun we had
But at the time it seemed so bad
Trying different ways
To make a difference to the days Baggy trousers, baggy trousers, baggy trousers
Baggy trousers, baggy trousers, baggy trousers
Baggy trousers, baggy trousers, baggy trousers

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