

# 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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