

# Children In Pieces

[Morrissey](#)

Children in pieces in Irish industrial schools  
Nuns called mothers  
And their Christian brothers  
Kick the shit out of very frightened children Judges and priests and police and cardinals  
They look the other way  
When the weekend comes  
They'll make use of those Children in pieces in Irish industrial schools  
Nuns called mothers  
And their Christian brothers  
Kick the shit out of very frightened children You say you wanna go home  
You say you wanna be left alone  
And so you turn to me But instead of sympathy I find  
My sentimental heart hardens  
My sentimental heart hardens Get your hands off me  
Kid, you must be bad luck  
My sentimental heart hardens

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