

The Teachers Are Afraid Of The Pupils

Morrissey

There's too many people
Planning your downfall
When your spirit's on trial
These nights can be frightening Sleep transports sadness
To some other mid-brain
And somebody here
Will not be here next year So you stand by the board
Full of fear and intention
And if you think that they're listening
Well, you've got to be joking Oh, you understand change
And you think it's essential
But when your profession
Is humiliation Say the wrong word to our children
We'll have you, oh yes, we'll have you
Lay a hand on our children
And it's never too late to have you Mucus on your collar
A nail up through the staff chair
A blade in your soap
And you cry into your pillow To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief Say the wrong word to our children
We'll have you, oh yes, we'll have you
Lay a hand on our children
And it's never too late to have you To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief
To be finished would be a relief I'm very glad the spring has come
The sun shines out so bright
Little birds upon the trees
Are singing for delight

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