

Being Eight

Rebecca Lawrence

Being 8 is not so great when you have to work.
Down the mimes is just the pits in the dust and mirk.
We never see the daylight underneath the ground.
In the gloom we listen to that tapping sound.

Being 9 is not so fine working in the mills
Under looms we gather threads,the air it makes us Ill
Machines can cut and break us
They lurch and swing and pound
Terrified we listen to that clanking sound

Iâ€™ve Forgotten how to smile Iâ€™ve forgotten how to play is there such a thing as childhood we will ever see the d

Being ten is work again as chimney sweep
Soot and mirk right up my nose Iâ€™m climbing up so steep
Iâ€™m small but Iâ€™m a climber Iâ€™m pushed to get much higher
Hear that crackling fire

Iâ€™ve forgotten how to smile Iâ€™ve forgotten how to play is there such a thing as childhood will we ever see the d

Lyrics Submitted by Ivan

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