

# Suffer Little Children

## The Smiths

Over the moor, take me to the moor  
Dig a shallow grave and I'll lay me down  
Over the moor, take me to the moor  
Dig a shallow grave and I'll lay me downLesley-Anne, with your pretty white beads  
Oh John, you'll never be a man  
And you'll never see your home again  
Oh Manchester, so much to answer forEdward, see those alluring lights?  
Tonight will be your very last night  
A woman said, I know my son is dead  
I'll never rest my hands on his sacred headHindley wakes and Hindley says  
Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes  
Hindley wakes and says  
Oh, wherever he has gone, I have goneBut fresh lilaced moorland fields  
Cannot hide the stolid stench of death  
Fresh lilaced moorland fields  
Cannot hide the stolid stench of deathHindley wakes and says  
Hindley wakes, Hindley wakes  
Hindley wakes and says  
Oh, whatever he has done, I have doneBut this is no easy ride  
For a child cries  
Oh, find me, find me, nothing more  
We are on a sullen misty moorWe may be dead and we may be gone  
But we will be, we will be  
We will be right by your side  
Until the day you die  
This is no easy rideWe will haunt you when you laugh  
Yes, you could say we're a team  
You might sleep, you might sleep  
You might sleep  
But you will never dreamOh, you might sleep  
But you will never dream  
You might sleep  
But you will never dreamOh Manchester, so much to answer for  
Oh Manchester, so much to answer forOh, find me, find me  
Find me, I'll haunt you when you laugh  
Oh, I'll haunt you when you laugh  
You might sleep  
But you will never dreamOver the moors, I'm on the moor  
Oh, over the moor

Oh, the child is on the moor

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