

# Teacher, teacher! – Jinjer

Good evening, kids,  
Take your seats,  
Open up your Bibles  
I'm gonna chastise some rivals  
So keep your eyes wide open  
The young soul lost control,  
Made her first foul  
This is my duty to set the bounds  
She grabbed my hand, took me in,  
Placed me in front of the class  
She gave a hint I was the clou of her mass  
I'm in the middle of the Holy of Holies  
I have no worries  
I saw dusty icons on the wall  
I saw needles and stones  
So she put a paper bag on my head  
She pointed finger at me, and then she said  
"Dear Lord, forgive me  
As I'm slapping, slapping,  
slapping this sinful child  
By your hand I'm led so I will, show, show  
What is wrong and what is right  
Choose your label 'cause I'm  
Mercy, mercy, merciful  
Put your knuckles on the table,  
Meet my friend ferule Who'll punish you"  
When their prejudice let us down  
We stand firmly on our ground  
Don't let their school make a fool of you  
Because the teachers may be fools too  
When their prejudice let us down  
We stand firmly on our ground  
Don't let their school make a fool of you  
Because the teachers may be fools too  
Laws chalked on the blackboard  
Can't be erased until it gets boring

The lady spoke and then she choked  
On the convictions, oh so alluring  
She made a pause in her verbal overdose  
My paper bag slipped down on the floor  
I took a look around, there was no sanctuary  
Desks empty, the school was all imaginary, ah  
Teacher, teacher! Self-proclaimed preacher  
Under the flag of welfare  
Your lectures start to blare  
We need no soap shoved down our throats  
So keep your monologues unrated and remote  
I am a bad example of order  
This life is not a prison  
And you are not a warden  
Please teacher, teacher! Leave us alone  
As we accept life lessons from no one  
When their prejudice let us down  
We stand firmly on our ground  
Don't let their school make a fool of you  
Because the teachers may be fools too  
When their prejudice let us down  
We stand firmly on our ground  
Don't let their school make a fool of you  
Your idols scream to me  
Throwing shame on my face  
As I turn away from infamy and disgrace  
I smile to you, 'cause I want you to see  
How I break the rules  
In front of your trinity  
Your idols scream to me  
Throwing shame on my face  
As I turn away from infamy and disgrace  
Oh, I smile to you  
I smile to you  
I smile to you



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

