

Rosalind Moran

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Children and Men

Think of the children, they whisper in the corridors
A crocodile of adults all lined up in their uniforms
Finger-pointing scrapes out a living for the decayed
Righting wrong's a nightmare when they wrong so righteously

A crocodile of adults all lined up in their uniforms
Let's gather in the triangle to watch the sticks and stoning
Righting wrong's a nightmare when they wrong so righteously
Children are at stake here; laces tied, blazers smoking

Let's gather in the triangle to watch the sticks and stoning
A double-standard's underhanded, so throw rocks with Conviction
Children are at stake here; laces tied, blazers smoking
No-one's being incendiary – just acting from concern...

A double-standard's underhanded, so throw rocks with Conviction
If it's legal to burn stick bundles – *f*ggots* – is that too a legal loophole?
No-one's being incendiary – just acting from concern...
You want to make education safer? Well: let me school you

If it's legal to burn stick bundles – *f*ggots* – is that too a legal loophole?
When getting your laws straight doesn't mean what you want it to...
You want to make education safer? Then take nation out of discrimination
The kids will be alright, given the chance – but oh, god help the adults