

# Punchbag

Godley & Creme

If I brought a note to school  
That said my days were numbered  
They'd leave me  
Numb and bleeding  
Or strangle me with jump-leads  
Momma, momma, momma,  
In my world  
The birds don't sing  
The bells don't ring  
The bicycle bells, the bicycle bells  
Momma, momma, momma, Help me!  
I wish I could blend  
Into the background  
I've no excuses for my lack of guts  
Lack of guts  
What is it about me  
That draws attention?  
Fourth form atrocities  
Punchbag  
Come and get it Socrates  
Got to hit back  
Get down on your knees  
Ready for the polythene bag  
I've never been a natural  
At physical things  
I've never been good at cross-country running  
Since the first football hit me in the ear  
Like a frozen cannonball  
And the knees buckled  
And stayed bent  
And the laughs came  
And the nerve went  
And "Dirty Jew"  
Was written on the blackboard  
Fourth form atrocities  
Punchbag  
Come and get it Socrates  
Got to hit back  
Get down on your knees  
Ready for the polythene  
Ready for the polythene  
Ready for the polythene  
Bag treatment  
Running through the corridors  
Far too many obstacles  
Bursting, bursting  
Bursting for the crap I know  
They'll never let me have  
Fourth form punchbag  
Oh God I wish that I was  
Thicker than I am  
And thinner than I am  
Oh God I wish that I had  
Normal ears  
And clearer skin  
I'm praying for the day  
When handsome's out

And ugly's in  
Fourth form punchbag  
Fourth form punchbag  
To Jesus I pray  
For strength to survive  
Your Christian soldiers  
Smell blood  
I torture myself in private  
To prepare me for the pain  
I talk to myself in public  
On the buses and the train  
My father just ignores it  
'Cause it goes against the grain  
Momma, momma, momma, Help me!  
Fourth form punchbag  
Fourth form punchbag  
Booming round the corridors  
Like quadiamus igitur  
Fourth form punchbag  
Fourth form punchbag  
Can  
I  
Please  
Get  
Up  
Now  
No  
When?