

The Slum Mums

Morrissey

Six filthy children
from six absent fathers

And then you turn
to us for succour
because you think
we're just suckers

We may be welfare, oh yeah,
but we don't care
and we get paid to despise
your council house eyes

You can change your name
you can bleach your skin
camouflage your accent
so that even you don't recognise it

But you won't escape
from the slum mums
because you are one
because you live and breathe like one

And the Labour government
can't stand the slum mums
It's ingrained
underneath your fingernails

The office of the
Social Service
is strategically placed
in a dowdy, rowdy part of town
to discourage you
from signing

We make you feel
as if you're whining
when you claim
what's legally yours

You can change your name
and you can bleach your skin
camouflage your accent
so that even you don't recognise it

But you won't escape
from the slum mums
because you are one
because you live and breathe like one

And the Labour government
can't stand the slum mums
It's ingrained
underneath your fingernails

Take you and your rat pack brood
to the long grass of the meadow

administer seven doses lethal and illegal
which may render you elsewhere