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