

# I Am The Teacher's Son

Piano Magic

Started mailroom  
Moved up through Clerical, now Obituaries

I am the teacher's son  
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Never seen a sky so big  
Like it's been saving up for years  
Clouds from Russia press-ganged in  
Until the dateline disappears

I have loved and lost like the river's lost and found  
But I've never fought the tide and I've never fucked around  
I'm the teacher's son  
My favorite sound is church bells

And my greatest love's the sea though I never learnt to swim  
Never trusted it with me  
I wrote a novel in my twenties though it never left my head  
A thousand words a sitting 'til all the characters were dead

I'm the teacher's son  
My father was a poet though he never got the chance  
'Cause his words looked like another's if you took them at a glance  
But he met a girl so pretty that he asked her to a dance

And there his words they died liked flowers  
There his words, they lost all power  
I've been told I have his ways  
I've been told I have his grace but he left me on my birthday

And the only thing remains  
I'm the teacher's son