

I Am The Teacher's Son

Piano Magic

Started mailroom
Moved up through Clerical, now Obituaries

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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