

When We Were Boys at School

Richard Thompson

All he ever wanted to do was harm
All he ever wanted to be was cruel
At 12 years old Fate marked his brow
And he said, I have a mission now
But we laughed at his clothes
And the blackheads round his nose
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Teachers spoke of Hannibal and Hector
Nimrod and Nietzsche were his fuel
Swastikas and pentagrams
Flourished from his tender hands
But we watched in the rain
As the bully beat him up again
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And he said, my camouflage will hide me
I'll be grey as the world is grey
A thousand government corridors
Behind which of a thousand doors
Will I delegate and rule
O little boys at school

All he ever wanted to do was harm
All he ever wanted to be was cruel
And sometimes when the night is still
I can feel the gathering of his will
I can feel him flex the strings of power
And grope to his appointed hour
But we laughed at the dirt
And the frayed cuffs on his shirt
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