

# There is Always Something There to Remind Me

The Housemartins

The teacher's name was Charles  
He made me feel like Jack  
Thought Martin was late  
'Cause he sat right at the back

Thought my name was Peter  
The time that I was there  
I told him it was Paul  
But he didn't seem to care

Drawing mustaches and glasses  
While on the ruling classes  
Drawing willies on soldiers  
From Berlin to Damascus

It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you  
It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you

Making bombs in chemistry  
And catapults in craft  
He thought I must be far too  
Down for this class

He even told the caretaker  
I didn't want to pass  
And he agreed he'd seen me  
Cutting cross his grass

Would he keep all the marbles  
He'd taken in that year?  
Would we storm-troop the staffroom  
And pinch his cans of beer?

It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you  
It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you

There is always something there to remind me  
Something that I should've left behind me  
It taps you on the shoulder in a queue  
It shouts across the street, I've more than you  
And there is always something there to remind me of you

It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you  
It shouts out loud  
I'm more than you, I'm more than you  
It shouts out loud