

Morrissey, The Father Who Must Be Killed

Stepchild, you have outlived your time
You represent embarrassment and failure
And the father who must be killed
Is the blight upon your blighted life
And his might is his legal right
To ground you down

Stepchild, with every petty swipe
You just might find you're fighting for your life
And the father who must be killed
Is a stepfather but nonetheless the way he chews his food
Rips right through your senses

Stepchild, there's a knife in a door in a room downstairs
And you know what you must do
So the stepchild ran with a knife to his sleeping frame
And slams it in his arms, his legs, his face, his neck
There's a law against me now

And the father who must be killed
With his dying breath he grabs her hand
And he looks into her eyes
He says I'm sorry and he dies

Stepchild, I release you
With this broken voice I beseech you
Why are lives so short the stepchild thought
Heart pointing to the sky
No room to warm, no hand to touch me
And no bible-belters to mess with me
Mama, don't miss me. Mama don't miss me.
This death will complete me but where I go there'll be no-one to meet me. I know there'll be no-one

But still the stepchild pressed the knife to her throat
Heart pointing to the sky
Just as motherless birds fly high
Then socialise

Socialise