

The Smiths, Suffer Little Children

Over the moor, take me to the moor
Dig a shallow grave
And I'll lay me down

Lesley-Anne with your pretty white beads
Oh John you'll never be a man
And you'll never see your home again
Oh Manchester, so much to answer for
Edward see those alluring lights?
Tonight will be your very last night
A woman said: "I know my son is dead
I'll never rest my hands on his sacred head"
Hindley wakes and Hindley says
Hindley wakes.. and says:
"Wherever he has gone I have gone"
But fresh lilaced moorland fields
Cannot hide the stolid stench of death
Fresh lilaced moorland fields
Cannot hide the stolid stench of death
Hindley wakes and Hindley says
Hindley wakes.. and says:
"Oh whatever he has done I have done"
But this is no easy ride
For a child cries:
"Find me.. find me, nothing more
We are on a sullen misty moor
We may be dead and we may be gone
But we will be, we will be.. right by your side
Until the day you die!"
This is no easy ride
"We will haunt you when you laugh
Yes, you could say we're a team
You might sleep, you might sleep..
But you will never dream!"
"You might sleep but you will never dream!"
Oh Manchester, so much to answer for
Oh Manchester, so much to answer for
"Find me, find me, find me..
I'll haunt you when you laugh
You might sleep but you will never dream!"

Over the moor, I'm on the moor
Over the moor
The child is on the moor