## 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

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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