

Thea Gilmore, Teacher, Teacher

Teacher, teacher, won't you tell me what is true
This kinda rising is just too long overdue
Teacher, teacher, how'd I let it get this way?

'Cause there was someone trying to tell me I was wrong
I've been singin' 'bout these things for far too long
Burn me up, boy, I've got much more left to say

I'm gonna be raising the roof
I'm gonna be painting the town
I'm gonna be tearing those white flags down

Teacher, teacher, there is danger on the screen
Some little coven of the bigotry machine
Teacher, teacher, how'd they get to hold that sway?

Don't want to see them come to represent this age
The dumb, the dumber and the princes of the page
They've got the money, now let's give 'em Hell to pay

I'm gonna be raising the roof

I'm gonna be painting the town
I'm gonna be tearing those white flags down

I'm gonna be crossin' that line
I'm gonna be biding my time
I'm gonna be kissing those walls goodbye

Teacher, this is not a seasonal review
Every generation's got a little more to prove
Teacher, teacher, help me open up that door
Teacher, teacher, help me open up that door

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Teacher, teacher