**STRICT**

We had a teacher who was so strict,
you weren't allowed to *breathe*in her lessons.
She used to stand at the front going, "NO BREATHING!"
And you had the whole morning to get through.
\*aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh\* \*pah\*
The weak ones just used to keel over and die.
You'd hear them going down behind you. \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\*
And there was always a whiny kid going, "Miss! Can I go out and do some breathing?"
And she'd say, "No! You've got all playtime to do it in!"
"Oh, go on Miss, oh, go on!"

Do you know at the beginning of the week there were forty-eight kids in my class.
At the end of the week there were only five of them left.
Yeah.
Do you know at the end of the day you'd be stepping over kids just to get out the room.
Oh no! There's Melanie. That's a shame, she was really nice.
There's Dave. Eheheh. Hard luck, Dave! Always knew you were a bit weak.

Do you know, people say to me, if that's true, how come you're here to tell the tale?
Fair enough, and I'll tell you.
It's because, when I was at school, we used to sit at desks.
We didn't sit 'round tables like you do now.
We used to sit at desks, with lids.
And some of us figured out, what you had to do was snatch a quick breath under the desk lid when she wasn't looking.

So once more, from the beginning.
"NO BREATHING!"
\*aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh\* \*pah\*
The weak ones: \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\*
The whiny ones: "Miss! Can I go out and do some breathing?
"No! You've got all playtime to do it in!"
"Oh, go on Miss, oh, go on!"
Us lot: \*PAH\* \*gasp gasp gasp\* \*ptoom\*
Ah! That was the mistake! Slamming the desk lid down!
If you made a noise with the desk lid, it was OUT!
School PRISON!
There was a school prison underneath the school hall where they used to string you up from the wallbars.
\*sqfluut\*
"Miss! I've been up here for three weeks... and there's rats!
And they're nibbling my toenails!"

So I figured it out.
What you had to do was put your thumb 'round the edge of the desk lid so when it went down it didn't make any noise at all.

Once more, from the beginning.
"NO BREATHING!"
\*aaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh\* \*pah\*
The weak ones: \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\* \*ker-poom\*
The whiny ones: "Miss! Can I go out and do some breathing?"
"No! You've got all playtime to do it in!"
"Oh, go on Miss, oh, go on!"
These other kids: \*PAH\* \*gasp gasp\* \*ptoom\*
OUT! School PRISON! \*sqfluut\*
"Miss! I've been up here for three weeks and there's... rats!
And they're nibbling... my toenails! Miss!"
Me: Thumb 'round the edge of the desk.
\*PAH\* \*gasp gasp gasp\*
No noise at all.
SURVIVAL!