

There is Always Something There to Remind Me

The Housemartins

The teacher's name was Charles
He made me feel like Jack
Thought Martin was late
'Cause he sat right at the back

Thought my name was Peter
The time that I was there
I told him it was Paul
But he didn't seem to care

Drawing mustaches and glasses
While on the ruling classes
Drawing willies on soldiers
From Berlin to Damascus

It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you
It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you

Making bombs in chemistry
And catapults in craft
He thought I must be far too
Down for this class

He even told the caretaker
I didn't want to pass
And he agreed he'd seen me
Cutting cross his grass

Would he keep all the marbles
He'd taken in that year?
Would we storm-troop the staffroom
And pinch his cans of beer?

It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you
It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you

There is always something there to remind me
Something that I should've left behind me
It taps you on the shoulder in a queue
It shouts across the street, I've more than you
And there is always something there to remind me of you

It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you
It shouts out loud
I'm more than you, I'm more than you
It shouts out loud