

The Poor Old Teacher

To the tune of the Blackleg Miner

It's in the evening after dark
When the poor old teacher's home from work
With a suitcase full of books to mark
There goes the poor old teacher

He could do the job when he was young
It even felt like it was fun
But data makes him want to run
The poor old o'er worked teacher

League tables get in the way
And paper work must have its say
Work sixteen hours in every day
The poor old o'er worked teacher

He's holding on another few years
But Government's increased his fears
Pension robbed now he's in tears
The poor old o'er worked teacher

He must go on till sixty-eight
That's their plan to make him wait
No energy left to educate
The poor old o'er worked teacher

Extra payments he must make
To pay off bankers big mistake
Then it'll be time to attend his wake
The poor old o'er worked teacher

So join the NUT and strike
Tell the Government what it's like
Tell Michael Gove to take a hike
From the poor old o'er worked teacher