

Mister Moore

*Mister Moore, Mister Moore
Creaking down the corridor.*

Uh uh eh eh uh

Uh uh eh eh uh

Mister Moore wears wooden suits
Mister Moore's got great big boots
Mister Moore's got hair like a brush
And Mister Moore don't like me much.

Chorus

When my teacher's there I haven't got a care
I can do my sums, I can do gerzinters
When Mister Moore comes through the door
Got a wooden head filled with splinters.

Chorus

Mister Moore, I implore
My ear-holes ache, my head is sore
Don't come through that classroom door
Don't come through that classroom door

Chorus

Mister Moore wears wooden suits
Mister Moore's got great big boots
Mister Moore's got hair like a brush
Mister Moore don't like me much.

Chorus

David Harmer

