Alan Murphy

Hell is Homework

Hell is Homework and Homework is Hell, I dash from our school at the sound of the bell But what greets my feet when they make it back home? A cruel clutch of hours with a mountain of tomes.

Hell is Homework and Homework is Hell, I scream it, I shout it, I whinge and I yell! A blizzard of bad set by Satan himself, Skulking in our teacher's mind like an elf.

Maths is a miserable mystery: It's gruelling, it's galling, I'm doodling and dawdling, Geography jumps all over me; It's a pain in the neck, like being stretched on a rack!

Weekends are wondrous when they arrive, No need to suffocate, no need to strive, Just sit back calmly from nine until five, After you've buried your schoolbag - alive!

I'd burn all the books but I'd just get bad looks And a fresh batch of blight for my sins, you can't win!

So listen Old Nick, a quick word in your ear, If you're big on cruelty, torture and fear, Don't bother with hellfire, tridents and whips, Instead why not try these few quick handy tips:

Set the damned essays and sums and the like, Make them intolerably hard for the tykes, Soon they'll change seamlessly from sinning cheats To snivelling wee schoolkids with you as their teach!