

Students try to put you down  
Try to knock you to the ground  
Because of the kind of clothes you wear  
Marten boots, outrageous hair  
Don't try to push me around  
I'm sick of being lost and being found  
Student power what a shower

Student power what a shower  
Student power what a shower  
Student power what a shower  
Oh what a shower

You've got your union rules  
They're only read by intellectual fools  
Try to stop us and soon you'll see  
You've got answers no for kids like me  
Pompous clowns they put us down  
Now it's your turn to drown  
Student power what a shower

You all talk about left and right  
It's not your blood that lost in the fight  
You're our future or so they say  
Wait for the day I have my say  
Read all about all you like  
But when we burn the books and start again  
Beethoven's Ninth all over again