All the children testified that Miss Macbeth wore a fishbone slide in her cobweb tresses Her eyes were black like first foot coal, clutched as white as chalk-dust Her fingers sweated india-ink and poison-pen There is a hungry hanging tree, just below your bedroom window You can hear her take a broom to beat out a tattoo on the ceiling Her bloodless face ran red inside but was she really evil, was she only pantomime Now the chalk on the wall says that somebody saves, that somebody's face has just been washed off the pavement Into a puzzle where petrol will be poisoned by rain Miss Macbeth saw her reflection As confetti bled it's colours down the drain

And everyday she lives out another love song It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong Well how can you miss what you've never possessed
Miss Macbeth

Well we all should have known when the children paraded
They portrayed her in their fairytales, sprinkling
Deadly Nightshade
And as they tormented her she rose to the bait
Even a scapegoat must have someone to hate

And everyday she lives out another love song "You're up there enjoying yourself, and I know it's wrong"

Well how can you miss what you've never possessed
Miss Macbeth

Sometimes people are just what they appear to be With no redemption at all We try to walk upright when we can't even crawl

Miss Macbeth has a gollywog she chucks under the chin and she whispers to it tenderly Then sticks it on a pin And It might be coincidence, but a boy down the lane, that she said "went white as he could do," then doubled over in pain

And everyday she lives out another love song It's a tearful lament of somebody done wrong Well how can you miss what you've never possessed Miss Macbeth