

Teachers

Jay-Jay Johanson

All my teachers, much greater than preachers All my teachers, much better than their features

I grew up in a rock block Wearing leather gear and zipper clock
We kissed the girls and ran away Oh what a shame

We were living on beat street When I started moving my feet To
Flash and Zapp I joined the gang The kids they sang

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I remember when the pop died Didn't like it on the country side
All the precious time I waste We changed the taste

Moving on to a french house In the suburb of a funky town We worked and danced the night away The dj played

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This situation, the state I'm in This education, can never win

From technology to art school I developed my pop soul With all
my electronic friends That never ends

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