

To Sir With Love

Midge Ure

Those schoolgirl days
Of telling tales and biting nails are gone
But in my mind
I know they will still live on and on

But how do you thank someone
who's taken you from crayons to perfume
It isn't easy but I'll try
If you wanted the sky I would write across the sky
in letters that would soar a thousand feet high
To Sir with love.

The time has come
for closing books and long last looks must end
And as I leave
I know that I am leaving my best friend
A friend who taught me right from wrong
and weak from strong
That's a lot to learn.

What, what can I give you in return
If you wanted the moon I would try to make a start
but I would rather you let me give my heart
To Sir with love.

Those awkward years have hurried by, why did they fly away?
Why is it Sir, children grow up to be people one day?
What takes the place of climbing trees and dirty knees in the world outside?

What is there for you I can buy?
If you wanted the world I'd surround it with a wall,
I'd scrawl these words with letters ten feet tall,
"TO SIR WITH LOVE"