**Revolting Children**

**Tim Minchin**

Woaaaahh!
Never again will she get the best of me,
Never again will she take away my freedom,
and we won't forget the day we fought for the right
to be a little bit naughty.
Never again, will the chokey door slam.
Never again, will I be bullied and
never again will I doubt it when my mummy says I'm a miracle.
(NEVER AGAIN)
Never again will we live behind doors,
never again now we know we are

Revolting children, living in revolting times
We sing revolting songs, using revolting rhymes.
We'll be revolting children til our revoltings done,
and we'll have the Trunchbull bolting, we're REVOLTING!

We are revolting children, living in revolting times
We sing revolting songs, using revolting rhymes.
We'll be revolting children til our revoltings done,
and we'll have the Trunchbull bolting, we're REVOLTING!

**We will become a screaming hoard.
Take out your hockey sticks and use it as a sword.
Never again will we be ignored.
We'll find out where the chalk is stored
and draw rude pictures on the board.
It's not insulting,** we're REVOLTING!

We can S-P-L how we like, if enough of us are wrong, wrong is right.
Everyone N-O-R-T-Y cos we're a little bit naughty.
They say we ought to stay inside the line,
but if we disobey at the same time,
there is nothing that the Trunchbull can do,
**she can take her hammer and S-H-U.**
You never thought you could push us too far,
but there's no going back now we are.

R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N **(COME ON)**We'll S-I-N-G, U-S-I-N-G
We'll be R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N-G
It is 2-L-8-4-U we are REVOLTING!

We are revolting children, living in revolting times
We sing revolting songs, using revolting rhymes.
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**Saved by the Bell**

When I wake up in the mornin’

And the alarm gives out a warnin’

I don’t think I’ll ever make it on time.

By the time I grab my books

And I give myself a look

I’m at the corner just in time

To see the bus fly by.

It’s alright

Cos I’m saved by the bell.

The teacher pops a test,

I know I made a mess

And my dog ate all my homework last night.

Ridin’ low in my chair,

She won’t know that I’m there.

If I can hand it in tomorrow, it’ll be alright.

It’s alright

Cos I’m saved by the bell.

\*instrumental\*

It’s alright

Cos I’m saved by the bell.

ONE MORE TIME! (repeat)