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Naughty

Reference number PT0601

MATILDA

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water,
So they say,
The subsequent fall was inevitable,
They never stood a chance, they were written that way.
Innocent victims of their story.

Like Romeo and Juliet,
'Twas written in the stars before they even met
That love and fate and a touch of stupidity
would rob them of their hope of living happily.
The endings are often a little bit gory.
I wonder why they didn't just change their story.
We're told we have to do what we're told, but surely
Sometimes you have to be a little bit naughty.

Just because you find that life's not fair,
It doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
Nothing will change.
Even if you're little you can do a lot,
You mustn't let a little thing like 'little' stop you.
If you sit around and let them get on top,
You might as well be saying you think that it's OK,
An' that's not right.

Cinderella, in the cellar,
Didn't have to do much as far as I could tell.
Her Godmother was two thirds fairy:
Suddenly her lot was a lot less scary.
But what if you haven't got a fairy to fix it?
Sometimes you have to make a little bit of mischief.

Just because you find that life's not fair,
It doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
Nothing will change.
Even if you're little you can do a lot,
You mustn't let a little thing like 'little' stop you.
If you sit around and let them get on top,
You might as well be saying you think that it's OK,
An' that's not right.
And if it's not right.
You have to put it right.

MATILDA (reading)

'Platinum Blonde Hair Dye Extra Strong.
Keep out of the reach of children'.
Hmmm.
'Oil of Violets Hair Tonic.
For Men.'
Yep.

(singing)

In the slip of a bolt there's a tiny revolt;
The seeds of a war in the creak of a floorboard;
A storm can begin with the flap of a wing,
The tiniest mite packs the mightiest sting.
Ev'ry day starts with the tick of a clock;
All escapes start with the click of a lock.
If you're stuck in your story and wanna get out,
You don't have to cry, you don't have to shout.
'Cos if you're little, you can do a lot,
You mustn't let a little thing like 'little' stop you.
If you sit around and let them get on top,
You won't change a thing.
Just because you find that life's not fair,
It doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
You might as well be saying you think that it's OK.
and that's not right.
And if it's not right,
You have to put it right.
But nobody else is gonna put it right for me,
Nobody but me is gonna change my story,
Sometimes you have to be a little bit naughty!