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## Is It Really Me?

Reference number PT0602

### *Miss Trunchbull*

This school of late has started reeking  
Quiet, maggots, when I'm speaking  
reeking with a most disturbing scent.  
Only the finest nostrils smell it,  
but I know it oh too well,  
it is the odour of rebellion,  
it's the bouquet of dissent.

And you may bet your britches  
this headmistress finds this foul odiferousness  
wholly olfactorily insulting.  
And so to stop the stench's spread,  
I find a session of Phys.-Ed.  
sorts the merely rank from the revolting.

The smell of rebellion comes out in the sweat,  
and Phys.-Ed. will get you sweating,  
And it won't be long before I smell the pong  
of aiding and abetting.  
A bit of Phys.-Ed. will tell us  
who has a head full of rebellious thoughts.

HOLD! HOLD!

Just like a rotten egg floats to the top of a bucket of water.

The smell of rebellion,  
the stench of revolt,  
the reek of insubordination,  
A whiff of resistance,  
the pong of dissent,  
the funk of mutiny in action.

*Kids (at the same time)*

One two three four  
I can't take it anymore.

*Matilda*

But that's not right.

*Miss Trunchbull*

Before a weed becomes too big and greedy,  
you really need to nip it in the bud.  
Before the worm starts to turn you must scrape off the dirt  
and rip it from the mud.

A whiff of insurgence,  
the stench of intent,  
the reek of pre-pubescent protest,  
A funk of defiance,  
the odour of coup,  
the waft of anarchy in progress.

*Kids (at the same time)*

One two three four  
One two three four

*Matilda*

But that's not right.

*Kids*

One two three four  
One two three four  
I can't take it anymore.

*Miss Trunchbull*

Once we exercise these demons,  
they shall be too pooped for dreamin',  
Some double-time discipline should stop the rot from setting in.

*(spoken)*

"All right, let's step it up. Double-time.  
One, two, three, four..

*(sung)*

Discipline, discipline, for children who aren't listening,  
For midgets who are fidgeting and whispering in history,  
their chattering and chittering,  
their nattering and twittering  
is tempered by a smattering of discipline.

We must begin insisting on rigidity and discipline,  
persistently resisting this anarchistic mischievin',  
these minutes you are fritterin' on pandering and pitying,  
while little 'uns are missing out on discipline.

The simpering and whimpering,  
the dribbling and the spittling,  
the 'Miss, I need a tissue' it's an issue we can fix.  
There is no mystery to mastering the art of classroom mistressing;  
it's discipline, discipline...  
*Kids (shouted)*  
Discipline!

*Miss Trunchbull (sung)*  
The smell of rebellion,  
the stench of revolt,  
the reek of pre-pubescent plotting,  
a whiff of resistance,  
the pong of dissent,  
the funk of moral fibre rotting!

Imagine a world with no Children.  
Close your eyes... and just dream.  
Imagine, (come on, try it),  
The peace and the quiet.  
A burbling stream.  
Now imagine a woods with a cottage,  
And inside that cottage we find  
A dwarf called Zeke.  
A carnival freak, who can fold paper hats with his mind,  
And he says, "Don't let them steal your horses.  
Don't let them take you away.  
If you find your way through  
They'll be waiting for you singing  
Neigh... Neigh... Neigh...

Aha! And there, just like I said,  
the stinking maggot lifts his head.  
Even the squittiest, pitieous mess  
can harbour seeds of stinkiness.  
Have you ever seen anything more repellent?  
Have you ever smelled anything as sick as

The smell of rebellion,  
the stench of revolt,  
the reek of pre-pubescent plotting,  
a whiff of resistance,  
the pong of dissent,

*Kids (at the same time)*

Discipline, discipline, no more whispering,  
children need discipline, cut out their whispering,  
If you're mischieving she'll sniff you out,  
without a doubt she's a snout in a million.  
Discipline, discipline, no more whispering,  
children need discipline, cut out their whispering,

*Miss Trunchbull*

And I will not stop 'til you are squashed,  
til this rebellion is quashed.  
'Til glorious, sweaty discipline  
has washed this sickening stench away!