Naughty

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!

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 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
An’ that’s not right.
And if it’s not right
You have to put it right.

In the slip of a bolt there’s a tiny revolt;
The seed 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.

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!