

Revolting Children (Matilda)

Woah

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 bars
Never again now that we know we

Ref. Are revolting children
Living in revolting times
We sing revolting songs
Using revolting rhymes
We'll be revolting children
'Til our revolting's done
And we'll have the Trunchbull bolting
We're revolting

We will become a screaming horde
Take out your hockey stick, 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
'Cause we're a little bit naughty
You say we ought stay inside the line
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 didn't think you could push us too far
But there's no going back now, we

R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N
U-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