

T RUNCHBULL

105
ma-gine a woods with a cot-tage, And in-side that cot-tage we find:

107
dwarf called Zeek - A car-ni-val_ freak who can fold pa-per hats_ with his mind. And he says

K
109
Don't let them steal your hor-ses. Don't let them take them a-way. If you

Poco rall. **Eric: She's mad.**
111
find your way through They'll be wait-ing for you, sing-ing Ah
112
Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... (molto ad lib)

L **Colla Voce**
113
ha! And there, just like I said, the stin-ky mag-got rears his head.
114

***START**

Kick line tempo (swung ♩)
115
E-ven the squat-ti-est, pi-te-ous mess can har-bour seeds of stin-ki-ness. Have you

Big pull-up.....
117
e-ver seen a-ny-thing more re-pel-lant? Have you e-ver smelt a-ny-thing worse than that Smell Of Re-
118

M

N

M Take it home!

119 120

bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of in -

~~Disci-pline, dis-ci-pline, no more mis-per-ting, child-ren need dis-ci-pline, cut out their wim-per-ing~~

121 122

sub - or - di - na - tion, a whiff of re - sis -

~~if you mis-chiev-ing, she'llomet you out, with-out a doubt she's a snout in a mil-lion~~

123 124

tance, the pong of dis - sent... And I

~~Disci-pline, dis-ci-pline, no more mis-per-ting, child-ren need dis-ci-pline, cut out their wim-per-ing~~

N *straighter*

125 126

will not stop 'til you are squashed, 'til this re - bel - li - on is quashed. 'Til

127 128 129 130

poco rit. *Tempo*

glo-rious swea-ty dis - ci-pline has washed this sic-ken-ing stench a - way!

*STOP]