

# 2. Naughty

Music & Lyrics  
Tim Minchin

Bright, swung Matilda

2 3 4 5

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of wa-ter, So they say, The

6 7 8 9

sub-se-quent fall was in - e - vi - ta - ble, They ne-ver stood a chance, they were writ-ten that way.

10 11 12 13

In - no-cent vic - tims of their sto - ry. Like

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A

14 15 16 17

Ro-me-o and Ju-li-et, 'Twas writ-ten in the stars be-fore they e-ven met That

F C

18 19 20 21 22

love and fate and a touch of stu-pi-di-ty would rob them of their hope of liv-ing hap-pi-ly. The end-ings are of-ten a

*p* *mp*

$Bb^2$   $Bbm^2$  F

23 24 ("2, 3, 4") 25 26 27 ("1, 2, 3, 4")

lit-tle bit go-ry. I won-der why they did-n't just change their sto-ry. We're

[perc] [perc]

C/E  $Bb$  F C/E  $Bb$

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("2, 3, 4.....5, 6, 7, 8")

28 29 30 31

told we have to do what we're told but sure - ly...

*F* *C/E* *D* *C* *Bb* [perc]

32 33 34 35

Some-times you have to be a lit-tle bit naugh - ty!

*mf* *Bb* *C* *F*

**B**

36 37 38 39

Just be-cause you find that life's not fair. It does-n't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.

*Bb2* *F/A*

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40 *relaxed* 41 42 3 43

If you al-ways take it on the chin and wear it, Noth-ing will change.

44 45 46 47

E-ven if you're lit-tle you can do a lot... You must - n't let a lit-tlething like lit-tle stop you.

48 49 50 51

If you sit a-round and let them get on top, You might as well be say-ing you think that it's O - K An'

52 > 53 > 54 55 >

that's not right. And if it's not right.

A7 Dm C Bb Bb C/E F

56 57 58

You have to put it right.

Dm E7 A7

**C** Matilda (reading): 'Platinum Blonde Hair Dye - Extra Strong. Keep out of reach of children'. Hmmm.

59 60 61 62

*mp*

Bb2 F/A

Matilda: 'Oil of Violets Hair Tonic. For Men.'

63 64 65 66

Gm7 F p

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Matilda: Yep.

67 68 69 70

**D** 71 72 73 74

In the slip of a bolt there's a ti - ny re - volt; The seed of a war - in the creak of a floor

75 76 77 78

- board; A storm can be - gin with the flap of a wing, The ti - ni - est mite - packs the might - i - est

79 80 81 82

sting. Ev - 'ry day starts with the tick of a clock; - All es - capes start with the click of a lock.

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83 84 85

— If you're stuck in your sto - ry and wan - na get out, — You don't have to cry, —

*cresc.*

Gm<sup>7</sup> F/A *cresc.*

86 87 88

— you don't have to shout. — Cos if you're lit - tle, you can do a lot, — You must

*f* *gliss.* *f*

**E** 8b2

89 90 91 92

— n't let a lit - tle thing like lit - tle stop you. If you sit a - round and let them get on top, — You

*f* *f*

F/A Gm<sup>7</sup>

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93 94 95 96

won't change a thing. Just be-cause you find that life's not fair, It

97 98 99 100 relaxed

does-n't mean that you just have to grin and bear it. If you al-ways take it on the chin and wear it, You

101 102 103 104 105

might as well be say-ing you think that it's O-K and that's not right. And if it's not



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106 107 108 109

right, You have to put it right. But

*Dm* *C/E* *F* *mf* *Dm* *E7* *A7*

110 111 112 113

no-bo-dy else\_ is gon-na put it right for me, No-bo-dy but me is gon-na change my sto-ry,

*Gm* *f* *C* *A7* *D7*

114 115 116

Some-times you have to be a lit-tle bit naugh-ty!

*Gm7* *C* *F*