

Lor, Patty Boo

In a small, dark city lived Patty Boo
She'd got her own ghosts, they always told the truth
Her daddy was a driver, mummy worked with law
Her bros were good at math and she was below
All she'd got were her ghosts and they stopped telling truth
They wanted let her burn, but she was fireproof

Next to the big, dark tree sat Patty Boo
She was sad and happy, she was torn in two
Her ghosts were flying 'round, laughing at loud
They let her know the truth, so they were very proud
Then came an old guy, he wore a long, black coat
He took her hand and brought her to the lying road