

# 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