

Korn, Shoots And Ladders

Ring around the rosies
Pocket full of posies
Ashes, ashes, we all fall down

Nursery rhymes are said, verses in my head
Into my childhood they're spoonfed
Hidden violence revealed, darkness that seems real
Look at the pages that cause all this evil

One, two, buckle my shoe
Three, four, shut the door
Five, six, pick up sticks
Seven, eight, lay them straight

London bridges falling down, falling down, falling down
London bridges falling down, my fair lady

Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone
This old man came rolling home
. . . this old man came,
Mary had a little lamb who's fleece was white as snow!

Mary had a little lamb who's fleece was white as snow!
Baa baa black sheep have you any wool
Mary had a little lamb who's fleece was white as snow!
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full
Mary had a little lamb who's fleece was white as snow!
Baa baa black sheep have you any wool
Mary had a little lamb!
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full