

Welcome To Our Jungle

Verse 1 Welcome to our jungle,
Where things get pretty wild!
School's a little risky,
No place for a child!
But somehow we've survived
This roller-coaster ride,
For seven years! So, give three cheers,
'Cause we all got out alive!



Chorus *It's a jungle! Welcome to our jungle,
Why don't you come on in!
It's a jungle! Welcome to our jungle,
And let the fun begin!*

Verse 2 Welcome to our jungle,
Where things get pretty hot!
School's a pressure cooker,
One big melting pot!
And every now and then
They turn it up to ten,
And when this joint's at boiling point,
We blow the lid again!

Chorus *It's a jungle....*

Middle *Challenges and trials aplenty,
Kept us on our toes.
How we made it through,
Well, no-one knows!*

Verse 3 Welcome to our jungle,
Where things get pretty fierce!
School's a real adventure,
There's laughter and there's tears!
But as we walk away
There's one thing left to say,
To wave 'so long' it feels so wrong,
'Cause we really wanna stay!

Chorus *It's a jungle....
YEAH!*



It's All Happenin' In The Dunny

(sung in a cockney 'Chas 'n' Dave' accent if possible!)

Verse 1 Well I was sittin' in the classroom,
I felt a rumble down below!
I put my hand up, told the teacher,
'Hey Miss, I really gotta go!'
So she kindly released me
And I was walkin' on air,
But you shoulda seen the queue
Just to do a number two!
There's somethin' goin' on in there...



Chorus *Yes, it's all happenin' in the dunny!
It's kickin' off inside the loo!
The party's pumpin' in the lavvy!
Oh, it's a real ballyhoo!
It's gettin' crazy in the khazi,
Oh, what an atmosphere!
The WC is the place to be –
The hottest spot round here!*

Verse 2 Well, there's a crowd around the mirror,
With little room to swing a cat!
(Girls) Aleesha's smuggled in mascara,
We wanna have a go on that!
(Boys) Look at the state of me barnet!
Let's have the hair gel, please.
(All) Then make a little space
'Cause this pimple on me face
Is gonna need a great big squeeze!

Chorus *Yes, it's all happenin' in the dunny...*

Middle I can't ignore what I came here for,
My gasket's nearly blown!
But I need space in a quiet place
And so I'll wait 'til I get home!

Chorus *Yes, it's all happenin' in the dunny...*
Dunny! Loo! Loo! Dunny! Lavvy! Lavvy! Dunny!



Lumpy Custard

Verse 1

Aaaah! Aaaah!
There's the bell! What's that smell?
Oh no, I've started feeling rather unwell!
Now's the time to stand in line
And be the victim of a culinary crime!
Aaaah! Aaaah!
A sense of doom fills the room
As the dinner lady takes a serving spoon
And offers me a choice of three
Things you wouldn't feed your worst enemy!
There's liver or there's Spam
With veg from a can,
We just haven't got no clues what to choose!
Then to finish off there's twenty gallons of
Lumpy custard!



Verse 2

In that dish, is it fish?
Well, whatever, it don't look too delish!
The gravy's cold and six months old,
It would appear that real toads have been holed!
The semolina tastes like wallpaper paste,
And this spotted dick is as hard as a brick!
How can these desserts get any worse?
Lumpy Custard!

*(Dinner Ladies) Here, have a try of this shepherds' pie,
What d'you mean 'where's it been?'
You cheeky little tyke!*

Did I hear someone say the mashed potato's grey?
I'm not sure I can eat any more!
But when you think you're done
There's always room for some
Lumpy custard!

Custard! Custard! Lumpy, lumpy custard!
Custard! Custard! Lumpy, lumpy custard!
Custard! Custard! Lumpy, lumpy custard!
Custard! Custard! Lumpy, lumpy, lumpy,
Lumpy custard!



Little'Uns

Verse 1 Little'uns! Everywhere you turn there's a little'un!
Watch you don't trip up or even sit on 'em!
Little'uns! Full of germs and eating worms!
They're little'uns! Wriggling around, can't get rid of 'em!
Scuttling here and there without a care,
They should be in a zoo!
But not so long ago, as everybody knows,
Each of us was once a little'un too!

Verse 2 Little'uns! Everywhere you turn there's a little'un!
Dirty fingers up their noses, picking 'em!
Little'uns! Snotty sleeves and scabby knees!
They're little'uns! Tiny, grubby hands, always sticking 'em
Where they don't belong, but hang on...
Isn't this déjà vu?
'Cause not so long ago, as everybody knows,
Each of us was once a little'un too!

Middle They're funny little creatures,
So hats off to their teachers
Who nurture them day-in day-out,
Who don't get cross and never shout...well hardly ever!

Verse 3 Little'uns! Everywhere you turn there's a little'un!
But if they need a hand try to give it 'em.
Little'uns! Just be nice, that's our advice.
Oh, little'uns! Don't be in a rush to say you're sick of 'em.
They're learning all the time, which is fine,
'Cause that's what we all do.
And not so long ago, as everybody knows,
Each of us was once a little'un too!



Rules And Regulations

Verse 1

(Teachers) As teachers we believe, for children to achieve,
They must rely on rules and regulations.
This instruction we make clear: everybody must adhere
To simple use of rules and regulations.
The 'i' should go before the 'e' except when after 'c',
We really need no further explanation.
And if such methods they perceive,
Great wisdom they'll receive,
And all because of rules and regulations.

(Child) What about 'height'? What about 'weight'? The 'e' is before
the 'i' and there's no 'c'?

(Teachers) Ssshhh!

Verse 2

(Children) So, learning literacy can cause anxiety
When trying to follow rules and regulations.
Teachers get in quite a huff if we haven't learned enough,
In spite of all their rules and regulations.

(Teachers) You see, some children may confuse
Which 'there' they have to use
But really there's no need for consternation.
Well, if their 'there' is really 'they're',
Their apostrophe goes there.
We solved it all with rules and regulations!

(Child) All this is making my head spin!

(Teacher) There, there. Never mind!



Verse 3

(Child solo) Well, I've been in this school for seven years
And 'aven't learned a thing,
In spite of all these rules and regulations.
Me adverbials ain't fronted and I know that it sounds dumb,
But I always thought a colon was located up your.....

(Teacher) Yes, yes! That's quite enough of that!

(All) So when your primary school years are over, my dears,
Remember all our proclamations.
And you'll be a success, never fail to impress,
Because of rules and regulations!



Cringe

(spoken) Oh my days! Are you really going out wearing that?
Well don't expect me to stand next to you!
Ah, you cannot tell that joke again! You've told it like a
thousand times already....to my friends!
You're so embarrassing!

Chorus *It's cringe! The things that they do!
Are your parents embarrassing you?
We know just what you're going through,
Because our parents embarrass us too!*

Verse 1 (solo/duet rap)
Listen! I've got an issue.
Why do they wipe your face with a tissue?
And stand outside the gates and try and kiss you?
Waving and shouting that they'll miss you! Oh my days!

Chorus *It's cringe! The things that they do...*

Verse 2 (solo/duet rap)
I mean, every sports day it's the same...
All the mums look fine on the starting line,
It's the parents' race and now's their chance to shine.
But look at *that* mum – there's always one –
Doing her stretches slipping her Nikes on, on, on!

Chorus *It's cringe! The things that they do...*

Verse 3 (solo/duet rap)
You see, my dad thinks that he's so cool,
With the CD blaring on the way to school,
With the windows down, but the problem is
All the tunes he plays are from 1996! Ahhh!



Chorus *It's cringe! The things that they do...*

Verse 4 If you're listening, hear this prayer
From cringing children everywhere.
Show some mercy, won't you spare us
From our suffering?

Chorus *It's cringe! The things that they do...*

IT'S CRINGE!



A Letter From Home

Verse 1

(Teachers) A letter from home must be treated with caution,
As the contents therein
Might not always be as they appear.
And the stories we're told have a whiff of distortion
And we must disentangle
The swindlers from the sincere!

(The children read their letters)

(Child 1) My Jimmy is late 'cause the cars out of fuel!
We can't find the keys and the tyres are punctured again!

(Child 2) My poor daughter's bus didn't stop at the school,
And she had to walk for an hour and a half in the rain!

Verse 2

(Teachers) A letter from home must be viewed with suspicion
And a big pinch of salt should be taken
When reading each line.
Each feeble excuse in this phony submission,
Isn't really the reason
Your homework's not finished on time.

(The children read their letters)

(Child 3) The dog chewed it up!

(Child 4) Well, we ran out of paper!

(Child 5) Our computer crashed making all of her notes disappear!

(Child 6) Had to rush to the vet with our pet alligator!

(Child 7) Our Great Auntie Mable has died...

(Teachers) For the 3rd time this year?

Verse 3

(Teachers) Oh, we've seen it all before.
We know just what we're looking for;
Spelling mistakes galore,
And this handwriting looks like it came from a child of four!
Let's just hear the truth. Give an honest confession:
You hadn't revised for this morning's arithmetic test?
Or you had a lie-in 'cause your Playstation session
Went on well past midnight
And you thought you fancied a rest?
How could you believe that we'd not guessed?
Busted!



Note: if the subject of a Great Aunt passing away three times is too sensitive a subject within your group, change that line to: 'Our elderly tortoise has died...'

Get Me Out Of Here

Verse 1 We came through those big old doors
At just the age of four,
But now we're sad to say that we
Can't be here anymore!
You see, we gotta be leaving,
We gotta be moving on.
Though we don't wanna believe it,
It's time that we were gone!



Chorus *We've been together seven years,
Now get me, get me, get me, get me out of here!
Time to beat it, disappear,
So get me, get me, get me, get me out of here!*

Verse 2 How we've blossomed, how we've grown
Each and every day.
We're walking tall and ready for
Whatever comes our way.
But now we gotta be leaving,
Gotta spread our wings and fly.
Though we don't wanna believe it,
It's time to say goodbye!

Chorus *We've been together seven years...*

Instrumental *(a chance to introduce your cast members to the audience by name, as they each take a bow.)*

1..2..3..4!
Get me...get me...get me...get me!

Chorus *We've been together seven years...*

Repeat Chorus