

When you're six years old you can tell
How bad the girl behind you smells.
Chocolates for dinner and tea
And the gravel rash on my knee.
Never beats me people for too tall
And your mum and dad are screaming at walls.
There's just so much you can do
When you get up for them until they shoo.
If it's Tuesday then I'm a train.
No two days are ever the same.
Raggety ends of a tree.
Is that my grand mother following me?
When you're six years old you can tell
Which parents are all going to hell.
Custard apples and cream
And the tree house made for three.
Never beats me people for too tall
And your house guests are screaming at walls.
There's just so much you can do
When you get up for them until they shoo.
Take a look what I found
It's a bus ticket left on the ground.
The thrill to sign up to a team
And my brother never knows where I've been.
Quit bothering me.
There's so much you don't know
Just going on and dig your knee.
When you're six years old you can tell
How bad the girl behind you smells.
Chocolates for dinner and tea
And the gravel rash on my knee.