

# 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