## Shoots And Ladders

Ríng around the rosíes Pocket full of poesíes Ashes, ashes, we all fall down

Nursery rhymes are said, verses in my head Into my childhood they're spoon fed 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 brídge's fallíng down, fallíng down, fallíng down London brídge's fallíng down, my faír lady

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Níck nack paddy wack, gíve a dog a bone Thís old man came rollíng home ... thís old man came, And íf we had to píck up the míssing foot um ín um ín...

Mary had a líttle lamb who's fleece was white as snow! -Baa baa black sheep have any wool

-Yes sir, yes sir, three bags