

MIRACLE

(Part i)

My mummy says I'm a miracle!

My daddy says I'm his special little guy!

I am a princess

And I am a prince.

Mum says I'm an angel sent down from the sky

My daddy says I'm his special little soldier
No-one is as handsome, strong as me
It's true he indulges my tendency to bulge

But I'm his little soldier, hup two four free!

My mummy says I'm a miracle
One look at my face and it's plain to see.
Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical cord
It's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me.

My daddy says I'm his special little soldier
No one is as bold or tough as me
Has my daddy told ya, one day when I'm older
I can be a soldier

And shoot you in the face!

One can hardly move for beauty and brilliance these days
It seems that there are millions of these
One-in-a-millions these days
“Specialness” seems de-rigueur
Above average is average, go figureur,
Is it some modern miracle of calculus
That such frequent miracles don't render each one
unmiraculous?

My mummy says I'm a miracle
One look at my face and it's plain to see.
Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical cord
It's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me.

My mummy says I'm a precious Barrelina
She has never seen a prettier Barrelina
She says if I'm keen I have to cut down on the cream
But I'm a Barrelina so give me more cake!

Take another picture of our angel from this angle over here

She is clearly more emotionally developed than her peers

What a dear

That's right, honey, look at mummy

Don't put honey on your brother

Now smile for mummy smile for mother

I think he blinked

Well, take another

Have you seen this school report? He got a c in his report

What?

We'll have to change his school, the teacher's clearly falling
short

He's just delightful

So hilarious and insightful,

Might she be a little brighter than her class
Oh yes she's definitely advanced.

My mummy says I'm a miracle
One look at my face and it's plain to see.
Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical cord
It's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me.
My mummy says I'm a miracle
That I'm as tiny and as shiny as a mirror ball
You can be all cynical
But it's a truth empirical
There's never been a miracle,
A miracle as miracle as me.

Take another picture of our angel, she/he looks lovely in this
light
I know I oughtn't say this but she/he is the cutest here am I
right?
I think you're right!
Come here honey, next to mummy,
Don't put honey on your brother.
Smile for mummy, smile for mother!
I think she/he blinked.
Well, take another.
Miracle!

Mirror ball!
You can be all cynical
But it's a truth empirical
There's never been a miracle
A miracle -

(Part ii)

Every life I bring into this world.
Restores my faith in humankind

Each newborn life, a canvas yet unpainted.
This still unbroken skin
This uncorrupted mind.

Every life is unbelievably unlikely
The chances of existence - almost infinitely small
The most common thing in life is life,

And yet
Every single life (every brand new life)
Every new life
Is a miracle (miracle)
A miracle! (Miracle!)

(Part iii)

Oh, my undercarriage doesn't feel quite normal
My skin looks just revolting
In this foul fluorescent light
And this gown is nothing like
The semi-formal, semi-spanish gown
I should be wearing in the semi-finals tonight
I should be dancing the tarentella qui mon fella Italiano
Not dressed in hospital cotton
With an ouchy front-bottom
And this

Miracle
She's a miracle (horrible)
A miracle! (Smelly little)
The most beautiful miracle (the most horrible animal)
I have ever seen (I have ever seen)

I can't find his frank and beans

Every life is unbelievably unlikely

My mummy says I'm a miracle

The chances of existence almost infinitely small

My daddy says I'm his special little guy

The most common thing in life is life
Hup two four free!

And yet
Every single life (every brand new life)
Every new life
Is a miracle, miracle (miracle, miracle)
Miracle! (Miracle!)

My mummy says I'm a miracle
One look at my face and it's plain to see.
Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical cord
It's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me.
My mummy says I'm a miracle
That I'm as tiny and as shiny as a mirror ball
You can be all cynical
But it's a truth empirical
There's never been a miracle
A miracle as miracle as

My mummy says I'm a lousy little worm,
My daddy says I'm a bore
My mummy says I'm a jumped-up little germ
That kids like me should be against the law.

My daddy says I should learn to shut my pie hole
No-one likes a smart-mouthed girl like me
Mum says I'm a good case for population control
Dad says I should watch more TV

SCHOOL SONG

And so you think you're
Able to survive this mess by
Being a prince or princess,
You will soon see
There's no escaping tragedy

And even if you put in heaps of effort,
You're just wasting energy
Cos your life as you know it is
Ancient history

I have suffered in this gaol
Have been trapped inside this
Cage for ages,
This living 'ell,
But if I try I can remember,
Back before my life had ended,
Before my happy days were over,
Before I first heard the
Pealing of the bell. [Sfx school bell]

Like you I was curious,
So innocent, I asked a thousand questions,
But unless you want to suffer,
Listen up and I will teach you a thing or two

You listen here, my dear, you'll be punished
So severely if you
Step out of line and if you cry it will be double,
You should stay out of trouble,
And remember to be extremely careful
Why?
Why?
Why? Why? Did you hear what he said?
Just you wait for phys-ed!

BRUCE

A single slice
Or even two, Bruce
Might’ve been nice
But even you, Bruce
Have to admit
Between you and it
There’s not a lot of difference in size.

He can’t (he can, Bruce!)
He surely can’t (you are the man, Bruce!)
He might explode
(He’s quite elastic)
He’s going to blow, make him stop
(He’s fantastic! Look at him go!)
I can’t watch!

I think in effect
This must confirm, Bruce
What we all suspected
You have a worm, Bruce
Or maybe your largeness
Is like the tardis:
Considerably roomier inside.

He can’t (he can, Bruce!)
He surely can’t, (he surely can’t)
You are the man, Bruce!
B-r-o-o-c-e

Bruce!
You’ll never again be subject to abuse
For your immense caboose
She’ll call a truce, Bruce.
With every swallow you are
Tightening the noose.
We never thought it was possible
But here it is coming true.
We can have our cake and eat it too

Bruce
The time has come to put that tumbly tum to use
No excuse, Bruce
Let out your belt, I think you’ll want your trousers loose
Ohhh, stuff it in! (Bruce!)
You’re almost fin-ished! (Bruce!)
You’ll fit it in!
Whatever you do just don’t give in! (Bruce!)
Don’t let her win!
Come on Bruce, be our hero,
Cover yourself in chocolate glory!

Bruce!
You’ll never again be subject to abuse
For your immense caboose
She’ll call a truce, Bruce
Just one more bite and you’ll’ve
Completely cooked ‘er goose
We never thought it was possible
But here it is coming true
We can have our cake and eat it...

Ahh ahh ahh ahh ...etc...

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up
I will be tall enough to reach the branches that I need to
reach
To climb the trees you get to climb when you’re grown up.

And when I grow up
I will be smart enough to answer all the questions that you
need to know
The answers to before you’re grown up.

And when I grow up
I will eat sweets every day on the way to work
And I will go to bed late every night

And I will wake up when the sun comes up
And I will watch cartoons until my eyes go square

And I won’t care cos I’ll be all grown up.

When I grow up.

When I grow up
I will be strong enough to carry all the heavy things you have
to
Haul around with you when you’re a grown up.

When I grow up
I will be brave enough to fight the creatures
That you have to fight
Beneath the bed each night to be a grown-up.

When I grow up
I will have treats every day
And I’ll play with things that mum
Pretends that mums don’t think are fun.

And I will wake up when the sun comes up
And I will spend all day just lying in the sun
And I won’t burn cos I’ll be all grown up.

When I grow up.

When I grow up
I will be brave enough to fight the creatures
That you have to fight
Beneath the bed each night to be a grown-up.

When I grow up –
When I grow up –
When I grow up –
When I grow up –

Just because you find that life’s not fair, it
Doesn’t mean that you just have to grin and bear it
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
Nothing will change.
Just because I find my-self in this story it
Doesn’t mean that everything is written for me
If I think the ending is fixed already I might as well
Be saying I think that its ok and
That’s not right.

REVOLTING CHILDREN

Never again will she get the best of me,
Never again will she take away my freedom,
And we won’t forget the day we fought

For the right to be a little bit naughty!

Never again will the chokey door slam,
Never again will I be bullied and
Never again will I doubt it when

My mummy says I’m a miracle, never again!
Never again will be live behind bars,
Never again now that we know we are,
Revolting children
Living in revolting times.
We sing revolting songs
Using revolting rhymes.
We’ll be revolting children
‘Til our revolting’s done,
And we’ll have the Trunchbull bolting,
We’re revolting!

We are revolting children
Living in revolting times.
We sing revolting songs
Using revolting rhymes.
We’ll be revolting children
‘Til our revolting’s done,
And we’ll have the Trunchbull bolting,
We’re revolting!

We will become a screaming horde!

Take out your hockey stick and use it as a sword!

Never again will we be ignored

We’ll find out where the chalk is stored

And draw rude pictures on the board

It’s not insulting, we’re

Revolting!

We can s-p-el how we like!

If enough of us are wrong, wrong is right!

Everyone! N-o-r-t-y!

Coz we’re a little bit naughty!

So we gotta stay inside the line,

But if we disobey at the same time

There is nothing that the Trunchbull can do!

She can take her hammer and s-h-u

You didn’t think you could push us too far
But there’s no going back now we

R-e-v-o-l-t-i-n-

– Revolting times

We’ll s-i-n-g

- Songs

U-s-i-n-g

- Songs

We’ll be r-e-v-o-l-t-i-n-g
It is 2 1 8 4 u we r e-volting!

We are revolting children
Living in revolting times.
We sing revolting songs
Using revolting rhymes.
We’ll be revolting children
‘Til our revolting’s done,
It is 2 1 8 4 u

We are revolting children

Never again will

Living in revolting times.

She get the best of me

We sing revolting songs

Whoah, oh, oh

Using revolting rhymes.
We’ll be revolting children
‘Til our revolting’s done,
It is 2-1-8-4-u we are revolting!

Selected Lyrics from MATILDA THE MUSICAL

Direction by Matthew Warchus

Book by Dennis Kelly

Music & Lyrics by Tim Minchin