

HONK: DIFFERENT

[ELIJAH]

If they knew, just how dearly
I would love to Qu...onk
But it's true, I'm a bird
Who seems to lack the knack

I'm just different
I'm just different from the rest
And who can blame them for wanting me
To find another nest?
But different isn't naughty
Different isn't bad
So why should being different
Make me sad?

[ADA]

I'm just different
They're like peas from the same pod
No wonder they make fun of me
Life's harder when you're odd
But different isn't scary
Different is no threat
And though I'm still their brother
They forget

I didn't choose to look this way
I didn't ask to be unique
I don't like my grubby feathers
And I hate my stubby beak
There's a runt in every litter
One black sheep in every flock
But when you know it's you
Somehow your ego takes a knock

[BOTH]

I'm just different
But I have a sense of pride
My looks may well be funny
But I hurt the same inside

Different isn't spiteful

Different isn't wrong

So why is it so hard to get along?

I only want to get along

Different isn't hateful

Different could be swell

Different is just...

Well....

Different

SOUND OF MUSIC: FAVOURITE THINGS

[CHISOM]

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens
Brown paper packages tied up with strings
These are a few of my favorite things

[MAISIE]

Cream-colored ponies and crisp apple strudels
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel
with noodles
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings
These are a few of my favorite things

[POPPY]

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Silver white winters that melt into springs
These are a few of my favorite things

[MYA MAY]

When the dog bites, when the bee stings
When I'm feeling sad
I simply remember my favorite things
And then I don't feel so bad

[ALL]

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MATILDA: NAUGHTY

[JAYLAH]

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water
So they say, their subsequent fall was inevitable
They never stood a chance, they were written that way
I wonder why they didn't just change their story
We're told we have to do what we're told, but surely
Sometimes you have to be a little bit naughty

[OLIVIA]

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

[BOTH]

Even if you're little, you can do a lot, you
Mustn't let a little thing like "little" stop you
If you sit around and let them get on top, you
Might as well be saying you think that it's okay
And that's not right
And if it's not right
You have to put it right

But nobody else is gonna put it right for me
Nobody but me is gonna change my story
Sometimes you have to be a little bit naughty

Playgrounds

In summer I am very glad *(Hand above head)*

We children are so small, *(Hand down low)*

For we can see a thousand things *(Hands like binoculars)*

That men can't see at all. *(Shake finger 'no')*

They don't know much about the moss *(Touch floor)*

And all the stones they pass: *(Touch wall)*

They never lie and play among *(Shrug)*

The forests in the grass: *(Hands rise up to show trees)*

They walk about a long way off; *(Point far away)*

And, when we're at the sea, *(Make waves with hands)*

Let father stoop as best he can *(Crouch down)*

He can't find things like me. *(Jump up)*

But, when the snow is on the ground *(Rub arms like you're cold)*

And all the puddles freeze, *(Rub arms like you're cold)*

I wish that I were very tall, *(Stand on tip toes)*

High up above the trees. *(Hands on hips)*

BILLY ELLIOT: ELECTRICITY

I can't really explain it, I haven't got the words
It's a feeling that you can't control

I suppose it's like forgetting, losing who you are
And at the same time something makes you whole

It's like that there's a music, playing in your ear
And I'm listening, and I'm listening, and then I disappear

[ALL] And then I feel a change, like a fire deep inside
Something bursting me wide open, impossible to hide
And suddenly I'm flying, flying like a bird
Like Electricity, electricity
Sparks inside of me, and I'm free, I'm free

It's a bit like being angry; it's a bit like being scared
Confused and all mixed up and mad as hell

It's like when you've been crying
And you're empty and you're full
I don't know what it is, it's hard to tell

It's like that there's some music, playing in your ear
But the music is impossible, impossible to hear

[ALL] But then I feel it move me
Like a burning deep inside
Something bursting me wide open
Impossible to hide
And suddenly I'm flying
Flying like a bird
Like Electricity, electricity
Sparks inside of me
And I'm free, I'm free