

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.