What's On The Gigglebox?

Verse 1

Turn on, tune in, relax, and let the fun begin!
There's nowhere better you could be!
What a thrill, what a treat,
You don't even have to leave your seat,
This is sensational TV!
Your sides will soon be splitting!
No doubt that we'll be hitting
The right spot each and every time!
We guarantee you're in for
A televisual delight!
So, let's see what's on the Gigglebox tonight!

Verse 2

Turn on, tune in, relax, and let the fun begin!
You won't believe your eyes and ears!
What we've got, you'll agree,
Is worth more than your licence fee,
The best TV you've seen in years!
We'll raise the roof tonight, yeah!
We'll sock it to you 'til there's
Not one dry eye left in the house!
We guarantee you're in for
A televisual delight!
So, let's see what's on the Gigglebox tonight!

Instrumental *(during which a dance routine could be performed and the Parker family members settle themselves on the side stage.)*

Repeat

Your sides will soon be splitting!
No doubt that we'll be hitting
The right spot each and every time!
We guarantee you're in for
A televisual delight!
So, let's see what's on the Gigglebox…
Let's see what's on the Gigglebox…
Let's see what's on the Gigglebox tonight!





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Stick An Ice-Pack On It

Chorus *Stick an ice-pack on it!*
Stick an ice-pack on it!
If you've had a little bump,
Or you think you're gonna vomit,
There's only one thing to do…
Stick an ice pack on it!

Verse 1 You've had a little tumble,
Your tummy starts to grumble,
Your day's not going great.
You've gone and stubbed your toe,
Someone clonked you on the nose,
It's all swelled up and you look a state!
If your life can be described as a modern Greek tragedy,
When you're black and blue, we're here for you
With the perfect remedy…

Chorus *Stick an ice-pack on it…*

Verse 2 Your ankle's sore and twisted,
Your finger's raw and blistered,
Your body's on the blink.
You're aching top to toe,
Got a migraine on the go,
You just threw up in the classroom sink!
If you're feeling outta sorts and in need of some TLC,
When there ain't no chance of an ambulance,
Here's the perfect remedy…

Chorus *Stick an ice-pack on it…*

Coda Got a paper cut? Stick an ice pack on it!
Got a dodgy gut? Stick an ice pack on it!
Lost a tooth in a toffee? Stick an ice pack on it!
Got your hair all knotty? Stick an ice pack on it!
Got a tickly cough? Stick an ice pack on it!
Did your leg fall off? Stick an ice pack on it!
If you're stuck to the loo with Superglue
There's only one sensible thing to do…
STICK AN ICE PACK ON IT!

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A Place In The Choir

Verse 1 For so long I have dreamt of a place in the choir,
But the teacher has told me my singing is dire!
While others have voices angelically pure,
I’ve a vocal affliction for which there’s no cure!

Verse 2 For so long I have dreamt of a place in the choir,
It has always been something to which I aspire.
But I haven’t got a grasp of melody,
And my sense of rhythm’s not what it could be!

Verse 3 For so long I have dreamt of a place in the choir,
It still remains my strongest childhood desire.
But I really doubt it’ll happen that soon,
‘Cause I haven’t yet mastered singing in tune!

Verse 4 For so long I have dreamt of a place in the choir,
But I can’t shake the feeling that this could backfire.
For when I open my mouth out comes a sound,
Which could quite literally bring the house down!
Amen.





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The Cake Song

Intro
Tick tock, tick tick tock,
Staring at the hands on the classroom clock.
Tick tock, tick tick tock,
Look at the time, is it cake o'clock?

Verse 1
Tick tock, tick tick tock,
Staring at the hands on the classroom clock.
Tick tock, tick tick tock,
Look at the time, is it cake o'clock?
Looks like we have run out of steam,
A low sugar-level emergency!
Is there a bun, a muffin or a bagel?
What have we got on the staffroom table?

Chorus
I need a little carrot cake in my life,
A lovely vanilla custard slice,
A chocolate marble cake is nice,
A little jammy donut will suffice.
A nice fudge brownie's what I need,
A nut-topped fruit cake from Dundee,
A blueberry muffin is nice and sweet,
A slice of banana cake, yes please!
Ba-na-na, ba-na banana! Ba-na-na, ba-na banana!
Ba-na-na, ba-na banana cake! Yeah!

Verse 2
Five-four-three-two-one,
Counting down to my next bun!
Ten-nine-eight-seven-six,
I should have had my Weetabix!
We hope it's someone's special day,
A birthday cake is on its way
On a plate and ready for slicing,
Big and round and covered in icing!

Chorus *I need a little carrot cake in my life…*

(Group 1) ***Repeat Chorus***
I need a little carrot cake in my life…

(Group 2) ***Repeat Intro***
Tick tock, tick tick tock…





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My Pritt Stick

Verse 1 Let me introduce you to my special friend,
Small and neat with a sticky end.
I need it more than I need oxygen,
I even take it home at the weekend!

Chorus *I'm obsessed with my Pritt Stick!*
Love it more than chocolate biscuits!
I took it on a family picnic!
Year 5 doesn't have one 'cause I nicked it!
(Ooooh…Aaaah…Yeah…)
Here he is, my personal glue, my own Pritt Stick,
Do you love him too? (Love him too)

Verse 2 It can stick anything, everybody knows,
From Christmas decorations to Cheerios.
We made a lovely stained-glass window,
I even fixed the nail on my big toe!

Chorus *I'm obsessed with my Pritt Stick…*

Middle 8 Aaaah!
I lock him in a cupboard in the corridor (in the corridor)
With a security camera and a booby-trapped door!
(With a booby-trapped door)
He's fitted with a tiny location device! (location device)
And my phone goes 'ping' if he moves at night!
(If he moves at night)

(spoken) Oh no! What's happened?

Chorus *Someone left the lid off my Pritt Stick!*
It's as dry as a bone, like a biscuit!
Yesterday it was sticky,
Now I feel like throwing a sicky!
I'm obsessed with my, I'm obsessed with my,
I'm obsessed with my…Pritt Stick!

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The Lunchtime Frontline

Verse 1

We’re on the lunchtime frontline,
Preventing lunchtime crime.
’Cause lunchtime’s prime time
For children stepping outta line.
Hey kid! Now stop right there!
We see where this is going…
Just put that infant down,
You know they’re not for throwing!

Verse 2

We’re on the lunchtime frontline,
Preventing lunchtime crime.
’Cause lunchtime’s prime time
For children stepping outta line.
Hey kid! Get down from there
Or else we will arrest ya!
You can’t go climbing on
Miss Jones’s Ford Fiesta!

Middle 8

We patrol the dinner hall,
The playground and the field.
For law and order we will make a stance,
To stop those games of kiss chase, those fisticuffs,
Those boys stuffing grass-cuttings
Down each other’s pants!

Verse 3

We’re on the lunchtime frontline,
Preventing lunchtime crime.
’Cause lunchtime’s prime time
For children stepping outta line.
Ok! Now lunch is over,
Time that we retreated.
Once more we leave the field
Of conflict undefeated!





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The Memories Shine

Verse 1
So what lies in front of us?
Not one of us can say.
Who knows what is planned for us,
What's standing in our way?
And though a whole world of adventure
Is laid out at my feet,
This moment I'm sharing with you
Is bitter sweet…

Chorus
Though I'm waving goodbye
With a song in my heart,
There's a tear in my eye
'Cause our paths have to part,
But the memories shine
Like a light in the dark
And they'll burn bright
Forever in my mind.

Verse 2
How quickly the years have passed,
Time moves so fast, it's true.
It seems only yesterday
A friend I made in you.
And now there are changes ahead of us,
Pages still to turn,
New stories to write and new lessons
Still to learn…

Chorus *Though I'm waving goodbye…*

Middle 8
Now shoulder to shoulder,
For the final time we stand as one,
But our journey's not over,
No, it's only just begun…

Chorus *Though I'm waving goodbye…*

Repeat chorus *Though I'm waving goodbye…*





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