

17. Smell Of Rebellion

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

1 **Conversationally**

This school of late has star-ted reek-ing, Qui-et, Mag-got, when I'm speak-ing, reek-ing with a most dis-turb-ing

scent. [bs cl] On - ly the fi - nest nos - trils smell it, but I know it oh — too well, it is the

o - dour of re - bel - lion, it's the bou - quet of dis - sent. And you may

A bet your brit-ches this head-mis-tress finds this foul o - dif - er - ous - ness whol-ly ol - fac - to - ri - ly in - sul ting. And

f [timp]

[br shake]

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14

so to stop the sten-ch's spread, I find a ses-sion of Phys-Ed sorts the mere-ly rank from the re - volt-ing.

(D, Eb, F#, A, C, C#)

[hp]

B

18

The smell of re - bel - lion comes out in the sweat, and Phys - Ed will get you sweat-ing.

Drums

Gm D7/A Gm/Bb D/C Eb7

22

And it won't be long be-fore I smell the pong of aid - ing and a-bet-ting. A bit of Phys

D Gm D7/A Gm/Bb D/C Eb7 D

27

Ed. will tell us who has a head full of re-bel - li - ous thoughts. HOLD! HOLD! Just like a rot-ten egg floats to the

Cm C#o D Cm

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32 C

top of a buc-ket of wa - ter._____ The smell of re-bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of in-

Kids

One two three four

A/C# D Gm D7/A Gm/Bb D/C

8

37

- sub - or - di - na - tion,_____ A whiff of re - sis - tance, the pong of dis-

I can't take it a - ny more.

Eb7 D7 Gm D7/A

40

sent, the funk of mu - ti - ny in ac - tion. Matilda Be - fore a

But that's not

Gm/Bb D/C Eb7 D7

43

weed_ be-comes too big and gree-dy, you real-ly need to nip it in the bud. Be-fore the

right

Cm A/C# A D

47

worm starts to turn you must scrape off the dirt and rip it from the mud. A whiff of in - sur-

Cm A7 D

D

gence, the stench of in - tent, the reek of pre - pu-bes-cent pro - test, A funk of de- But that's not

One two three four One two three four

Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7 E7

55

fi-ance, the o-dour of coup,- the waft of a-nar-chy in pro-gress. Once we
right.
One two three four One two three four I can't take it a-ny more.

Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7 E7

ex-er-cise these de-mons, they shall be too pooped for dream-in'. Some double-time dis-ci-pline should stop the rot from set-ting in.

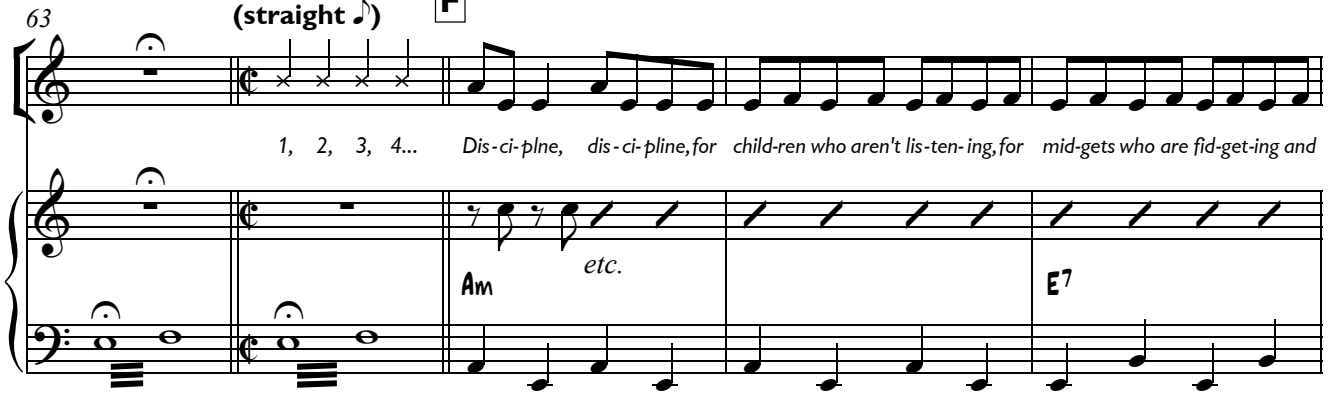
Dm Am B7 E7

17. Smell Of Rebellion - 6

"All right, let's step it up. Double-time."

Double-time
(straight ) **F**

63



1, 2, 3, 4... Dis-ci-pline, dis-ci-pline, for child-ren who aren't lis-ten-ing, for mid-gets who are fid-get-ing and

Am etc. E7

68

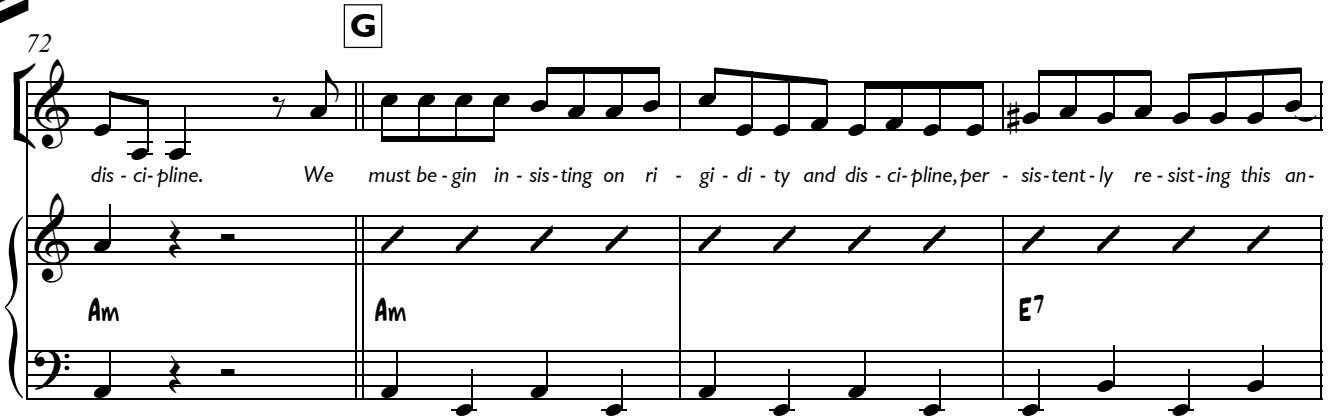


whis-per-ing in his-to-ry, their chat-ter-ing and chit-ter-ing, their nat-ter-ing and twit-ter-ing is tem-pered by a smat-ter-ing of

Dm Am F7 E7

72

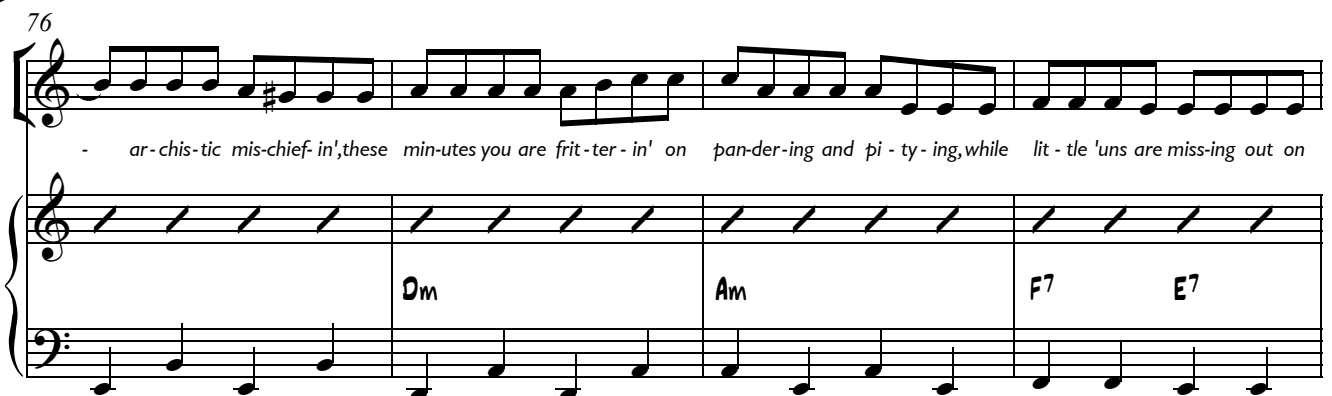
G



dis-ci-pline. We must be-gin in-sis-ting on ri-gi-di-ty and dis-ci-pline, per-sis-tent-ly re-sist-ing this an-

Am Am E7

76



- ar-chis-tic mis-chief-in', these min-utes you are frit-ter-in' on pan-der-ing and pi-ty-ing, while lit-tle 'uns are miss-ing out on

Dm Am F7 E7

80 H

dis - ci - pline. The sim - per - ing and whim - per - ing, the drib - bling and the spit - tl - ing, the "Miss, I need a tis - sue"; it's an

Am Am E7

84

is - sue we can fix. There is no mys - te - ry to mas - ter - ing the art of class - room mis - tress - ing; it's dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline...

Dm Am F7 E7

88 I

Kids The smell of re - bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of pre - pu - bes - cent

Dis - ci - pline!

Am Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7

92

plot - ting, a whiff of re - sis - tance, the pong of dis - sent, the funk of mo - ral fi - bre rot - ting.

E7 Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7 E

97 (Trunchbull's vault & bow) **Power ballad tempo...**

I - ma-gine a world with no Child-ren, Close your eyes_ and just

Fm Eb ad lib. Cm

101

dream. I - ma-gine,(come on, try it), The peace and the qui - et. A bur - b - ling_

DbΔ Ab Eb Cm

105 (or houseboat of lilac)

stream. Now i - ma-gine a woods with a cot-tage, And

DbΔ Ab Eb

109 (houseboat)

in - side that cot-tage we find A dwarf called Zeek - A car - ni - val_ freak who can

Fm Db Ab/C Bbm Bb/D

K

113

fold pa-per hats_ with his mind. And he says Don't let them steal_ your hor-ses.

Eb(sus) [sax] *f* *Ab* *Eb*

117

(throw them)

Don't let them take you a - way. If you find your way_ through They'll be

Fm *Db* *Fm* *Cm*

120

(in aisle two)

wait - ing for you, — sing - ing Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... (molto ad lib) Ah

Fm *Cm* *Bbm7*

L Colla Voce

ha! And there, just like I said, the stin - ky mag - got lifts his head.

mf

Kick line tempo (swung)

125

E - ven the squit-ti - est, pi - te - ous mess can har - bour seeds of stin - ki - ness. Have you

Chords: Bø, B7, B7(b9)

127

e - ver seen a - ny - thing more re - pel - lant? Have you e - versmelt some - thing as sick as The Smell Of Re -

(that?)

Chords: Dm/E, Dm°/E, E, F7, F#+7

M

bel - lion, the stench of re - volt, the reek of in -

Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,

Chords: Bm, F#7/C#, Bw/D, F#/E

131

sub - or - di - na - tion, a whiff of re - sis -

If you're mis - chief - ing, she'll sniff you out, with - out a doubt she's a snout in a mil - li - on.

G7 F#7

133

tance, the pong of dis - sent... (And) I

Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whis - per - ing, child - ren need dis - ci - pline, cut out their wim - per - ing,

Bm F#7/C# Bm/D F#/E

N Pulling up straight

will not stop 'til you are squashed,'til this re - bel - li - on is quashed.'Til glo - rious swea - ty dis - ci - pline has

G7 F#7 G7 F#7

rock

138 **Tempo (swung)**

washed this sic-ken-ing stench a - way!

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

V