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The Boy Least Likely To "Every Goliath Has Its David"

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I've got a little bag of marbles and a catapult Wound around my fingers, and I feel very small But I could make myself big, if I wanted to There is nothing courageous about anything I do I'm trying to balance on an upturned milk crate

As I fumble with my catapult

And my hands are trembling as I try to aim

But every Goliath has its David

And I know kung fu

And I'm not afraid of you

Cos I might be small

But I'm not a coward

I've got puppy powers

That I'm not afraid to use

My fists are balled up in the pockets of my anorak

And I've got a pea shooter hidden behind my back

All I need to do is sit and wait to be attacked

If I thought that it would make me happy then I would

Tie a handkerchief to a stick and surrender

But that isn't what I want to do

I will never live up to my expectations

Every Goliath has its David

And I know kung fu

And I'm not afraid of you

Cos I might be small

But I'm not a coward

I've got puppy powers

That I'm not afraid to use

I'm trying to balance on an upturned milk crate

As I fumble with my catapult

And my hands are trembling as I try to aim it

But every Goliath has its David

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