

Horrible Histories

"Boudicca"

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Gonna cause a stink
Won't be the first to blink
I'm not who you think
Don't mess with me, I'm Boudicca!

My husband Presotagus died
He was a Celtic king
I was his queen, so due to me
Was half of everything

Roman law gave half to me
So half was what they got
Till their nasty soldiers came
And took the blessed lot

Hey mister!
I say you got the wrong end of the stick
His answer turned this sister
Into one angry chick!

No man, Roman'll
Push around this woman
You won't get far, with Boudicca
Foeman, yeoman,
Smash the Roman foeman
All say yah! Yah! Boudicca!

I built a massive army
Headed straight for the city
Beat 'em all with ease
And like me, it wasn't pretty

Chopped 'em and hacked but
What made their red blood curl
Bad enough being beaten
But beaten by a girl?

Wacked 'em, smacked 'em
Boy how we attacked 'em
Near and far, ha ha ha!
Flayed 'em, slayed 'em

Up and down parade 'em
Boudicca! Toughest by far!

Colchester, London, St. Albans
Everybody talk about dead Romans!

We marched on up the Roman road
That's known as Watling Street
They trapped us in the forest
Then thrashed us to our defeat

By now you'd guessed I'm not the kind
Of girl to sit and cry
Be sold a slave to Romans?
You know I'd rather die!

They tried to take me prisoner
So I led the Roman boys on
Instead of giving in to them
I swallowed special poison!

Martyr, smarter
Capturer, non-starter
This was our last hurrah!
Slaughtered, dismembered
Our tribe always remembered
Boudicca! Superstar!
Boudicca! Superstar!

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