

Horrible Histories

"The Tudors"

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Anyone whose lived around these parts,
Or ever knew'd us,
Is well aware that you should never mess with the
Tudors.
My Grandad Henry Seventh,
He beat King Richard,
That's him pictured,
Defeating the Tyke.
He liked his name so much that,
To keep alive is memory,
He called his own son Henry,
What was he like!
Everyone said Hen-er-y the eighth was a baddy,
I have to agree,
Even though he was my daddy.
(Just popping of to chop some wives.)
Cos we're Tudors,
Britain's biggest feuders,
And just like barracudas,
We kill with methods foul.
Tudors
Each enemy a Judas,
At least we're not as rude as,
Simon Cowell.
My reign was quite notorious,
I liked to hunt and slaughter,
But then you had a daughter,
Mary was her name,
It was a son I wanted,
So I divorced her mother,
Then wife two had another,
A girl? Not again!
(That's me your talking about!)
Tudor,
Superior to you duh,
Who followed me as ruler,
Best not to ask.
It must have been my laddie,
Yes sick little Eddie,
Was I'll and soon got deady
And who came next?

Your daughters then took over,
First came Bloody Mary,
My sisters rule was scary,
So all hail meeeeeeee
Tudors,
The history books reviewed us,
As nutters and big bruisers,
Who kill and cull.
I never had an heir,
So our reign ended there,
We my not have been fair,
But we were never dull:)

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