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Korn "Shoots And Ladders"

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Ring around the roses Pocket full of posies Ashes, ashes, we all fall down

Ring around the roses Pocket full of posies Ashes, ashes, we all fall down

Nursery rhymes are said, verses in my head Into my childhood they're spoon fed Hidden violence revealed, darkness that seems real Look at the pages that cause all this evil

One, two, buckle my shoe Three, four, shut the door Five, six, pick up sticks Seven, eight, lay them straight

London bridges falling down, falling down, falling down London bridges falling down, my fair lady

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Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came rolling home Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came rolling home Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came rolling home Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came rolling home Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came rolling home Nick nack patty wack, give a dog a bone This old man came Mary had a little lamb [Incomprehensible] Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow (Baa baa black sheep have you any wool) Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow (Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full) Mary had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow (Baa baa black sheep have you any wool) Mary had a little lamb (Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full)

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