

# 9. Loud

Mrs W: Mind? Her mind?  
You really don't know anything, do you?

Music & Lyrics  
Tim Minchin

Freely, *colla voce*

Mrs Wormwood

Some-where a - long the way, my dear, you've made an aw - ful er - ror. You

ought - n't blame your - self, now, come a - long. You

seem to think that peo - ple like peo - ple what are cle - ver. It's

ve - ry quaint, it's ve - ry sweet, but wrong.

17 18 19 20 21

Peo - ple don't like smart - y - pants. wot go round claim - ing that they know stuff we don't

D $\Delta$  C#m<sup>11</sup> Cm<sup>11</sup> Bm<sup>11</sup> E<sup>13</sup>

Mrs W: Now here's a tip:

22 23 24 25 26 3 3

know. What you know mat-ters less than the vol-ume with which what you

A<sup>2</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> C#m<sup>9</sup>

27 28 29

don't know's ex-pressed. Con - tent has ne - ver been less im - por - tant,

G<sup>13</sup> F#<sup>7</sup> Bm<sup>7</sup> B<sup>9</sup>/D#

30 31 32 Fast Latin 33

so... You have got to be...

D/E rit. E<sup>7</sup> [sticks]



42 43 44 45 46

flat, a lot more heel! A lit-tle less fact, a lot more feel! A lit-tle less brains, a lot more

flat heel fact feel brains

flat heel fact feel brains

*Dm* *Am* *8ø7*

47 48 49 50 51

hair! A lit-tle less head, a lot more der-ri-ere!

hair head der-ri-ere!

hair head der-ri-ere!

Rudolpho on lower line

*E5*