

Bully

See that boy, over there
Don't like his clothes, don't like his hair
I make him cry, but I don't care
I don't like him, he's different to me

See that boy, over there,
He isn't kind, he isn't fair,
He makes me sad, but I'm aware,
That I'm not different, I'm just me!

A poem by Imogen Buxton-Pickles



Rap this poem to
the beat and make
up moves to go with
the words!