

My friend Paul or: Honest, it wasn't me!

(Don't try this at home)

My very best friend is a boy I call Paul
He's full of ideas and all of them fun.
Being around him means life's never boring at all.
He's dead cool, no problem. Well, perhaps there is one:
When his schemes and ideas cause trouble, you see
There's never a question: they always blame me.

Who cleared up by shoving the mess under the bed,
Who drew the moustache on Jane's favourite dolly,
Who nicked the new razor to shave teddy's head,
Who tried parachute jumping and ruined the brolly,
Who left muddy footprints all over the hall?
"Honest! It wasn't me, Mum, it was Paul."

Who's idea was it to tie all pyjamas in knots,
Who tried in the pond if Nan's slippers would float,
Who made magic potion with the lotion for spots,
Whose chewing gum is it, gumming up the remote,
When the Rent-o-kill man turned up, who'd made the call?
"Honest! It wasn't me, Mum. It was Paul."

Who used Sarah's new Westlife CD as a coaster,
Who threw away plaster casts and blocked up the loo,
Who made cheese on toast – all over Mum's toaster,
Who stuck a glass to the table with extra strong glue,
When the window next door broke, who'd kicked the ball?
"Honest! It wasn't me, Dad. It was Paul."

Who blew a raspberry in assembly after the hymn,
Who knows why the water in the fish tank went pink
Who turned on the showers and nearly flooded the gym,
Who wrote "school sucks" with indelible ink
On my desk, and on the playground started that brawl?
"Honest! It wasn't me, Miss. It was Paul."

So when there are mishaps, whenever there's bother
And I'm as innocent as any boy ever could be,
My parents and teachers just look at each other
In that way that says there's no doubt it was me.
They don't believe for a minute he's real at all
"They never do, though, do they?" says Paul.