

Six

[Catherine Of Aragon:]

He got down on one knee
But I said "No way!"
Packed my bags
And moved into a
Nu-nu-nunnery!
Joined the gospel choir
Our riffs were on fire
At the top of the charts
Is where I'm gonna stay

[Anne Boleyn:]

Henry sent me a poem
All about my green sleeves
I changed a couple words
Put it on a sick beat
The song blew their minds
Next minute I was signed
And now I'm writing lyrics
For Shakesy P

[Jane Seymour:]

Since my first son
Our family's grown
We made a band
And got quite well known
You could perhaps call us
The Tudor Von Trapps
I'm just kidding
We're called the
Royalling Stones

[All:]

We're one of a kind
No category
Too many years
Lost in history
We're free to take
Our crowning glory
For five more minutes

We're SIX!

[Anne Of Cleves:]

What a shame
Yeah, my face
It cost me the crown
So I moved to the
Haus Of Holbein!
In my hometown
His mates were super arty
But I showed them how to party
Now on my tour of Prussia
Everybody "Gets down"

[Katherine Howard:]

Music man tried it on
And I was like "Bye!"
So I thought "Who needs him?"
I can give it a try"
I learned everything
Now all I do is sing
And I'll do that until I die

[Catherine Parr:]

Heard all about these rockin' chicks
Loved every song
And each remix
So I went out and found them
And we laid down an album
Now "I don't need your love"
All I need is SIX!

[All:]

We're one of a kind
No category
Too many years
Lost in his story
We're free to take
Our crowning glory
For five more minutes

We're SIX!
Woah, woah
We're SIX!
Woooah, we're SIX
Woah, woah
For five more minutes

We're SIX!

It's the end of the show
Of the historemix
We switched up the flow
And we changed the prefix
Everybody knows
That we used to be six wives
But we want to say
Before we drop the curtain
Nothing is for sure
Nothing is for certain
All that we know is that
We used to be six wives

But now we're one of a kind
No category
Too many years
Lost in history
We're free to take
Our crowning glory
For five more minutes...
We're one of a kind
No category
Too many years
Lost in history
We're free to take
Our crowning glory
For five more minutes
We're SIX!
Woah, woah
We're SIX!
Woooah, we're SIX
Woah, woah
For five, four, three
Two, one more minute