

The snow glows white on the mountain tonight Not a footprint to be seen. A kingdom of isolation, and it looks like I'm the Queen The wind is howling like this swirling storm inside Couldn't keep it in; Heaven knows I've tried	That song rings out in all our schools today: Not a child's technique to ape - A Broadway style confection, and it seems I can't escape. Our kids' self-harming trying to sing this <i>Frozen</i> tune Cannot hold my peace; Heaven knows we're doomed.
Don't let them in, don't let them see Be the good girl you always have to be Conceal, don't feel, don't let them know Well now they know	Don't let kids hear don't let them sing music-theatre, that shouty, belting thing Save their cords, Good Lord; 'cause they don't know and now <u>you</u> know
Let it go, let it go Can't hold it back anymore	Lift their chins, belt out high that shouty bad technique
Let it go, let it go Turn away and slam the door I don't care what they're going to say Let the storm rage on. The cold never bothered me anyway	Lift their chins, belt out high Turn and bash their vocal cords Cause I care what they're going to sing Keep that snowman song; the rest never thrilled me anyway
It's funny how some distance Makes everything seem small And the fears that once controlled me Can't get to me at all	It's funny how adulthood makes conformity seem small, And the pressures that once ruled me Can't get to me at all

It's time to see what I can do To test the limits and break through No right, no wrong, no rules for me, I'm free!	Oh please don't test what you can do To strain your voices and break through. No strain, no pain, vocal health for me, I'm free!
Let it go, let it go I am one with the wind and sky Let it go, let it go You'll never see me cry Here I stand And here I'll stay <i>Let the <u>storm</u> rage on</i>	<i>"Let it go", so they said,</i> I was not alone when I felt... <i>"No big deal, just some fun"</i> Don't let young voices belt Here I stand, and now I pray Let kids <u>sing</u> like kids...
My power flurries through the air into the ground My soul is spiraling in frozen fractals all around And one thought crystallizes like an icy blast I'm never going back, the past is in the past	Don't try too soon a style that you're unready for; Young vocal cords are small and loudness makes them sore. Sing soft, supported, child, and do not try to blast; if you're not careful, your best voice is in the past.
Let it go, let it go And I'll rise like the break of dawn Let it go, let it go That perfect girl is gone Here I stand In the light of day Let the storm rage on	Lift their chins, belt out high And I'll say use your gentle voice Lift their chins, belt out high Please make a better choice Here I stand and now I pray Let kids <u>sing</u> like kids.....
The cold never bothered me anyway!	You gotta be <u>this</u> tall to sing like that! --M. Schmitz (parody)