

From the Top of the Swing Set

From the top of the swing-set,
all surrounded by sand,
I shot my old teacher,
with a green rubber band.

I shot her with pleasure,
I shot her with pride.
I couldn't have missed her,
She's forty feet wide.

I went to her funeral,
I went to her grave,
Some people threw flowers,
I threw hand grenades.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.