

Sabrina (paste & Plato)

Jellyfish

Grazing on the grounds of ponytails
The substitute is counting down her ticks 'til recess
Hammering down to size her fingernails
'Coz today's the day Sabrina builds her lunchbox buffet
(Cool aid, sandwiches and chips for all the shoulders)
Lunch is on the table while dessert is on the floor, singing...

So serene, Sabrina makes me feel so serene
So serene, Sabrina makes me feel so serene
Chesney's looking dapper in his brand new dunce cap
Strolling down the runway to an "F"
(never has he ever looked as lovely...the one and only)
With all the others watching eating paste and plato
He fights the urge to run and kiss the chef
'Coz she's a lovetarian especially in the form of puppies
So he keeps his elbows off her table
(but spills the beans)
That he loves the girl behind the boysenberry punch
(Sabrina)
So serene, Sabrina makes me feel so serene
(Our lady of the jabberwock)
So serene, Sabrina makes me feel so serene
(I live to smell her tulips talk)
So serene, Sabrina makes me feel so serene
(Hostess for the show and tell, the shepherdess of the muscatel
)

Lunchbox, Hop-scotch, On the rocks
With spit-balls, pratfalls, alcohol
Sabrina