

Sure I must remember
That
Overhead, head, head,
Red head!
Jehosophat!
I'm off the track.
That's not where
I'm at.

Any way, I don't care,
Teacher has red hair,
So there.
She is conceited, too,
And this ain't fair.
But I don't care
Ouch—pooh,
Who says I do.
Anyway, again I'll try
Bright, blue sky,
Cold winter's day,
As I was walking
On my way,

Picking flowers
Red and buff—
Hurray—
That's the stuff,
That's the lingo,
Flowers
Red and buff.
But wait—
Stay—
Flowers—On a winter's day?
Great Caesar's Ghost!
Wrong again.
By Jingo!