

Allan Sherman, The Drop-Outs March

No more pencils, no more books
No more teachers dirty looks
Dropouts, dropouts, yeah team
On dropouts down the field
Ain't we the national shame
Cheer for our fun-loving breed
Who can't hardly read
Or write our name
March dropouts, backward march
Ain't we a tragedy
Leave us unite and fight, fight, fight
For good old stupidity
Duh
Duh
Drop dropouts out of school
Proud of the will to fail
You won't find us in the school halls
Look in the pool halls or in jail

Long may our colors wave
Sons of the black and blue
Light-hearted chaps who steal hubcaps
We've got nothing else to do
Ignoramus there you are
Sitting in your hopped-up car
And your brains ain't up to par
And your ears stick out too far
Go dropouts, go and buy
One comic book or two
You need some rest and enjoyment
Your unemployment check is due
Soon dropouts very soon
You'll wear a different hat
Soon you will be in the Army
Just try dropping out of that