

# 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