

Diana Ross, I Hope I Get It

Everyday for a week we would try to be a table
Be a sportscar, ice cream cone

The teacher, he would say
"Very good except Diana, try, Diana, all alone"
So I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
To see how an ice cream felt
I dug right down to the bottom of my soul
And I tried to melt

So the kids in the class said:
"Ooh, I feel chocolate, hey, I feel vanilla"
He said "OK Ross, what do you feel?"
And I said nothing, I ain't feeling nothing

Deep down nothing is all my teacher had
Everybody felt something
But I felt nothing
Except the feeling that this bull-shit was absurd