

South Park, Third Grade

remember how it use to be in the third grade
we use to laugh & play & charash each day in the third grade
we learned wounderous things from our teacher so nice
sat on marshmellow desks with teddy bear smiles--the world use to all make sense
but that sense seems to slowly fade--after third grade
in third grade we use to write with crayons
we would make sparkly pitcures with glitter & glue
we had warm cookies & hearts full of love
& there wasn't a care in the world for me--or for you
there's not a thing in this life that i wouldn't trade
just to back one minute to third grade