

Jellyfish, Sebrina, Paste, And Plato

far behind the forest of
flying paper airplanes
grazing on the grounds of ponytails
the substitute is counting down her ticks 'til recess
hammering down to size her fingernails

because today's the day sabrina builds her box lunch buffet
kool-aid, sandwiches and chips for all the shoulders
lunch is on the table soon dessert
is on the floor,
singing

so serene sabrina makes me feel so serene
so serene sabrina makes me feel so serene

chesney's looking dapper in his brand new dunce cap
strolling down the runway to an "f"
(never has he look so lovely)
with all the others watching
eating paste and plato (the one and only)
he fights the urge to run and kiss the chef

but she's a lovetarian especially in the form of puppies
so he keeps his elbows off her
table but he spills the beans
that he loves the girl behind the boysenberry punch
(sabrina)

so serene sabrina makes me feel so serene
(our lady of the jabberwock)
so serene sabrina makes me feel so serene
(i live to smell her tulips talk)
so serene sabrina makes me feel so serene
(hostess for the show and tell, the shepherdess of the muscatel)
lucnhbox, hopsctoch on the rocks
with spitballs, pratfalls, alcohol

sabrina..