

Where Do We Find Poetry?

poem: (noun) A composition in verse with language selected for its beauty and sound.

Nursery Rhymes and Songs

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star:

Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are.

Hey Diddle Diddle:

Hey diddle diddle
The cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

TV Theme Songs

The Brady Bunch:

Here's the story
Of a lovely lady
Who was bringing up three very lovely girls.
All of them had hair of gold, like their mother
The youngest one in curls.
Here's a story
Of a man named Brady
Who was busy with three boys of his own.
They were four men living all together.
Yet they were all alone.

Till the one day when the lady met this fellow
And they knew that it was much more than a hunch



That this group must somehow form a family.
That's the way they all became the Brady bunch.

The Brady bunch
The Brady bunch
That's the way they all became the Brady bunch.

Advertising

McDonald's Commercial Jingle

Two all beef patties
Special sauce, lettuce, cheese
Pickles, onions on a sesame seed bun

Songs

Lunchlady Land (Sandler, Adam. They're All Gonna Laugh at You.)

Woke up in the morning
Put on my new plastic glove
Served some reheated Salisbury steak
With a little slice of love
Got no clue what the chicken pot pie is made of
Just know everything's doing fine
Down here in Lunchlady Land
Well I wear this net on my head
'Cause I got a bad case of the gout
I know you want seconds on the corndogs
But there's no reason to shout
Everybody gets enough food down here in Lunchlady land

Well yesterday's meatloaf is today's sloppy joes
And my breath reeks of tuna
And there's lots of black hairs coming out of my nose
In Lunchlady land your dreams come true
Clouds made of carrots and peas
Mountains built of shepherds pie
And rivers made of macaroni and cheese
But don't forget to return your trays



And try to ignore my gum disease
No student can escape the magic of Lunchlady Land

Hoagies & grinders, hoagies & grinders
Hoagies & grinders
Navy beans, navy beans, navy beans
Hoagies & grinders, hoagies & grinders
Navy beans, navy beans
Meatloaf sandwich

Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe

Well I dreamt one morning that I woke up to see
All the pepperoni pizza was a-looking at me
It screamed, why do you burn me and serve me up cold
I said I got the spatula just do what you're told
Then the liver and onions started joining the fight
And the chocolate pudding pushed me with all its might
And the chop suey slapped me and it kicked me in the head
It's called revenge Lunchlady said the garlic bread
I said what did I do to make you all so mad
They said you got flabby arms and your breath is bad
Then the green beans said you better run and hide
But then my friend sloppy joe came and joined my side
He said if it wasn't for the Lunchlady the kids wouldn't eatcha
You should be shakin' her hand and sayin' pleased to meet ya'
She gives you a purpose and she gives you a goal
You should be kissin' her feet and kissin' her mole
Now all the angry foods just leave me alone
And we all live together in a happy home

Thanks to sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe
Sloppy joe, slop, sloppy joe



Well me and sloppy joe got married
We got six kids and we're doin' just fine
Down in Lunchlady Land

