Miss Tra-La-la

C G
Art Hardy had no heart,
C G
When it came to doing art.
C F C G
When Art did art his gut would start to smart.

C G
His paintings looked like a stain.
C G
His clay work came out plain.
C F C G
His drawings looked like a mud pie in the rain.
CHORUS:
C G
Singing fa-la-la for Miss Tra-la-la.
C G C
The teacher who helps you to draw-la-la-la.
C G
Sing fa-la-la for Miss Tra-la-la,
C G C
The teacher who helps you to draw.

Art's belly began to toot,
When there came a substitute.
Who wore a long coat, white gloves, and boots, to boot.

She said, "Tra-la-la is my name.
Now we'll draw the human frame.
And I shall model for you, if it 's all the same."
CHORUS:

She shed a glove double quick.
Each finger was like a toothpick,
And to Art's alarm her arm was merely a stick.

Off came her floppy hat,
To show a head round and flat,
And surprise, dots eyes with a U where a mouth should be at.
CHORUS:

"A stick person!" Art said heartily.
"Like the ones I drew when I was three.
Let's see if she is as easy to draw as I think she might be."

Then with confidence he never knew,
Art Hardy drew and drew,
Until his picture of the stick teacher was through.
CHORUS: