

Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver

Intro:

"La-la-la-la-laaaa!" she warms up,
Folding open the school bus door.
"Me-me-meeeeee!" she sings harmony,
Along with the deep engine roar.

Riding along, she'll belt out a song,
Jaw wobbling as she grips the wheel.
Hitting the brakes, she hits her high notes.
A prima donna duet squeal.

Chorus:

She dreams of singing on the opera stage,
But for now she drives our bus.
And each day on the way to school,
She sings arias for us.

Intro:

One morning she wore a helmet with horns,
And warbled "Ho-jo-to-ho!"
She clutched the gear shift like a spear,
While the kids cheered, "Bravo! Bravo!"

The morning she sang Madame Butterfly,
She gave us an excellent ride,
Especially when at the end,
She gripped her kimono and died.

Chorus:

Intro:

Soon we'll be meeting her at the Met,
Now librettos lie beside her.
Riding to class is classy because,
Oprah is our diva driver.

Chorus:

