

Irene, Tetherball Queen

Like a ballerina, she'll rise on her toes,
She swats the yellow ball better than the pros.
Around and around the pole it goes.
Shorter and shorter the tether string grows.

Chorus:

She's Irene, Tetherball Queen.
The best our playground has ever seen.
It goes up and round and round and round.
It goes whirling, whirling, swirling, twirling.
Everyone cheers as the tetherball spins.
The string's curling, curling, curling, curling. Stop!
And she wins.

She's not strong or long; timing must be her skill.
She knows every hit and trick to make a kill.
Won't matter a lick, when she becomes a teen,
But today may she rein as our Tetherball Queen.

Chorus:

Chorus repeat:

