Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver

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D (

"La-la-la-la-laaaaa!" she warms up,

) A

Folding open the school bus door.

D

"Me-me-meeeee!" she sings harmony,

D A D

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:

A D A

She dreams of singing on the opera stage,

But for now she drives our bus.

D G

And each day on the way to school,

D A D

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:

