

Good Morning, Down There

Verse 1:

Our classroom ceiling rises,
As we sit in our place.
Each day full of surprises,
And our teacher's smiling face.

Verse 2:

She calls, "Good morning, down there.
Are you ready for today?"
"How's the weather up there?"
Is what we like to say.

Chorus:

She's our very tall teacher,
A hundred feet from head to toe.
She kneels outside our classroom,
As we learn down below.

Verse 3:

She's taller than a treetop.
She reads us tall stories,
While sitting on the backstop,
And we sit on her knees.

Verse 4:

When all our math work is done,
She lifts us onto the wall,
And if we don't miss one,
A giant gold star for us all.

