

Boy With His Head Down

C

Miles has had his head down.

He is the meanest brute.

C

Put your head. Put your head,

F G

Put your head down on your desk.

C

His head's been down on his desk so long,

It began taking root.

C

Put your head. Put your head,

C G C

Put your head down on your desk.

Shoots grew down from his ear,

And sank into the desk top.

Put your head. Put your head,

Put your head down on your desk.

Buds sprouted from his hair,

To form a flower crop.

Put your head. Put your head,

Put your head down on your desk.

We all like Miles better now,

But he can't come to play.

Put your head. Put your head,

Put your head down on your desk.

His head's been down on his desk so much,

We must water him each day.

Put your head. Put your head,

Put your head down on your desk.