

Miss Tra-La-la

C    G  
Art Hardy had no heart,  
C    G  
When it came to doing art.  
C    F            C            G  
When Art did art his gut would start to smart.

C    G  
His paintings looked like a stain.  
C    G  
His clay work came out plain.  
C    F            C            G  
His drawings looked like a mud pie in the rain.

CHORUS:

C    G  
Singing fa-la-la for Miss Tra-la-la.  
C    G            C  
The teacher who helps you to draw-la-la-la.  
C    G  
Sing fa-la-la for Miss Tra-la-la,  
C    G            C  
The teacher who helps you to draw.

Art's belly began to toot,  
When there came a substitute.  
Who wore a long coat, white gloves, and boots, to boot.

She said, "Tra-la-la is my name.  
Now we'll draw the human frame.  
And I shall model for you, if it's all the same."  
CHORUS:

She shed a glove double quick.  
Each finger was like a toothpick,  
And to Art's alarm her arm was merely a stick.

Off came her floppy hat,  
To show a head round and flat,  
And surprise, dots eyes with a U where a mouth should be at.  
CHORUS:

"A stick person!" Art said heartily.  
"Like the ones I drew when I was three.  
Let's see if she is as easy to draw as I think she might be."

Then with confidence he never knew,  
Art Hardy drew and drew,  
Until his picture of the stick teacher was through.  
CHORUS:

