Math Rashes

C F C
It's snowy outside; the playground beckons you.
C F C
But you're stuck at your desk with tons of math to do.
C F C
Then just when you're about to fall asleep,
C F C
Your hair starts to tingle and your skin begin to creep.

Your arms are covered with plus and minus signs,
And numerous numbers ones to ninety-nines.
Circles and rectangles are all over your hand.
And algebra problems you don't understand.

Chorus:
C F C
You got Math Rashes, from working so hard.
C F
You got Math Rashes, so go out to the yard.
C F C
You've broken out with math symbols from working all day.
C F C
You must get outside now, children, and do nothing but play…right away.

Decimals and fractions cover your face,
And one long number to the trillionth place.
On your neck are itchy figures and equations for pi.
On your belly are the tables to help multiply.

Chorus:

The new teacher cried, "What have I done?"
I've assigned too much work and not enough fun.
In college while getting my teacher's degree.
I never learned about this schoolwork allergy.

Chorus
Chorus repeat