

## Monkey Bars

Swinging it easy,  
Dangling far off the ground,  
Slowly we rise as we reach for the skies.  
Bar to bar we're bound.

Bright and breezy,  
This recess is ours.  
To and then fro as the baboons go,  
Cross the monkey bars.

Everything's dizzy,  
Swaying through the air.  
See how now I'm taking two at a time,  
To get me faster there.

Cares are forgotten,  
Pedaling for the stars.  
When we flew like chimpanzee do,  
Cross the monkey bars.

Bridge:  
Stay in line, stay in your seat,  
Stay quiet, stay off your feet.  
Teacher fuss but kids like us,  
Aren't made that way.

Don't fidget, don't call out,  
Don't wiggle, don't squirm about.  
Monkeys are right when they take flight,  
And play all day.

*Music:*

Skin the cat crazy,  
Hand o'er hand with ease.  
Topsy-turvy, even more nervy,  
Hanging from our knees.

We find school boring,  
We can't stand the 3 R's.  
But everything's fine doing monkeyshines,  
Cross the monkey bars.

*End repeat*