



## Oprah, Our Opera Diva Bus Driver

She dreams of singing on the stage,  
But for now she's driving our bus.  
And each day on the way to school,  
She sings her arias for us.

“La-la-la-la-laaaaa!” she warms up,  
Folding open the school bus door.  
“Me-me-meeeeee!” she sings harmony,  
With the bass of the engine roar.

Riding along, she'll belt a song,  
Jaw wobbling as she grips the wheel.  
Hitting the brakes, she hits high notes.  
A prima donna duet squeal.

Once she wore a helmet with horns,  
And warbled “Ho-jo-to-ho!”  
She clutched the gear shift like a spear,  
And the kids cheered, “Bravo! Bravo!”

When she sang Madame Butterfly,  
She gave us an exciting ride,  
Especially when at the end,  
She gripped her kimono and died.

She dreams of singing on the stage,  
Now librettos lie beside her.  
Riding to class is classy because,  
Oprah is our diva driver.