Sebrina, Paste And Plato

Jellyfish

Far behind the forest of flying paper aeroplanes
Grazing on the grounds of ponytails
The substitute is counting down her ticks till recess
Hammering down to size her fingernailsBecause today's the day Sebrina builds her box lunch buffet
Kool-aid, sandwiches and chips for all the shoulders
Lunch is on the table soon dessert is on the floor, singing?So serene, Sebrina makes me feel so serene?
So serene, Sebrina makes me feel so serene?Chesney's looking dapper in his brand new dunce cap
Strolling down the runway to an "F"
(Never has he ever looked this lovely)
With all the others watching
Eating paste and plato (the one and only)
He fights the urge to run and kiss the chefBut she's a lovetarian especially in the form of puppies
So he keeps his elbows off her table
But spills the beans
That he loves the girl behind the boysenberry punch (Sebrina)So serene, Sebrina makes me feel so serene
(Our lady of the jabberwock)
So serene, Sebrina makes me feel so serene
(I live to smell her tulips talk)
So serene, Sebrina makes me feel so serene
(The hostess for the Show and Tell, the shepherdess of the muscatel flock)
Lunch-box, hopsctoch on the rocks
With spitballs, pratfalls, alcoholSebrina

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