

School Days

.....
(When We Were a Couple of Kids)

Nothing to do, Nellie Darling,
Oh, there's nothing to do, you say,
Let's take a trip
On the Memory Ship,
And sail back to the good old days.
Sail to the old village schoolhouse,
Anchor outside the school door,
Look in and see,
There's you and there's me,
A couple of kids once more.



School days, school days,
Dear old golden rule days.
'Readin' and 'ritin' and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.
You were my queen in calico,
I was your bashful barefoot beau,
And you wrote on my slate,
'I love you, Joe,'
When we were a couple of kids.

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'Member the hill, Nellie Darling,
And the oak tree that grew on its brow?
They've built forty stories
Upon that old hill,
And the oak's an old chestnut now.
'Member the meadows so green, dear,
So fragrant with clover and maize,
Into new city lots
And apartment block plots,
They've torn them up since those days.



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