

# Sherman Allan, The Dropouts March

+The Dropouts' March  
(No more pencils, no more books,  
No more teachers' dirty looks.  
Dropouts! dropouts! Yeah team!)  
On, dropouts, down the field,  
Ain't we the national shame.  
Cheer for our fun-loving breed,  
Who can't hardly read,  
Or write our name.  
March, dropouts, backward march.  
Ain't we a tragedy.  
Leave us unite, and fight, fight, fight  
For good old stupidity.  
Duh!  
Duh!  
Drop, dropouts, out of school,  
Proud of the will to fail.  
You won't find us in the school halls.  
Look in the pool halls, or in jail.  
Long may our colors wave,  
Sons of the black and blue.  
Light-hearted chaps  
Who steal hubcaps,  
We've got nothing else to do.  
Ignoramus there you are,  
Sitting in your hopped-up car,  
And your brains ain't up to par,  
And your ears stick out too far.  
Go, dropouts, go and buy,  
One comic book or two.  
You need some rest and enjoyment,  
Your unemployment check is due.  
Soon, dropouts, very soon,  
You'll wear a different hat.  
Soon you will be in the Army.  
Just try dropping out of that!