Walking to school

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning,

my head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

What happened to the weekend? Where did it go?

I’m going to ‘google’ it – I really want to know!

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning.

My head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

‘You’re gonna be late!’ my mum’s shouting out.

She’s kicking my bottom – what’s that all about?

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning.

My head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

My first lesson’s boring and my second and third.

I complain to my mum but she doesn’t say a word!

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning.

My head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

If I lived in the Arctic, where it freezes and snows,

school would send a text saying ‘Sorry, we’re closed!’

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning.

My head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

I can see the school gates, in the distance, ahead.

If I was in charge, I’d be back in my bed.

I’m walking to school on a Monday morning.

My head’s full of dreams and I’m constantly yawning.

We need the British government to act really fast!

Close all schools on Mondays, finally, at last!

I’m walking home from school on a Friday afternoon.

My head’s full of happiness - an astronaut on the moon.

I’m staying up late tonight, I’m gonna watch a movie.

If every day was Friday, wouldn’t life be groovy!

© 2018 Paul Delaney www.pauldelaneypoetry.co.uk