Would you like to swing on a star, Carry moonbeams home in a jar, And be better off than you are,

Or would you rather be a mule? A pig? A fish? Mule is an animal with long, funny ears, Pig is an animal with dirt on his face, Fish won't do anything but swim in a brook, He kicks up at anything he hears, His shoes are a terrible disgrace, He can't write his name or read a book, To back is brawny and his brain is weak, He's got no manners when he eats his food, He's fool the people is his only thought, And just plain stupid with a stublborn streak, And by the fat and lazy and extremely rude, But if you though he's slippery he still gets caught, But then if
way if you hate to go to school,
don't care a feather or a fig,
that sort of life is what you wish,

You may grow up to be a mule. Or would you
You may grow up to be a pig.
You may grow up to be a fish.
And all the monkeys aren't in the zoo,
Every day you meet quite a few,
So you see it's all up to you,

You could be better than you are,
You could be swinging on a star.
Oh yeah!