The Bus Driver

She sits and waits but not for long

Sings an awful lot of awful songs

And while she drives, she stop to tell

the kids to, “SHHHHHH” but never yells

She’s sweet and smiles with rosy cheeks

And wears the same sweatsuit for weeks

It smells of cheese, like soft warm cheddar

If she changed sometime it would be better

For the children who sat in the front row

Who incessantly prayed the wind to blow

But at the end of each school day

She’d pass out candy and sing away

She loved her job; she loved her students

They only wished she dressed more prudent