

## School dinners

This is so easy, it's not hard to explain  
You'll agree with me when I say how I feel  
That I hate school dinners however they're done  
You won't believe me  
How bad lunch was at a school I once knew  
Although hungry at each dinner time  
The smell made us ready to spew

Don't bring me semolina  
The truth is I always loathed it  
The watery cabbage  
And lumpy custard  
And those spam fritters  
They made me vomit

It didn't have to happen, I needed a change  
Couldn't spend each lunch feeling mortally ill  
Staring out of the window, staying out of the sun  
So I chose sandwiches  
Packed lunches with crisps in them too  
My friends impressed by it all  
Brought their packed lunches too

Don't bring me semolina  
The truth is those dinner ladies  
With grim persistence  
They made us eat it  
Every last bit  
Despite resistance

(DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA by Sarah Brightman)