

## Frank Sinatra

### "The Old School Teacher"

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Where is my old school teacher?  
I don't remember her name.  
With a dunce cap,  
I was always her feature,  
I loved her just the same.

She stood by through my childhood,  
Like small town school teachers do.  
At some little school house here in the wild wood,  
They taught men like Lincoln too.

One day I tearfully told her  
My mother expects me to pass,  
Then she let me look over the shoulder  
Of the brightest girl in the class.

Wish I knew how to reach her,  
I'd write a letter and say,  
If I lived the way you taught me to, teacher,  
I'd be a better man today.

(Instrumental)

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