

**Bruce Sudano****"Smokin' in the Boys Room"**

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(Spoke)

How you doin' out there? Y'ever seem to have one of those days where it just seems like everybody's gettin' on your case, from your teacher all the way down to your best girlfriend? Well, y'know, I used to have 'em just about all the time. But I found a way to get out of 'em. Let me tell you about it!

(Sung)

Sitting in the classroom Thinking it's a drag  
Listening to the teacher rap Just ain't my bag  
The noon bells ring You know that's my cue  
I'm gonna meet the boys On floor number two!

Smokin' in the boys' room  
Smokin' in the boys' room  
Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules  
But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school.

A-checkin' out the halls Makin' sure the coast is clear  
Lookin' in the stalls No, there ain't nobody here  
Oh, my buddy Fang, and me and Paul  
To get caught would surely be the death of us all

Smokin' in the boys' room  
Smokin' in the boys' room  
Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules  
But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school.  
All right!

Oh, put me to work In the school book store  
Check out counter And I got bored  
Teacher was lookin' For me all around  
Two hours later You know where I was found

Smokin' in the boys' room (Yes indeed, I was)

Smokin' in the boys' room  
Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules  
But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in  
school.  
One mo'!

Smokin' in the boys' room  
Oh, smokin' in the boys' room  
Now, teacher, I am fully aware of the rules  
But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in  
school!

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