

The Collegiate Seat

I've learned so much in my college years
Anthropology, Calculus, Psychology, Biology
Shakespeare, Modern Architecture, Spanish, and French
If the professors could grade me, they'd give me an A
Considering I could do Psychological Statistics in French
While incorporating some Calculus theories
I've been in a few lectures, seen a few labs,
And I've heard many stories and questions
It's not fair that I don't get to say my own
But I sympathize with my classmates
They come in early, still tired and drowsy from who-knows-what
Or they rush in after work, minds fuming from the staff meeting
But they don't know my sorrows – what my day's been like
Some kid farted in the middle of class
And I got stuck with ABC gum
Before I got pushed and shoved, and then the next class came
Big test, lots of stress, notes flying
And books thumping open around the room
If only people would think to turn to me
I'd whisper the answers like a soft lullaby
But no one cares for The Great Enlightenment
So I'll just watch people come and go
And I wait for the next day
More learning, more discussions, and more tests
Which I will never take
(But know all the answers to)