

School Oasis

School is hot, my mouth is dry
Feel as though I just might die
No money for the pop machine
Heat stroke, blurred eyes, start to lean
Hydration chances do seem bleak
It is a fountain that I seek
Sitting there upon the wall
It is the savior of us all
A free drink for my lips so parched
My tongue feels like its freshly starched
Though water warm may trickle slight
The fountain is a welcome sight
Now overjoyed beyond belief
I push the button for relief.
But water pressure was too high
Now my cold drink's in my eye

— *Anderson Grooms*