

# Pretty Good

There once was a pretty good student,  
Who sat in a pretty good class  
And was taught by a pretty good  
teacher,  
Who always let pretty good pass.  
He wasn't terrific at reading;  
He wasn't a whiz-bang at math;  
But for him education was leading  
Straight down a pretty good path.  
He didn't find school too exciting,  
But he wanted to do pretty well,  
And he did have some trouble with  
writing,  
And nobody had taught him to spell.  
When doing arithmetic problems,  
Pretty good was regarded as fine;  
Five and five needn't always add up to  
be ten,  
A pretty good answer was nine.  
The pretty good student was happy  
With the standards that were in effect,  
And nobody thought it was sappy  
If his answers were not quite correct.  
The pretty good class that he sat in  
Was part of a pretty good school,  
And the student was not an exception;  
On the contrary, he was the rule.  
The pretty good school that he went to  
Was right there in a pretty good town.  
And nobody there ever noticed  
He could not tell a verb from a noun.  
The pretty good student, in fact,  
was part of a pretty good mob,  
And the first time he knew what he  
lacked was  
When he looked for a pretty good job.  
It was then, when he sought a position,  
He discovered that a life can be tough,  
And he soon had a sneaky suspicion  
Pretty good might not be good enough.  
The pretty good town in our story  
Was part of a pretty good state  
Which had pretty good aspirations  
And prayed for a pretty good fate.  
There was once a pretty good nation,  
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,  
But which learned much too late,  
If you want to be great,  
Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.