The little boy went first day of school
He got some crayons and started to draw
He put colors all over the paper
For colors was what he saw
And the teacher said. What you doin' young man
I'm paintin' flowers he said
She said... It's not the time for art young man
And anyway flowers are green and red
There's a time for everything young man
And a way it should be done
You've got to show concern for everyone else
For you're not the only one

And she said...
Flowers are red young man
Green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than they way they always have been seen

But the little boy said...

There are so many colors in the rainbow

So many colors in the morning sun

So many colors in the flower and I see every one

Well the teacher said. You're sassy There's ways that things should be And you'll paint flowers the way they are So repeat after me.....

And she said...
Flowers are red young man
Green leaves are green
There's no need to see flowers any other way
Than they way they always have been seen

But the little boy said...

There are so many colors in the rainbow

So many colors in the morning sun

So many colors in the flower and I see every one

The teacher put him in a corner
She said. It's for your own good.
And you won't come out 'til you get it right
And are responding like you should
Well finally he got lonely
Frightened thoughts filled his head
And he went up to the teacher
And this is what he said. and he said

Flowers are red, green leaves are green There's no need to see flowers any other way Than the way they always have been seen

Time went by like it always does
And they moved to another town
And the little boy went to another school
And this is what he found

The teacher there was smilin'
She said...Painting should be fun
And there are so many colors in a flower
So let's use every one

But that little boy painted flowers In neat rows of green and red And when the teacher asked him why This is what he said.. and he said

Flowers are red, green leaves are green There's no need to see flowers any other way Than the way they always have been seen.