Oowah Oowah ah ah-ah Oowah Oowah ah

My old desk doesn't arabesque, in the morning when I first arrive. It's a pleasure to see it's waiting there for me to keep my hopes alive.

Such a comfort to know it's got no place to go, it's always there.

It's the one thing I've got, a huge success, my Good Old Desk.

My old desk never needs a rest, and I've never once heard it cry.

I've never seen it tease, it's always there to please me from nine to five.

Such a comfort to know, it's dependable and slow, but it's always there.

It's the one friend I've got, a giant of all times, my Good Old Desk.

Oowah Oowah ah ah-ah Oowah Oowah ah

My old desk isn't picturesque, but it's happy as a desk can be. We never say a word, but it's perfectly alright with me. For when my heart's on the floor, I just open the drawer of my favorite guest.

And what do I see? But a picture of me working at my Good Old Desk.

Oowah Oowah ah ah-ah Oowah Oowah ah