

# Our Tiny Feet

Our tiny feet and busy hands first came to school that day;  
At four years old, we'd make new friends and learn to work and play.  
We'd run around, we'd play with toys and sometimes would not share;  
Our teachers helped us work it out by showing love and care.

Our tiny feet and busy hands first came to school that day;  
At four years old, we'd make new friends and learn to work and play.

Our smiles with gaps, and hair with bows, came marching in one day;  
At six years old, we'd start to thrive in our own unique way.

We'd always want to learn and so our questions would not cease;  
Our teachers always welcomed this, although they got no peace!  
Our smiles with gaps, and hair with bows, came marching in one day;  
At six years old, we'd start to thrive in our own unique way.

Our untucked shirts and growing pains came shuffling in one day;  
At nine years old, we'd found our voice and had a lot to say!

We'd learn to think outside the box and question right from wrong;  
Our teachers helped us fix mistakes and learn to get along.

Our untucked shirts and growing pains came shuffling in one day;  
At nine years old, we'd found our voice and had a lot to say!

Our broadened minds and enriched hearts are leaving school today;  
Eleven years of age and now we know we cannot stay.

Our teachers shed a farewell tear for every girl and boy;  
It's not clear if the tears are tears of sadness or of joy!  
Our broadened minds and enriched hearts are leaving school today;  
Eleven years of age and now we know we cannot stay.

Some tiny feet and busy hands will fill our chairs today,  
But memories last a lifetime and they can't be swept away.

Our teachers fondly speak of us and wonder how we are;  
If only we could thank them more – they've helped us get so far.

Some tiny feet and busy hands will fill our chairs today,  
But memories last a lifetime and they can't be swept away.

