

# Oh, the Places You'll Go!

## SPRING BREAK 2012 EDITION

Congratulations!  
Today is your day  
Classes are out  
Break is here, hip-hip hooray!

You have brain cells to kill  
And you have shoes to lose.  
But no travel plans yet,  
So many to choose!

You'll start out the gates  
Get in line for the cabs,  
You spent hours in Yates  
To get those great abs.

Off to Reagan you zoom  
For a plane flight, oh my!  
You check your watch and kaboom!  
Your flight's at BWI!

After missing your flight  
You pause for a second  
And decide to hitchhike,  
For your trip, you must mend!

Now you're in the back of a flat-bed  
And crossing the border  
Drinking age rules you've shed,  
And beer costs just a quarter!

You'll sip margaritas with Sneetches  
And stars on the beaches  
But unfortunately the water  
Will be filled with leeches

And you drink and you drink  
Beer, wine, vodka, and rum  
Your mind's gone, you think  
And then you're cold on your bum

You'll wake up in dark places  
In zig-zaggedy nooks  
With mysterious faces  
Giving you very dirty looks.

Next thing you know  
You're in the back of a van  
But your shadow will show  
It doesn't look like a man!

For you're just getting out of a hungover haze  
And up in the front of the car you can see  
Sitting right there, with a menacing gaze  
A great, big, bright blue chimpanzee.

You'll go to the gorilla guerilla camp  
And you'll come up with an escape plan  
You'll make green bananas and then you'll make ham  
Which will trick them into believing your scam.

You'll run straight through the towns  
Shop at malls and bazaars  
Parade in Rio with clowns  
And somehow fit in their cars.

But sometimes you'll fail  
Things won't go splendidly well  
You'll wind up in jail  
Forced to watch *The Lorax* in your cell

And once you've earned your pardon  
You must watch the Big East  
You return to Madison Square Garden  
To watch the great Georgetown Beast.

They're in the Championship game  
Against the Syracuse Orange  
And the next rhyme will be the same  
Because nothing rhymes with Orange.

And you'll watch Georgetown win  
You'll celebrate on the floor with the team  
You'll cut the net from the rim  
It'll be just like a dream.

And you'll end up back where you started  
At Georgetown, in your very own room.  
Off to Towne, where you're once again carded  
And classes approach, the thought is your doom.

And back in class your professor will ask  
"Why, how was everyone's Spring Break?"  
And you'll reply, and you'll sip from your flask  
"My break was just fine—now go jump in a lake!"

