



“Smile, Smile, Smile.”

You pack up our lunches in our favorite bag and smile, smile, smile.
Taking us to practice is an awful drag, yet you smile in the grocery aisle!
Get us to our lessons and you keep us fed, and you smile, smile, smile.

Read our favorite book when it's time for bed.

And you smile on all the while.

You never seem to slow down
In the kitchen or in trial...

Wait, why is she in trial?

You know, like if your mom was like a court stenographer, or judge or something...

With every little thing you do, we humble brag.

You smile, smile, smile.

With every little thing you do, we humble brag.

You make us smile, smile, smile.



Lyrics by Ty Freedman. Adapted from "*Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit-Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile*" by George Henry Powell & Felix Powell.