

So they're the one at the top of the school,
And there very clever, not nobody's fool;
They are the head teacher who are called the principal,
Some say they're so tough, that they're almost invincible.

Now they check all the students and follow up the teacher,
Like some kind of God who speaks like a preacher;
Don't spare the rod or you'll spoil the child,
Some are quite meek and some quite mild.

You see principal's have principles and none are found lost,
Not stuck for a word no matter what cost;
They set all the rules for that misguided pupil,
And teach them to be smart and not abuse their true will.

Some are so bold that you shutter to think,
In case that one day it will turn round and link;
But my case is fought with my tongue and my pen,
As I learnt in the school, now I only know when.

Signed

Top marks