

The Rotten Apple

(Words and Music by Mark Wesling)

I was walking to school in the snow
When along came a terrible blow
From out of nowhere a snowball hit me
And behind a bush a boy laughed, “He, He, He”

(Chorus 1)

Oh, he’s such a rotten apple
With his meanness I (just) can’t grapple
I hope someday he’ll change his ways
‘Cause that’s no way to play
(That’s no way to play)

I was standing in the hall
He pulled my pigtail for no reason at all
Why does he always bother me?
Then run away laughing, “He, He, He”

(C1)

I was in the library reading my book
I looked over and that boy gave me a mean look
Then he ran behind the bookshelf
Laughing, “He, He, He”, like a mean little elf

(C1)

While in music class singing my notes
That boy put a note in my winter coat
I found it on my way home
It had such a different tone

(Chorus 2)

It said, “I am a rotten apple
Being nice is something I can’t grapple
Throwing snowballs at you and pulling your pigtails in the hall
Is really no way to play at all
I’m sorry, I’ll try to be nicer tomorrow
[Signed] The Rotten Apple”
(Huh, now what do you think of that?)

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Be the Bridge: Performed by Mark Wesling and Liza Kawaller

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