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Song for Senior Send-Off, to the Tune of "Charlie on the MTA"

Boston University School of Law Faculty

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*Song for Senior Send-Off, to the tune of
"Charlie on the MTA"*

: Let us tell you a story 'bout a Boston
law school
Where you've studied and laughed and played.
A great faculty
A great student body
Tallest law school in the U.S.A.

Well so much you have learned
And your JD's you've earned
Through your blood, your sweat, and your tears
You will rise forever
Through the world of law
We're your school
The rest of your years.

: Well the 1L's arrive at the B.U. law
school
On a sunny September day
They fidget in line
And get assigned their sections
"No classes on Fridays," they pray.

Well so much they will learn
As the pages they turn
While they ponder the legal unknown
And they'll ride forever
On the elevators
On the ones that never return.

: Now they study hard in their first year
classes
And are shamelessly Socratized
And they even write briefs
And outline each subject
As the 2L's are rolling their eyes.

Well, so much they will learn
As their lovers they spurn
While they suffer through their exams
And they'll sleep forever
When exams are over
And they vow, they'll never return.

: But in the Fall, they are in a clinic
Or they're giving moot court a look
And they hunt for jobs
And start new romances
But they're careful not to open a book.

Well, their stomachs churn
As they wait in turn
For employers to hear their job pitch
And they'll sleep forever
Interviews are over
And they stagger...through the Spring term.

: So the third year comes and the
seasoned students
Are insouciant and blasé.
But they work real hard
On their third year papers
"No more drafts, professor!" they pray.

Well so much they have learned about UCC
terms
And etiquette while on zoom ("you're muted")
How to draw fine lines
How to write real fine
How to lead...and own a room.

Now as faculty we proclaim sincerely
(arm forward)
That you've been a delight to teach
You've already left your mark
At B.U. Law School
And we know how far you'll reach.

Well so much you have learned
And your JD's you've earned
Through your blood, your sweat, and your tears.
You won't ride forever
On these elevators...(long break)
[SLOWLY:] But we hope you'll always return.