

# Pretty Good

by Charles Osgood  
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There once was a pretty good student  
Who sat in a pretty good class  
And was taught by a pretty good teacher  
Who always let pretty good pass.  
He wasn't terrific at reading,  
He wasn't a whiz-bang at math,  
But for him, education was leading  
Straight down a pretty good path.  
He didn't find school too exciting,  
But he wanted to do pretty well,  
And he did have some trouble with writing  
Since nobody taught him to spell.  
When doing arithmetic problems,  
Pretty good was regarded as fine.  
5+5 needn't always add up to be 10;  
A pretty good answer was 9.  
The pretty good class that he sat in  
Was part of a pretty good school,  
And the student was not an exception:  
On the contrary, he was the rule.  
The pretty good school that he went to  
Was there in a pretty good town,  
And nobody there seemed to notice  
He could not tell a verb from a noun.  
The pretty good student in fact was  
Part of a pretty good mob.  
And the first time he knew what he lacked was  
When he looked for a pretty good job.  
It was then, when he sought a position,  
He discovered that life could be tough,  
And he soon had a sneaking suspicion  
Pretty good might not be good enough.  
The pretty good town in our story  
Was part of a pretty good state  
Which had pretty good aspirations  
And prayed for a pretty good fate.  
There once was a pretty good nation  
Pretty proud of the greatness it had,  
Which learned much too late,  
If you want to be great,  
Pretty good is, in fact, pretty bad.