

My Friend Jake

by Barry Louis Polisar

I had a friend named Jake, he was a happy kid,
Everyone thought he was crazy though for doing what he did,
'Cause Jake he liked to travel, he loved to walk around,
But Jake didn't like convention, so he walked upside-down.
He got around okay I guess, though he walked kind of slow,
When he'd see me coming, he'd just wave his toe.
At school it was a problem; he never would stay put,
When other kids raised their hands, Jake would raise his foot.
Now Jake he had an uncle who had a Ph. D.
He said, "this boy is crazy--as crazy as can be."
But you know that Jake was happy and as crazy as this sounds,
He'd always say the normal way was upside-down.

Jake was always friendly and he didn't like to see folks frown;
He'd say, "An angry face is a smile when you're standing upside-down."
They took him to a doctor, they gave him lots of tests.
They asked him lots of questions and would not let him rest.
He finally agreed to change and got up from his seat.
Then he quickly flipped right up and landed on his feet.
His mother clapped, his father smiled, the doctor jumped for joy,
And Grandma started crying saying, "That's my boy."
Jake indeed had come around--he finally had been cured.
"The best success that I've had yet," the Doctor assured.

But then something happened when he saw things right-side up.
And in about two hours, Jake had had enough;
Everywhere people frowned and growled; it was hard to find a friend.
So Jake he did a turnabout and was upside down again.
He likes things much better that way, though its hard to get around,
But an angry face is still a smile when you're standing upside-down.
Now Jake might be different and it might be a mistake,
But I'd have to say the only one I know who's right-side up is Jake.
And now that he is happy again, as crazy as it sounds,
I'd have to say that the normal way is upside-down.