Thought I was afraid,

And was petrified,

My thinking Schactered all those

feelings that I had inside,

But then I changed the valence of

my emotions for this song

I grew strong,

AP psych had turned me on.

So now I'm here,

Ready to test,

And I know Pavlov’s UCR

And Little Albert’s UCS,

Bandura and his Bobo dolls;

Role-playing, Stanford, Dr. Z;

Milgram worked with obedience

Gestalt orders what I see

Chorus:

Cerebellum: Balances me

The limbic system’s

Hippocampus aids in memory

I guess we’ve come a long way since phrenology

I’ve used mnemonics,

Problem-solved heuristically

I know that I

Will earn a five

I know of modes and medians,

And the STM of Clive.

Operate with Piaget;

Reflex: fight or run away;

I’ll earn a five.

I’ll earn a five

Hey, Hey

Superego, ego, id

Brain plasticity

REM, alpha waves

Schema, stranger anxiety

And I’ve spent such a lot of nights

Hoping someday to understand

I used to sigh

But now the test is nigh

And so it’s true

Call me Freud two

I know Festinger and Watson and

Flashbulb memory, too.

And so I feel like standing up

To say to people close to me

That I’m using all my knowledge

I’m no pigeon. I can see …

Chorus:

Chorus: (coda: I will survive and earn a five)