一，二，一，二

你说一，我说二，课间就来了，快走。

你说二，我说一，拉钩，不许松手。

一步，两步，脚步踩在鼓点上。

一根，两根，跳绳甩成彩虹。

一个，两个，笑脸长在眼睛角上。

铃一响，我们跑出去，像两只麻雀飞出教室。

操场问我们玩什么，我们说你玩什么，我玩什么。

你踢毽子，我数数，一踢二踢，数到毽子累了。

我跳绳，你数数，一二三，四五六，数到数不清。

我绊住了，你扶我；你跑累了，我等你。

你渴了，我跑去饮水机；我忘了带杯子，你把你的分我一半。

半杯水，一口两口，水是甜的，像放了糖。

轮滑课上你摔了，我把你拉到栏杆边，你扶着栏杆学，我在后面扶着你的背。

美术课上你忘了带水彩，我把我的十二色推过去，你借了蓝色，我借了你的金色。

风刮过来，我们背对背站好，一人给一人挡风。

你的笑脸是圆的，像我们刚踢过的毽子。

我的笑脸是长的，像我们刚甩过的跳绳。

圆笑脸和长笑脸碰在一起，课间变成一串珠子。

一颗珠子，是你拉我起来的那一次；一颗珠子，是我等你的那一次。

一颗珠子，是我们分过一杯水；一颗珠子，是我们分过一副手套。

一颗珠子，是你把糖掰给我一半；一颗珠子，是我在车上给你留了座位。

下雨天也不能白过，我们挤在一把伞底下，你说一，我说二，雨点替我们打拍子。

考试前也不能白过，你把重点划给我看，我把错题讲给你听，一人一半，谁也不欠谁。

铃响了，我们数珠子，一二三，数出一大串。

把珠子串进书包，带回家给妈妈看。

妈妈问，这是谁呀？我们说，好朋友！

你说一，我说二，好朋友，不分离。

你说二，我说一，拉钩，走到下一个年级。

再多一步，再多两步，课间还没有结束。

再多一个笑脸，再多两个笑脸，留给明天的课间。

One, Two, One, Two

You say one, I say two, and the break is here, let us go.

You say two, I say one, hook fingers, and do not let go.

One step, two steps, our footsteps fall on the beat of a drum.

One rope, two ropes, the jump ropes swing into rainbows.

One smile, two smiles, the smiles grow at the corners of our eyes.

When the bell rings, we run out, like two sparrows flying out of the classroom.

The playground asks us what we play. We say, whatever you play, I play.

You kick the shuttlecock, I count, one kick, two kicks, counting until the shuttlecock is tired.

I jump rope, you count, one two three, four five six, counting until the numbers run out.

When I trip, you hold me up; when you are tired, I wait for you.

When you are thirsty, I run to the water fountain; when I forget my cup, you share half of yours with me.

Half a cup of water, one sip, two sips, the water is sweet, as if sugar were in it.

In roller-skating class you fall, and I pull you to the railing; you learn holding the railing, and I hold your back from behind.

In art class you forget your watercolors, and I push my twelve colors over to you; you borrow the blue, and I borrow your gold.

When the wind blows, we stand back to back, each one sheltering the other from the wind.

Your smile is round, like the shuttlecock we just kicked.

My smile is long, like the jump rope we just swung.

When the round smile and the long smile meet, the break turns into a string of beads.

One bead is the time you pulled me up; one bead is the time I waited for you.

One bead is the cup of water we shared; one bead is the pair of gloves we shared.

One bead is the candy you broke in half for me; one bead is the seat I saved for you on the bus.

Even a rainy day must not be wasted; we squeeze under one umbrella, you say one, I say two, and the raindrops beat time for us.

Even before an exam it must not be wasted; you mark the key points for me to read, and I explain the missed questions to you, half and half, nobody owing anybody.

The bell rings, we count our beads, one two three, and count out a long string.

We string the beads into the schoolbag and take them home to show Mother.

Mother asks, and who is this? We say, a good friend!

You say one, I say two, good friends, never apart.

You say two, I say one, hook fingers, all the way to the next grade.

One more step, two more steps, the break is not over yet.

One more smile, two more smiles, saved for the break of tomorrow.