

# High School

Jeremy Fisher

Bubble gum and house parties  
When you stole your parent's rum and  
Tried to screw everything that could breathe  
Back in high school  
We didn't have a whole lot to do and  
Watched the world go by on a television screen  
Said it's the nineties kids  
That's way out, this is way in  
Go beat each other up on the dance floor  
It told us drugs were no good but then we smoked 'em and  
Liked 'em so much we smoked a little more.  
We liked 'em so much we smoked a little more

Did I call your name, did you hear me  
Singing that song I wrote for you  
You're so the same, but you're so different  
I didn't recognize you

It's kinda hard with all that sexual confusion  
Sometimes you don't know if you're gay or straight  
But what's the difference, it's a wonderful delusion and  
Most times you won't make it past second base  
I'm in a band, we kinda suck  
But we don't know it yet and I don't care anyway  
Soon I'm gonna sell these drums, pay my rent, support my kid and  
Tell him all about way back in daddy's day  
I'll tell him all about way back in daddy's day

Some years later by a soda coolerator  
In the corner store back in my hometown, this stranger smiles at me  
He said remember the class of '93 and  
For some reason it makes him look real proud  
After all the good times he said we had he looks at me  
Scratches his head and asks me where the hell I ever went and  
The funny thing is, I never even knew him  
But he could've been any one of my high school friends

[Chorus]