

# Where Dreams Go To Die

## The Downtown Fiction

You breath hangs in the air.  
It's freezing, but the bus ain't there.  
You're wishing for someone to stop this.  
Back in class again,  
You feel just like an empty pen,  
Loss for words and void of purpose.

They cornered you, there's nowhere to get out.  
How? How?

They'll try to convince you  
and tell you that they're right.  
They'll break you and beat you  
and steal away your life.  
And tell you that you're nothing and they'll never get it right,  
But high school's the place where dreams go to die.

Teacher thinks you're rude  
Says, "I dont like your attitude".  
Well maybe you're just condescending  
But bring us up to follow rules  
And throw us all in cubic rooms  
But we're not gonna sit by idle.

We're getting out, we're gonna find our way  
Hey, hey.

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And tell you that you're nothing and they'll never get it right,  
But high school's the place where dreams go to die.

Well, we'll be more than they'll ever be  
Just bitter from their own failed dreams.  
They're desperate, and do anything to bring you down.  
Well, we'll do more than they ever did  
Talk down to some poor old kid.  
We are the ones, the ones who made it.

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and tell you that they're right.  
They'll break you and beat you  
and steal away your life.  
And tell you that you're nothing and they'll never get it right,  
But high school's the place where dreams,  
But high school's the place where dreams,  
But high school's the place where dreams go to die.