

Alligator Bop

A Great Big Pile Of Leaves

Friday afternoon would roll around after a week of catching up
on sleep,
That was missed from the weekend before.
Classtime was great for catching up on sleep.

We'd bomb right over to the donut shop to collect bags of whatever we could get our hands on,
It usually ended up to be an abundance that would start the night off.

The sound was like music,
We were a movie.

Then heading to the packie,
With hopes that a fake ID would be enough to make it a little more lively.

We'd drive around for hours with no direction and no goal except to act stupid,
And intertwine ourselves into situations to laugh about.