

Fast Times at Drop-Out High

Ataris

Alone at last. just nostalgia and I
we were sure to have a blast.
for you it was just another Sunday
in a small Indiana town.

I went by the place where you and I
wrote our names in wet cement
and for a moment remembered how it felt
to have no one understand that there's this dream
and they're not part of it. how soon we do forget.

The house was gone but the piano lingers on
and so does the fire that burned it to the ground.
you can take away all of my rights to see the day
but you can't take away my love for the day.

Then there's the time that you took me aside
and said I was not your only son
childhood is so fucked up.
I never had any closer friends
than the ones I had when I was young.
alone again just you and I
nostalgia wave goodbye.
I think it's time for me to go.

Every day I come by your house and I pick you up
We go out we have a few drinks
And a few laughs in the spring
You know what the best part of my day is?
For about 10 seconds from when I pull up to the curb to when I
get to your door
Cause I think maybe I'll get up there and knock on the door
And you won't be there
No goodbye, no see ya later no nothing
Just left
I don't know much but I know that