

Girls from High School

Ball Park Music

If I ball my heart, my soul
It doesn't mean my work will sell
But breakthroughs in modern science
Means that I can keep quite well

When my itch is fresh and oozing
Oh I can sit around for hours in a day

Holy are ghosts, and girls from high school
My phantom vibrations
And the sweet believing superstitious
Versions of myself
I never got to say goodbye
Never got to say goodbye

I like to watch you play
And dick around with your cameras babe
Like a song through the charts
Or the fat through your heart, thought I was moving on up

When my itch is fresh and oozing
Oh I can sit around for hours in a day

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Bye bye [x8]
Yeah