

The Soundtrack To My High School Years

Better Luck Next Time

This is the saddest state for those who can relate;
we'll line the streets and we'll push on today
This is a broken love song for those done in wrong;
we'll take on the worst of our fate
In 1999 when all was looking fine, I was so unaware;
I'm sure you've had your share
Every corner that you turn down leads nowhere

Me waiting for your call, it made no sense at all
The waste of time my heart has yet to find
Step outside to see it's raining all thru the night
(so get your feet wet, and change your mindset)

It won't be long now, that I found you
It won't be long, now that I figured you out

By now you've read thru letters with goodbye headers;
the art of the "so long, fuck you"
But come to find no meaning; you're just left thinking
"tomorrow will bring something new"
In 1998, the year I called the great,
I had the best of friends and little dead-end girlfriends
Breaking bottles contemplating how it ends