

# I Can't Wait

Good Clean Fun

Looking back now the summer of '88  
When hardcore was young and the shows were great  
The sky was the limit, the world was our stage  
The future so bright we had to wear shades

I can't wait until two thousand ten  
So we can relearn these songs and play them again and again!

I long for the days after we've had our fun  
When we will look back on what we have done  
We'll remember the dreams and all that it meant  
But all the memories in the world, they can't pay the rent

Two thousand one: we'll call it quits the band will be done  
Two thousand two: we'll sell our discography to you  
Two thousand three: we'll sit back and we'll count our money  
Two thousand four: two words