

Four Years Foreplay

I Set My Friends on Fire

There's a thing or two about high school that you need to know
We wish we had known this when we were freshmen

Watch out for freshmen Friday
The most dangerous day of the week
You thought you were excited for the weekend
But this is where your week ends

Four more years of obeying authority
Without question, don't reach super sighted
There's only one thousand four hundred sixteen pages left to read
It will be time to celebrate
When it's time to graduate

Whatever you do
Don't you ever bring a roller backpack to school
Because douchebag kids will kick them over
We don't see why though they're really convenient

If a girl gives you a smile
Don't be deceived
She wants you to father her child
And he's probably not even cute

The only thing good about high school
Is their super badass playgrounds
They have the best swings ever
I once jumped five feet in the air

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Without question, don't reach super sighted
There's only one thousand four hundred sixteen pages left to read
It will be time to celebrate
When it's time to graduate

To think how happy I was before I came
Running out of every room I walked in today
But the most miserable part
Is that it's only the first day

If highschool was compared to seeing your mom in a playboy magazine
Then maybe high school isn't that bad
Because that'd be the biggest boner killer in history
Unless she's hot