

High School

Jeremy Fisher

Bubble gum and house parties
When you stole your parent's rum and
Tried to screw everything that could breathe
Back in high school
We didn't have a whole lot to do and
Watched the world go by on a television screen
Said it's the nineties kids
That's way out, this is way in
Go beat each other up on the dance floor
It told us drugs were no good but then we smoked 'em and
Liked 'em so much we smoked a little more.
We liked 'em so much we smoked a little more

Did I call your name, did you hear me
Singing that song I wrote for you
You're so the same, but you're so different
I didn't recognize you

It's kinda hard with all that sexual confusion
Sometimes you don't know if you're gay or straight
But what's the difference, it's a wonderful delusion and
Most times you won't make it past second base
I'm in a band, we kinda suck
But we don't know it yet and I don't care anyway
Soon I'm gonna sell these drums, pay my rent, support my kid and
Tell him all about way back in daddy's day
I'll tell him all about way back in daddy's day

Some years later by a soda coolerator
In the corner store back in my hometown, this stranger smiles at me
He said remember the class of '93 and
For some reason it makes him look real proud
After all the good times he said we had he looks at me
Scratches his head and asks me where the hell I ever went and
The funny thing is, I never even knew him
But he could've been any one of my high school friends

[Chorus]