

# Middle School Frown

Josh Rouse

No it aint the way that your hair hangs down, and you dance like  
a clown

We just don't like you around

You were a New-Waver, it was 1983, I was new on the scene, I just  
wanted everyone to like me

So I told 'em that we're not friends and I thought you were weird,  
what a two-faced thing to do

And you held your head high,  
And you held your head high  
when you walked down my street, oh no

At my birthday party you just showed up, we were so stuck up, we  
just wanted to be mean

Yeah there goes that girl with the cheap guitar, she's a punk rock  
star, she's a dying art

And you held your head high,  
And you held your head high  
when you walked down my street,  
And you rolled your eyes to the sky,  
yeah you rolled your eyes to the sky,  
You don't feel a thing,  
And you held your head high,  
And you held your head high  
when you walked down my street, oh no

No it aint the way that your hair hangs down and you dance like  
a clown,

It's the middle school frown