

In three years, they'll all have careers,
And I can't deny my contempt.
For all the people that I know,
Who've all found somewhere else to go,
A place of education that seems, the overtaking me

But am I wasting all this precious time,
Feeling alive whilst postponing my life?
I know I'm wasted most of the time
I only care about one thing and that's giggin' life.

I don't want anything to do with you,
Non-descriptors and your first choice straight out of school.

This feeling is so strong,
Not sure where I belong
In the grand scheme of things.
And all my friends, they couldn't stay,
Packed up and moved away
Although that friendship I've outgrown,
I'm still alone.

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