

i remember my first day, in 6th grade elementary  
the teacher, then called me by my name  
she wore a summer dress, the next day wore a little less  
and still gave me a boner, just the same

i dropped my pencil on the floor, just to see if i could score  
the perfect view of her panties  
playing kickball in the yard, i sat and watched her from afar  
she was the perfect girl for me

but i don't know  
where all the seasons go  
the summer came and went too fast

but i know  
that i'm still feeling pretty low  
i still can't think about her less

i remember my last day, in 6th grade elementary  
the teacher asked to see me after class  
she tore her clothing off, her jugs were huge and very soft  
i woke up drooling on my desk

i'd pat erasers after school, tried to pretend that i was cool  
so we could spend some time alone  
she was almost 33, she said you're much too young for me  
now i harass her on the phone

i'm older now  
i cannot find  
a reason why, that i should  
just put aside  
my feelings there  
i've come undone and i'm still waiting  
for her to decide  
and i'm stating  
i can't tell you why, i can't give up