

Everyone I Went To High School With Is Dead

Mr. Bungle

Another summer rolls by
And I can't help but feel pain
All those familiar faces
Come back to haunt me again
Whether I hated their guts
Or hardly knew them at all
I always felt far away
Beside them there in the halls

My yearbook keeps me informed
My yearbook keeps me in line
Its an obituary
Gives me a concept of time
We've graduated and grown
From a real world once our own
Yet we have proven them wrong
By dropping off all along