

Where Dreams Go To Die

The Downtown Fiction

You breath hangs in the air.
It's freezing, but the bus ain't there.
You're wishing for someone to stop this.
Back in class again,
You feel just like an empty pen,
Loss for words and void of purpose.

They cornered you, there's nowhere to get out.
How? How?

They'll try to convince you
and tell you that they're right.
They'll break you and beat you
and steal away your life.
And tell you that you're nothing and they'll never get it right,
But high school's the place where dreams go to die.

Teacher thinks you're rude
Says, "I dont like your attitude".
Well maybe you're just condescending
But bring us up to follow rules
And throw us all in cubic rooms
But we're not gonna sit by idle.

We're getting out, we're gonna find our way
Hey, hey.

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But high school's the place where dreams go to die.

Well, we'll be more than they'll ever be
Just bitter from their own failed dreams.
They're desperate, and do anything to bring you down.
Well, we'll do more than they ever did
Talk down to some poor old kid.
We are the ones, the ones who made it.

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and tell you that they're right.
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and steal away your life.
And tell you that you're nothing and they'll never get it right,
But high school's the place where dreams,
But high school's the place where dreams,
But high school's the place where dreams go to die.