

Leavenhouse. 11:30.

The Wonder Years

I think it was 1999,
That seems about right.
Right where Maple and 8th Street collide.
I think it was at that place and time
We came to decide the next ten years of our lives.

I feel there were reasons why
'Cause I think we felt lost sometimes.
In overcrowded high schools.
We're just getting by.
So Brian sings "I am my own mountain."
I feel like I'm waiting for my time, my time.

Hey, we're complicated.
There's tables full of records and homemade zines and
Hey, we're underrated.
And though we weren't changing the world, it was the world to me.

In about six years, we'd evolved
And centered it all.
Right on second where Mitchell left off.

It was a cold October fall.
VFW hall.
Singing songs while my friends sang along.

Some days the cops get called,
But no, we won't knock this off.
We're diving off of pool tables, we're piling on.
And when we're cleaning up, VFW might get drunk.
He tells us about girls he got in Vietnam.
Best dude.

Hey, we're complicated.
There's tables full of records and homemade zines and
Hey, we're underrated.
And though we weren't changing the world, it was the world to me.

This town sounds dead when I come through, lately.
I can't forget the ways he shaped me.
When I come back, it's like I'm singing
"Last Chance Rhode Island" all over again.