

## My Last Semester

### The Wonder Years

I'm not sad anymore, I'm just tired of this place.  
The weight of the world be okay if it would pick a shoulder to lean on  
So I could stand up straight.

I'm not sad anymore, I'm just tired of this place.  
The homophobic bullshit that's somehow okay  
Just because you didn't mean it that way.

I can't take anymore of all the scum in this place.  
Shitty dudes with tribal tattoos all around,  
Lining up cheap beer and roofies for a party at their place.  
Trying to convince freshmen they're somebody  
By spending all of their parents' money on kegstands  
And Matt says I don't fit in.

All this mallrat goth shit is killing me.  
Thought that would end with high school at least.  
But there are still kids and Matt says  
"College hit those dudes like a ton of bricks."

So they're calling it blasphemy,  
A fucking catastrophe  
For saying it's a stupid choice to make.  
But this place just brings misery.  
I hate what it does to me.  
I fight, but I can't escape the way that I don't fit in with any of this.  
And I don't think we're the same.

I'm fucking losing my head trying to understand this.  
Kids outside with guitars hoping for someone to notice.  
No one wants to hear your sappy bullshit.

All these fake-tan girls laughing at art school kids  
Getting lots in return for being substance-less.  
You're too caught in semantics to see it,  
But you're no fucking different.

So they're calling it blasphemy,  
A fucking catastrophe  
For saying it's a stupid choice to make.  
But this place just brings misery.  
I hate what it does to me.  
I fight, but I can't escape the way that I don't fit in with any of this.  
And I don't think we're the same.

No.

I'm not sad anymore, I'm just waiting.  
It's two more months 'til I'm done with this.  
And I don't make sense to anyone but my best friends.  
And I don't fit in anywhere but the back of the van.