

Late out the door, grab my clothes off the floor,
backpack and books cause school is a chore
Coming straight out the block, punk rock ain't no shock,
blue hair everywhere cause we got the stock
Slide by all the narcs, as the late alarm barks,
take a nap in the class on a film about sharks
Try to make my way through, but it's all I can do,
cause I keep coming back and all I think about is you

Didn't want to go, didn't want to stay, didn't want to lie by my side
I don't really care cause I'll still be there swallowing my pride
Someday I'm going to be there

Step out in the hall, with the girls dressed like dolls,
and the burn-outs are baked as they step out the stalls
See the games that they play, cause they practice all day,
and the more that I see the less I have to say but
It's a quarter to ten, by your locker again,
cause I know you'll be coming round the corner with your friend
Try to make my way through, but it's all I can do,
cause I keep coming back and all I think about is you

Listen when I say
Today is the day
And I'm on my way

See you when you're wandering by
And you still catch my eye
Blow my mind
Cause my face you won't recognize

I know that it's crazy, how you seem to phase me,
when nothing else matters but that all escapes me
This is a new trip, got to get a better grip,
a day in the life and you know I'm going to take it
And then you turn and walk away, before I have a chance to say,

I know that you can make this all okay
Try to make my way through, but it's all I can do,
cause I keep coming back and all I think about is you