

Ataris, Fast Times At Drop-Out High

Ataris

End Is Forever

Fast Times At Drop-Out High

alone at last. just nostalgia and I

we were sure to have a blast.

for you it was just another sunday

in a small indiana town.

I went by the place where you and I

wrote our names in wet cement

and for a moment remembered how it felt

to have no one understand that there's this dream

and they're not part of it. how soon we do forget.

the house was gone but the piano lingers on

and so does the fire that burned it to the ground.

you can take away all of my rights to see the day

but you can't take away my love for the day.

then there's the time that you took me aside

and said I was not your only son

childhood is so fucked up.

I never had any closer friends

than the ones I had when I was young.

alone again just you and i

nostalgia wave goodbye.

I think it's time for me to go.