

Ataris, Fast times at dropout 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.