

Blaine Larsen, In My High School

In my high school we separate the rich from the rest
Those who wear rags from those who only wear the best
And in my high school they hold assemblies for the football team
But never for the kids with different dreams

We've got jocks, we've got smokers, rednecks and jokers
There's a category for us all
And we struggle with our homework, our teachers and their rules
Yeah, they think we're just adolescent fools

In my high school there's some who think they're tough as they can be
But when I look in their eyes all I see is insecurity
And in my high school there's who'll wait and then there's some who won't
Some who cross those lines and some that don't

We've got outcasts, we've got rebels, mostly saints, sometimes devils
You see them walking up and down the hall
And they struggle with their boyfriends, their girlfriends, and their math
And they long for the bell that gets them out of class... in my high school

We laugh, we cry, we fall, we fly
And sometimes we wonder why we're even here
We pass, we fail, and only time will tell
If we'll ever make it through these teenage years

In my high school there's some who study for their entrance exams
Some who just want to play guitar in some rock and roll band
And in my high school the seniors just cannot wait for June
But they don't realize that we grow up way too soon
They'll be doctors, they'll be lawyers, teachers and warriors
They'll live out their dreams big and small
And they'll struggle with their jobs, their husbands, and their wives
And they'll talk about the best days of their lives... In my high school

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