

Guster, Homecoming King

On your way to the best years of your life
Everyone's banging on their gongs
The sooner you leave the sooner you're home
Back in Massachusetts
To your golden age where they tuck you in at night
You didn't see it coming
Now who you gonna wave to?
This time you're not homecoming king
Did you hear that?
Have you heard that sound before?
Do you even know where it is coming from?
Its getting too loud
It keeps on pushing you out
Into the arms of 1994
You didn't see it coming
Now who you gonna wave to?
You're not homecoming king
You stand on your own
wasn't what you hoped at all
Do you still recall it,
giving dead-arms in the hall?
Stay right where you are
You'll be half of who you were
When you always would win
So count the days till you give in
Back to massachusetts
To your golden age where your crown is shining bright
You didn't see it coming
Now who you gonna wave to?
This time you're not homecoming king
Did you see it coming?
Now who you gonna wave to?
This time you're not homecoming king