

Mr. Bungle, Everyone I Went To Highschool With

Another summer rolls by
And I can't help but feel pain
All those familiar faces
Come back to haunt me again
Whether I hated their guts
Or hardly knew them at all
I always felt faraway
Beside them there in the halls
My yearbook keeps me informed
My yearbook keeps me in line
It's an obituary
Gives me a concept of time
We've graduated and grown
From a real world once our own
Yet we have proven them wrong
By dropping off all along