

Pencey Prep, Eighth Grade

Caught staring again,
Like a deer in headlights.
When I can't move fast enough,
I take a hit for the team.

Pretty girl is blushing,
I can't tell if she's disgusted.
Laughter starts to swell.
Someone gets the joke.

Bell rings, I make my escape,
It helps a little but doesn't save.
Beat down's a common thing.
It happens everyday.
Maybe I'm just strange,
Cause I don't change schools.
So maybe I like the abuse,
Or maybe I'm just like you.

Another confrontation,
You've got something to prove.
Your girl can't tell how tough you are
When you beat me up in the boy's room.

I made a big mistake,
But I can't help who I like.
This may not cost my life,
But I'm branded forever lame.
This was not my decision
You were born with good looks
And a solid right hook.
Whining makes no difference.

You bruised my eye.
It doesn't hurt at all.
One day I'll rise above,
And you will take the fall (motherfucker!)
I may be beat today,
But I will survive.
I'll get up off the ground,
Stand tall and fight.
My eyes don't hurt at all.
I'd rather die than be your whipping boy.

School year's almost over.
Summer's one day closer.
Summer's one day closer.
Summer's one day closer.

As God as my witness,
I will never be a victim again.