

# The Matches, The Jack Slap Cheer

Conversations with my bathroom mirror  
are never the same  
as when you're standing here  
I'm chickenshit out on a brave frontier,  
That teenage wasteland  
so begins the Jack Slap Cheer  
Your mom aint home  
she's out strippin for your education  
Your dad's out marchin for the NRA  
I'm so damn bored  
I'm crawlin out of my skin  
The devil's got more room to play

This town gets so boring  
when you're not scoring  
It gets so boring and you live right up the street  
16 summers, let's make one complete

We're all Jack Slaps here  
Jack Slaps, with Jack Slap fears  
All lost on the same frontier  
so face the facts and sing the Cheer  
Your dad stepped out  
He's .09 and on the highway  
singin along with the Rolling Stones  
I can't get no satisfaction  
damn, ain't that true  
Bring me home, don't send me home

This town gets so boring  
When you're not scoring