

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