

# Bayside, Chemistry

This must be the place.  
I can tell by your glare.  
I wouldn't touch you on a dare.  
Seven months to June and even then, so what?  
My mouth is open, my book is shut.  
My air guitar is out of tune.  
My stupid hair is so '82 to you.  
At least I don't fit in.  
Corner me in Chemistry.  
It's all just simple math to me.  
Call me your names.  
Make them stick.  
I'll laugh until I am sick.  
Glad that that's all through.  
Got better friends to do.  
Just can't remember where I left them.  
I'll see you all in class.  
Not if I ditch first.  
Expect the best, accept the worst.  
Walk until your blush subsides.  
Drink beneath the 405 in the ivy and think about that girl.  
Two grades below.  
She pierced her nose way before it was cool.  
Some older guy with a motorbike picks her up after school.  
This school's a living hell.  
I work and don't get paid.  
I smoke a lot but can't get laid.  
Sit and stare, it's all we do.  
All my friends are broken, too.  
We're just waiting. Waiting to begin.