

# Chris Mars, Skipping School

Chris Mars  
Miscellaneous  
Skipping School

This food for thought is clogging my trap.  
Principal's looking ready to snap.

Dazed by the slow clock time to choose.  
Too tired to sit fishing for clues.  
Our hollow heads, if bent might break.  
Our teacher's breath could make us faint.  
Einstein, I ain't.

Bound for detention, tardy again.  
This idiot's last chance is spent.

So come on we ain't got much to lose.  
Besides some books and blackboard blues.  
Meet down the alley before school.  
There'll be some beers maybe some tunes.  
Come on you fools.

A loser's holiday is what is needed here.  
Maybe three days every week.  
While all the burnt out teachers, mopey teens all stare  
At their feet,  
Yeah, yeah yeah.

(Instrumental Break)

My little skull is splitting from facts.  
Let's find a hole and slip through the cracks.

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Our hollow heads, if bent might break.  
Our teacher's breath could make us faint.

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Besides some books and blackboard blues.  
Meet down the alley before school.  
There'll be some beers maybe some tunes.  
Come on you fools.

(Instrumental Climax)