Josh Rouse, Middle School Frown

No it ain't the way that your hair hangs down And you dance like a clown We just don't like you around

You were a new waver, it was 1983 I was new on the scene I just wanted everyone to like me

So I told them that we're not friends And I thought you were weird What a two-faced thing to do

And you held your head high Yeah you held your head high When you walked down my street Oh no

My birthday party you just showed up We were so stuck up We just wanted to be mean

Yeah there goes that girl with the cheap guitar She's a punk rock star She's a dying art

And you held your head high Yeah you held your head high When you walked down my street

And you rolled your eyes to the sky Yeah you rolled your eyes to the sky And you don't feel a thing

And you held your head high Yeah you held your head high When you walked down my street Oh no

No it ain't the way that your hair hangs down And you dance like a clown It's the middle school frown