

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