

Juliana Theory, Duane Joseph

Tell your mom you need a day off
so we can play out in the rain
we'll catch a ride to the mall
go down to the arcade
cause that's where all the cool kids play

tell your mom you need a day off
cause I dont feel like school today
we'll ride our boards down the hill
and to the playground
where everythings ok

tell your mom we will be home late
cause building cabins in the woods is hard work

you always know that I'll be there
Cause I'm the type,
and you'll be near
my closest friend,
we'll always be
You are a hometown kid like me

Tell your mom to make us lunch now
cause we worked up an appetite

G.I.
Joes and karate matches in the back yard
where everything's alright

now I can see that things have changed
we've gone our seperate ways now

and it's not you and me
anymore,
whoa...

why can't it be the way it was
when they were us...
my closest friends have turned and fled
you are a million miles away

and I guess I'll hold my breath
(there is no harm for hoping for change)
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And I guess I'll hold my breath...