

Ryan Montbleau, Substitute Teacher Blues

My calloused finger tips
Are covered with chalk.
And my hippie van sticks out like a sore thumb
In the faculty parking lot.
I sign an autograph at night time
And a bathroom pass by day.

And my skin smells like smoke
Soaked in from the night before.
And little high-school kids are laughing at the sight of me
As I walk on through the door.

I sign an autograph at night time
And a bathroom pass by day.
But as I sit there hunched over someone else's desk,
I hang my head and whisper, and this is what I say:

I want to get the hell out of my high school.
I'm gonna scream at the top of my lungs.
No, I don't know why your teacher is absent,
Sit down and get your work sheet done.

My skin smells like smoke
Soaked in from the night before.
And I get self-conscious looking at pretty little 16-year old girls
And trying not to look at them as they walk through the door.
I sign an autograph at night time
And I'm'.starting to feel like'a pedophile by day'.(ahem)

But as I sit there hunched over somebody else's desk
I hang my head and whisper and this is what I say:

I want to get the hell out of my high school.
I'm gonna scream at the top of my lungs.
No, I don't know why your teacher is absent,
Sit down and get your work sheet done.

I'd like to see John Mayer do this shit.
He'd probably run through those double doors.
Substitute teacher with the bar gigs at night time,
I guess we'll see what all this time is for.
I guess we'll see what all this time is for'