## School For The Dead, Pick A Gripe

There she goes Look at her I can't wait for much longer

Who's that guy
That she's with
He looks like me, only stronger
There's a collection of gripes in my hat

Pick a gripe Any gripe Pick a friend, friends forever

Look at her She's my type Very cute, very clever There's a series of doubts to destroy

We were laughing, we were waiting What else is there to do You had trouble, concentrating I had trouble too We're so busy celebrating I forgot to celebrate you

Your biggest regret is in your hands I'll never forget or understand

There's a line I could cross But instead, I stare at it

Cause what was mine
Had been lost
I was fine, she had had it
There's a collision of clouds overhead

We were laughing, we were waiting What else is there to do You had trouble, concentrating I had trouble too We're so busy celebrating I forgot to celebrate you

Your biggest regret is in your hands I'll never forget or understand