

Screeching Weasel, Hangin Around

I walked around alone last night and
tried to look at people like I did back then
I kinda wanted just to hang out
remind myself what it was all about again
everything i thought i'd shattered
and left laying there that didn't matter
every now and then comes back to my eyes

Moving in a new direction
I know if you're not getting better you're getting worse
but watching everybody else it's
getting harder to remind myself of what i've learned
relying on another lame religion
to validate our arrogant traditions
and any day we're gonna wonder
why we've been left behind

This girl came up to me and said i think my teacher
used to go to school with you and she was right
and if for just a second i take off these colored glasses
i can see it might just be a waste of time
and I don't know

Every day that passes it gets
easier to walk off and it seems alright
and every day another person
i used to call my friend just disappears from sight
now i see that i'm alone just like i
always was from the beginning and i
think maybe that's the reason i'm not hanging around

i see your face and wonder where you'll be
five years from now and what it really
means to you inside
i can't explain the reasons why i
can't hang out and bide my time
it just keeps going on and on
and on and on and I Don't Know