

Screeching Weasel, Hanging Around

I walked around alone last night
and tried to look at people like I did back then
I kinda wanted to just hang out
remind myself what it was all about
about everything I thought
I 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 everyday that passes
it gets easier to walk off and it seems alright
and everyday another person I used to call my friend
just dissapears from sight
now I see that I'm all 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 on and I don't know