

Ten Foot Pole, School

I'm going to tell you a story
About what I did all day
The story's about my old school
And there's not too much to say

I came from a school surrounded by fences
The unbearable stench dulling my senses
Walkie talkie ladies guarded the grounds
Stupid jocks and preppies ran all around

I wrote my name on the bathroom wall
Six teachers walked me down the hall
The principal's office is where I sat
He beat me over the head with a baseball bat
Got to get away
Glad I got away