

The Arrogant Sons Of Bitches, November Rain

It seems we've made no progress within the last 12 years
because deadlines and tests and fucked up kids
have transformed high school into a house of fears.
And if the budget keeps blocking sunlight we can't help these growing trees.
And I doubt that the integral of blah blah blah is what I fucking need.
So I'll take my pencil, break it on my head.
There's no use in knowing how long Calvin Coolidge's been dead
If you're not getting real education go complain
because we deserve all that we want.
Term papers declare them useless, I'll get them off the net.
I don't remember a single thing my 8th grade teachers said
except the propagandist dittos they told me to read.
Such a paucity of free thought. I must believe what they believe.
So I'll take those dittos and burn them till they're dead.
Hooray for Operation Desert Storm is what they said.
On my Brit Lit quizzes I just guessed. I'll believe everything I want.
In school they constantly reminded me
that I wasn't smart enough and that I wasn't cool.
In school they rarely tell you there's more to life than school.
Well I learned how to add and anti-differentiate.
Well I learned the formula for Sodium Benzoate.
Well I learned the 1 chord to the 5 is a half cadence.
I learned how to ask how to piss in English and Spanish.
We have to take some time to just forget about our classes.
Seize the day it doesn't matter if we fall on our asses.
Cause you'll learn that $g=9.8$ and $w=mg$
But I rarely get a thing from class that helps me become me.
So raise your hand high, say what you wanna say.
And if they condemn and fail you you will still be ok.
Just be yourself and succeed anyway.
I'm afraid of not doing what I want.