The Juliana Theory, Duane Joseph

Tell your mom you need a day off
So we can play out in the rain
We'll catch a ride to the mall.
Go down to the arcade
Cuz that's where all the cool kids hang.

Tell your mom you need a day off
Cuz I don't feel like school today
We'll ride our boards down the hill
And to the playground
Where everything's okay.
Tell your mom that we'll be home late,
Cuz building cabins in the woods is hard work

You always know that I'll be there
Cuz summer time is coming near
My closest friend you'll always be
You are a home town kid like me..

Tell your mom to make us lunch now
Cuz we worked up an appetite
G.I. Joes and Karate matches in the backyard
Where everything's all right
Now I can see that things have changed
We've gone our separate ways now
And it's not you and me anymore..

Why can't it be the way it was
Where pain was only plastic guns
My closest friend I couldn't see
You are a million miles away

And I guess I'll hold my breath
There is no harm in hoping for change
(3x)

And I guess I'll hold my breath..