

Two Thirty Eight, Sad Semester

I feel myself getting sick,
when summer ends and school begins.
Oh how the desks begin to dig in my back.
A sad semester encroaches.
All the teachers and the coaches weren't tolerant
of individuals who made up their own minds.

I made mine too.
'Cause I'm through.

(spoken)
Hey! What am I doing here?
I have things to do, there's life outside -
and I'm stuck inside this classroom.

The loners become cops
they grow more lonely in their squad cars.
I find it funny how the all-stars
are all old & fat.
The cheerleaders have babies,
with houses and husbands.

They should have known