

Young Kristeen, (Don't Go) Back To School

When you walked in I barely knew it was you;
Your neon shades paled by the beige haze of school.
In your head the same subjects as everyone else.
It's okay. It's what you're supposed to think about.
You don't have to go back.
There are other courses of attack.
It's hard to think of something new.
But rebel, rebel, Don't go back to school.
Remember when we drove through the night from Columbia
Screaming our favorite songs at the top of our lungs?..
Or when you said you'd changed your eyes to green,
And all you had to do was say it and believe?
Save yourself while you still can.
This could be your last chance.
It's hard to dodge the ubiquitous view,
But rebel, rebel, Don't go back to school.
Please, stay here with me.
We'll arm ourselves with creativity.
It's something I shouldn't ask of you,
But rebel, rebel, Don't go back to...
Radical, radical, Don't go back to...
Riot, riot, Don't back to school.