

## Varsity, The "Miss April Miss Practical"

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Turning 18 never felt so good,  
Staying up past 4 if i could  
Remembering those nights  
Because they always felt so right.

Playing cops and robbers  
With that kid across the street  
Always getting beat,  
Now we're throwing fists  
While we're watching cars  
Because we're standing on old broken seats.

Well what do you think of me now?  
All we gotta do is get you out of here.  
Let's talk a little less and maybe drink a little more.  
Not gonna let it, not gonna let it go,  
Tell them all we're shooting up and on them.  
Windows down we gotta get out this town.  
Not gonna let it, not gonna let go,  
Windows down we gotta get out of this town.

I'm better all grown up, I'm smarter.  
My life is a on a roll  
Now i think that i'm better on my own.  
I know i'm gonna shoot for the moon  
And even if i miss i'll still land among the stars.  
Crowd stall tall with conversation,  
That leaves you sitting with your head down.

Say Chris bet me these 4 last dollar bills she had me at  
hello.

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