

238

"Sad Semester"

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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.

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