

## Dropout Year "Confetti"

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As she tries,  
To maintain her innocence,  
It's her word against theirs,  
With everything that they've said,  
They've got her running from,  
The few left that care.

Rumors consume her,  
From the edge of her bed,  
Out of the lips of her friends,  
The night before,  
Behind closed doors,  
Her clothes were spread,  
On the bedroom floor.

She's got some secrets,  
She hoped they'd keep keeping,  
Locked tightly behind closed doors,  
She's got some secrets,  
She hoped they'd keep keeping,  
But those secrets aren't hers anymore.

She's the talk of the town now,  
Since words got out that she's been around,  
And that her friends left her for dead and said,  
It's nothing personal,  
We've got an image to protect.

She wakes up to the resounding sound of silence,  
She lost every friend she thought she could confide in.

Hormones raging,  
Her heartbeats racing,  
He slips her a drink and she slips into bed,  
Hormones raging,  
Her heartbeats racing,  
That night she lost sight of what's wrong and what's  
right.

She dug her own grave as her friends pushed the dirt,  
She'd never say but that hurt her the worst,  
To be betrayed was the last thing she thought would

come first,  
Come first.

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Her heartbeats racing,  
He slips her a drink and she slips into bed,  
Hormones raging,  
Her heartbeats racing,  
That night she lost sight of what's wrong and what's  
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