

Blaine Larsen

"In My High School"

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In my high school, we separate the rich from the rest
Those who wear rags from those who only wear the
best
And in my high school, they hold assemblies for the
football team
But never for the kids with different dreams

And we've got jocks and we've got smokers, rednecks
and jokers
There's a category for us all
And we struggle with our homework, our teachers and
their rules
Yeah, they think we're adolescent fools

In my high school, there's some who think they're
tough as they can be
But when I look in their eyes, all I see is insecurity
And in my high school, there's some who'll wait
Then there's some who won't
Some that cross those lines and some that don't

We've got outcasts and we've got rebels
Mostly saints sometimes devils
You see them walkin' up and down the hall
And they struggle with their boyfriends, their
girlfriends and their maths
And they long for the bell that gets them out of class

In my high school

We laugh, we cry
We fall, we fly
Sometimes we wonder why we're even here?
We pass, we fail
And only time will tell
If we'll ever make it through these teenage years

In my high school, there's some who study for their
entrance exams
Some who just wanna play guitar in some rock 'n roll
band
And in my high school, the seniors just cannot wait for

June

But they don't realize that we grow up way too soon

They'll be doctors, they'll be lawyers, teachers and
warriors

And they'll live out their dreams, big and small

And they'll struggle with their jobs, with their husbands
and their wives

And they'll talk about, the best days of their lives

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