

Josh Ritter

"Middle School Frown"

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No it aint the way that your hair hangs down, and you
dance like a clown
We just don't like you around

You were a New-Waver, it was 1983, I was new on the
scene, I just wanted everyone to like me

So I told 'em that we're not friends and I thought you
were wierd, what a two-faced thing to do

And you held your head high,
And you held your head high
When you walked down my street, oh no

At my birthday party you just showed up, we were so
stuck up, we just wanted to be mean

Yeah there goes that girl with the cheap guitar, she's a
punk rock star, she's a dying art

And you held your head high,
And you held your head high
When you walked down my street,
And you rolled your eyes to the sky,
Yeah you rolled your eyes to the sky,
You don't feel a thing,
And you held your head high,
And you held your head high
When you walked down my street, oh no

No it aint the way that your hair hangs down and you
dance like a clown,
Its the middle school frown

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