

Two Thirty Eight (Two Thirtyeight) "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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