

Without A Face "Jr. High Emo"

Visit "[Jr. High Emo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

1, 5, 12, BANANA!
I am in 6th grade
I want a girlfriend
Call it a status symbol kind of thing
A girl would define me
She would remind me
That life after all has meaning
So I see you in gym class
Hall monitor's sash
And my studded belt on my tight girl jeans
Baby don't dump me
My heart will get bumpy
And then, I let out an emo scream

I hate my life
I hate my life
I hate my
Jr. High emo don't cry
Your life will turn out alright

I am in 6th grade
Baby I'm fragile
My feelings are even more so
On you I'm depending
To make me happy
You are, you're my only hope
So I see you in detention
Or in school suspension
From the time they caught you and me holding hands
I see you staring at the quarterback
Now I know I no longer have a chance

I hate my life
I hate my life
I hate my life (Jr. High emo don't cry)
Oh junior you don't have to die
Life is still worth living
Learn to start giving
Learn to let others speak
And too look further down the road than just a couple
of weeks
You best love your life

Even though itâ€™s Jr. High
Just live your life
Itâ€™ll turn out just fine

Jr. High emo
Jr. High emo
Itâ€™s only Jr. High (Jr. High emo)
Only Jr. High (Jr. High emo)
Why? Whyâ€™d you break up with me?
Why?

Visit [Without A Face](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.