

Paul Colman "The Reunion"

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I got an invitation mama poked it under my door
This castle's my fortress these four walls
Seems we been invited
To justify the things we've done
Been invited to my high school reunion
And I walked through the door there's Sarah
She still wears her smile like a party invitation
She's just older and sadder
She carries suitcases under her eyes
I'm standing empty handed
Have grown or did I slide?
Childhood's such a great time
Shame to waste it on a child
And I stare at the door Mr Baker he died
The man I cursed he was my history teacher
Right now I'd like to ask him his middle name
And the names of his children
Mr Baker I'm a history teacher
I stand face to face with you
You're my enemy my maitre de
You buried in my head
And coloured all the things I've said
But its time to take your head
And never settle down to running around
Rejection, rejection
I bind your name I bind your name
So I took my invitation
And the freedom that I'd won
And I headed from high school reunion

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