

## Two Thirty Eight

### "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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