

David Melillo**"This Is 2005"**

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Your shirts are pressed
Your words are planned
Your jeans are ripped
Your skin is tan
And like the cancer in your hands
You've plagued this town with schemes and plans
It makes me sick that they can't see
Your own predictive irony
You're at your peak and that's just fine
You take your moment; I'll take mine

I'd like to believe the best of me
Is something I have yet to see
Cos working at dead-end jobs and skipping class
And spending hours on my ass
Just doesn't sound like any fun to me

I hate to judge, but I can't stop
Unless you step off your soapbox
Cos it's caving in and you can't tell
You're busy checking out yourself
Oh, you're so deep; your taste is sheik
But we both know that talk is cheap
It matters least the words you shout
If you don't know what's coming out

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Is something I have yet to see
Cos working at dead-end jobs and skipping class
And spending hours on my ass
Just doesn't sound like any fun to me

It's senior year and we're all down
Of getting out of this old town
You're staying back, you'd rather stop
Cos at this moment you're on top
The years will pass; we'll all come through
And you'll be right just where we left you
You'll realize you weren't so cool
And that we're all so over high school

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