

## **Juliana Theory, The "Duane Joseph"**

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Tell your mom you need a day off  
So we can play out in the rain  
We'll catch a ride to the mall.  
Go down to the arcade,  
Cuz thats where all the cool kids hang.  
Tell your mom you need a day off  
cuz I don't feel like school today  
We'll ride our boards down the hill  
And  
To the play ground, where everythings okay.  
Tell your mom that we'll be home late,  
Cuz building cabins in the woods is hard work..  
You always know,  
That I'll be there,  
Cuz Summer time,  
Is Coming Near,  
My closet friend,  
You'll always be,  
You are a,  
Home Town Kid Like Me..  
Tell your mom to make us lunch now

Cuz we worked up an appetite  
G.I. Joes and Karate matches in the backyard  
Where everything's all right  
Now I can see that things have changed  
We've gone our separate ways now  
and it's not you and me anymore..  
Why can't it be,  
The way it was,  
Where pain was,  
Only plastic guns,  
My closet friend,  
I couldn't see,  
You are,  
A Million Miles away  
And I guess I'll hold my breath  
There is no harm in hoping for change  
(X 3)  
And I guess I'll hold my, breath

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