

In My High School

Blaine Larsen

In my High School, we separate the rich from the rest.
Those who wear rags from those who only wear the best.
An' in my High School, they hold assemblies for the football team,
But never for the kids with different dreams. An' we've got jocks and we've got smokers,
rednecks an' jokers:
There's a category for us all.
An' we struggle with our homework, our teachers an' their rules.
Yeah, they just think we're adolescent fools. In my High School, there's some who think they're
tough as they can be.
But when I look in their eyes, all I see is
insecurity.
An' in my High School, there's some who'll wait, then there's some who won't.
Some that cross those lines an' some that don't.
We've got outcasts an' we've got rebels; mostly
saints, sometimes devils:
You see them walkin' up an' down the hall.
An' they struggle with their boyfriends, their
girlfriends an' their maths,
An' they long for the bell that gets them out of
class. In my High School. We laugh, we cry;
We fall, we fly.
Sometimes we wonder why we're even here.
We pass, we fail;
An' only time will tell,
If we'll ever make it through these teenage years. In my High School, there's some who study
for their entrance exams.
Some who just wanna play guitar in some rock 'n roll band.
An' in my High School, the seniors just cannot wait for June.
But they don't realise that we grow up way too soon.
They'll be doctors, they'll be lawyers; teachers an' warriors,
An' they'll live out their dreams, big and small.
And they'll struggle with their jobs; with their
husbands an' their wives,
An' they'll talk about "the best days of their lives", In my High School.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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