

High School Yearbook

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Ever think about your high school friends
All the kids that you knew back when
If you'd pass'em on the street today
You just might see they've gone a different way
Lovely Linda was a friend of mine
Dressed to kill she always looked sure fine
We all thought she was a star back then
Now she's entertaining businessmen
But she's doin' what she wants to
Macho Johnny from around the block
Always had that funky walk
Now he's wearing little sister clothes
Wrapped up in a world of pantyhose
But he's doin' what he wants to
Gonna have a good time (gonna have a good time)
Wooh oh
Little Four-Eyes was the teacher's pet
Stacks of books and his chemistry set
Now he's a rancher down in ol' Brazil
Mixes powders making little pills
But he's doin' what he wants to
Cause it makes him feel fine
Paid for the ticket
Might as well take a ride
The rest of them were born to tears
Or hiding fears and never broke away
Wimpy Andy was a punching bag
Screamed and hollered he was such a drag
Now you hear him on the radio
Sings songs and playing rock & roll
Rock & roll, rock & roll, rock & roll
Doin' what he wants to
Gonna have a good time
Paid for the ticket
Might was well take a ride, take a ride
Well he's doin' what he wants to (doin' what he wants to)
Gonna have a good time
Doin' what he wants to (doin' want he wants to)
Gonna have a good time (have a good, have a good time)
Doin' what he wants to
He's gonna have a good time
Hey