

# 8th Grade

## Pencey Prep

Caught staring again  
Like a deer in the headlights  
When I can't move fast enough  
I take a hit for the team  
Pretty girl is blushing  
I can't tell if she's disgusted  
Laughter starts to swell  
Like someone gets the joke Bell rings  
I make my escape  
It helps a little  
But doesn't save  
Beat down's a common thing  
It happens every day  
Maybe I'm just strange  
Cause I don't change schools  
Maybe I like the abuse  
Or maybe I'm just like you Another confrontation  
You've got something to prove  
Your girl can't tell how tough you are  
When you beat me up in the boy's room  
I made a big mistake  
But I can't help who I like  
This may not cost my life  
But I am branded forever lame  
This was not my decision  
You were born with good looks  
And a solid right hook  
Whining makes no difference  
You bruised my eye  
It doesn't hurt at all  
One day I'll rise above  
And you will take a fall  
I may be beat today  
But I will survive  
I'll get up off the ground  
Stand tall and fight  
My eyes don't hurt at all  
I would rather die  
Than be your whipping boy School year's almost over

Summer is one day closer  
As God is my witness  
I will never be a victim again

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