Duane Joseph

The Juliana Theory

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
'Cause that's where all the cool kids play
Tell your mom you need a day off
'Cause I don't feel like school today
We'll ride our boards down the hill
And to the playground
Where everything's okay
Tell your mom we will be home late
'Cause building cabins in the woods is hard work
You always know that I'll be there
'Cause I'm the type and you'll be near
My closest friend, we'll always be
You are a hometown kid like me
Tell your mom to make us lunch now
'Cause we worked up an appetite
G.I. Joes and karate

Matches in the back yard
Where everything's alright
Now I can see that things have changed
We've gone our separate ways now
And it's not you and me
Anymore
Whoa
Why can't it be the way it was
When they were us
My closest friends have turned and fled
You are a million miles away
And I guess I'll hold my breath
There is no harm for hoping for change
And I guess I'll hold my breath
There is no harm in hoping for change
And I guess I'll hold my breath
There is no harm in hoping for change
And I guess I'll hold my breath

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