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
And in my high school, they hold assemblies for the football team
But never for the kids with different dreamsAnd we've got jocks and we've got smokers, rednecks and jokers
There's a category for us all
And we struggle with our homework, our teachers and their rules
Yeah, they think we're adolescent foolsIn 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
And in my high school, there's some who'll wait
Then there's some who won't
Some that cross those lines and some that don'tWe've got outcasts and we've got rebels
Mostly saints sometimes devils
You see them walkin' up and down the hall
And they struggle with their boyfriends, their girlfriends and their maths
And they long for the bell that gets them out of classIn my high schoolWe laugh, we cry
We fall, we fly
Sometimes we wonder why we're even here?
We pass, we fail
And only time will tell
If we'll ever make it through these teenage yearsIn my high school, there's some who study for their entrance exams
Some who just wanna play guitar in some rock 'n roll band
And in my high school, the seniors just cannot wait for June
But they don't realize that we grow up way too soonThey'll be doctors, they'll be lawyers, teachers and warriors
And they'll live out their dreams, big and small
And they'll struggle with their jobs, with their husbands and their wives
And they'll talk about, the best days of their livesIn my high school
In my high school
In my high school
In my high school

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