This Is 2005

Dave Melillo

Your shirts are pressed
Your words are planned
Your jeans are ripped
Your skin is tan
And like the cancer in your hands
You plague this town with schemes and plans
It makes me sick that they can't see your own predictive irony
You're at your peak and that's just fine
You take your moment and I'll take mineI would like to believe the best of me is something I have yet to see
Because working at dead end jobs and skipping class
And spending hours on my ass, just doesn't sound like any fun to meI hate to judge but I cant stop
Unless you step off your soap box
Because it's caving in, and you cant tell
You're busy checking out yourself
Oh you're SO deep, your taste is chic
But we both know that talk is cheap.
It matters least the words you shout if you don't know what's coming outIts senior year and were all down with getting out of this old town
But your staying back you'd rather stop because at this moment you're on top
But years will pass, we'll all come through
And you'll be right just where we left you
And we'll realize you weren't so cool, and that were all so over high school

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