

Coll-Edge

Good Clean Fun

Someday you will look back with fear
On all the time that you weren't here
And at that moment
You'll wish you hadn't spent
All your book money on beer
Your friends are high, your grades are low
Couldn't shake a stick at what you know
But when it comes to blood alcohol
You get a 4.0 Your eyes are red
Your lungs are black (you've got the colledge)
Stabbed us all right in the back (you've lost the edge)
You left our crew and joined a frat (you've got the colledge)
How could you sell out like that (I'll never know) Try to fit in with everyone
If you don't drink in the dorms
Then you're no fun
You swore true til death
But you're still young
Not even true til twenty-one
When you went to school
I learned for sure
If you aren't now you never were
And if you have a single conviction
You don't know what it's for Your eyes are red
Your lungs are black
Stabbed us all right in the back
You left our crew and joined a frat
How could you sell out like that To see the bands you never go
You don't support the bands
You used to know
Here's a hint in case you're slow
Lollapalooza is not a show
You lost the edge
and that's not the worst
The sad thing is you're not the first
Our friendship's done, it really hurts
But maybe I could have
All of your old shirts
Your Wide Awake record
and Chung King too

They can't be worth that much to you
Maybe this is not so bad
Because now i own
all the things you had
More friends of mine could start to drink
I could use a new X-watch I think.
You swore you'd be edge to eternity
But now you're pledging a fraternity Your eyes are red
Your lungs are black
Stabbed us all right in the back
You left our crew and joined a frat
How could you sell out like that

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