

# This is 2005

## Dave Mellilo

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 mine I 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 me I hate to judge but I can't stop

Unless you step off your soap box

Because it's caving in, and you can't 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 out Its senior year and we're all down with  
getting out of this old town

But you're 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 we're all so over high school

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