

# Jr. High Emo

## Without a Face

1, 5, 12, BANANA!  
I am in 6th grade  
I want a girlfriend  
Call it a status symbol kind of thing  
A girl would define me  
She would remind me  
That life after all has meaning  
So Ill see you in gym class  
Hall monitors sash  
And my studded belt on my tight girl jeans  
Baby dont dump me  
My heart will get bumpy  
And then, Ill let out an emo screamI hate my life  
I hate my life  
I hate my  
Jr. High emo dont cry  
Your life will turn out alrightI am in 6th grade  
Baby Im fragile  
My feelings are even more so  
On you Im depending  
To make me happy  
You are, youre my only hope  
So Ill see you in detention  
Or in school suspension  
From the time they caught you and me holding hands  
I see you staring at the quarterback  
Now I know I no longer have a chanceI hate my life  
I hate my life  
I hate my life (Jr. High emo dont cry)  
Oh junior you dont have to die  
Life is still worth living  
Learn to start giving  
Learn to let others speak  
And too look further down the road than just a couple of weeks  
You best love your life  
Even though its Jr. High  
Just live your life  
Itll turn our just fine

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