

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 scream I hate my life
I hate my life
I hate my
Jr. High emo dont cry
Your life will turn out alright I 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 chance I 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 out just fine

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