

# Preschool Days

## Self

1-2-3-4, count 96 more  
And then come and find me  
Cause I'm hiding, baby  
Not in the closet or the door  
Or down in the playroom where we used to  
Play soccer and I'd grease the floor  
With lysol and love(chorus)  
Right now gotta get something straight  
I can count backwards and make the grades  
I will let you carry my books  
Through those pre-school daystry to tag me in the laundry chute  
Where I'd grab your arm and come crashing down  
Like bmx racers over double jumps  
Those sentimental days plotting all the ways  
Throwing snowballs at innocent passing cars  
The last laugh was never ours(chorus & repeat)and I remember playing games  
Walking on bar stools with alias names  
And holding our breath, the floor a fiery  
Toxic death, baby  
And I would always get my sister straight  
Trash the dollhouse with ig-88  
And my han solo, in his hoth battle  
Gear clothes(chorus)

Songwriters

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