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)

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