

Middle School Frown

Josh Rouse

No it aint the way that your hair hangs down, and you dance like a clown

We just don't like you around
You were a New-Waver, it was 1983, I was new on the scene, I just wanted
everyone to like me
So I told 'em that we're not friends and I thought you were wierd, what a two-faced thing to
do
And you held your head high,

And you held your head high

when you walked down my street, oh no
At my birthday party you just showed up, we were so stuck up, we just
wanted to be mean
Yeah there goes that girl with the cheap guitar, she's a punk rock star, she's a dying art
And

you held your head high,

And you held your head high

when you walked down my street,

And you rolled your eyes to the sky,
yeah you rolled your eyes to the sky,

You don't feel a thing,

And you held your head high,

And you held your head high

when you walked down my street, oh no
No it aint the way that your hair hangs down and you dance like a clown,

Its the middle school frown

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