My Old School

Yellowjackets

I remember the thirty-five sweet goodbyes
When you put me on the Wolverine up to Annandale
It was still September when your daddy was quite surprised
To find you with the working girls in the county jail
I was smoking with the boys upstairs
When I heard about the whole affair
I said, "Oh no
William and Mary won't do now"
Well I did not think the girl
Could be so cruel
And I'm never going back
To my old school
Oleanders growing outside her door
Soon they're gonna be in bloom up in Annandale
I can't stand her doing what she did before
Living like a Gypsy queen in a fairy tale
Well I hear the whistle but I can't go
I'm gonna take her down to Mexico
She said, "Oh no

Guadalajara won't do"
Well I did not think the girl
Could be so cruel
And I'm never going back
To my old school
California tumbles into the sea
That'll be the day I go back to Annandale
Tried to warn you about Chino and Daddy Gee
But I can't seem to get to you through the U.S. Mail
Well I hear the whistle but I can't go
I'm gonna take her down to Mexico
She said, "Oh no
Guadalajara won't do now"
Well I did not think the girl
Could be so cruel
And I'm never going back
To my old school

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