

# Coll-Edge

## Good Clean Fun

Someday you will look back with fear  
On all the time that you weren't here  
And at that moment  
You'll wish you hadn't spent  
All your book money on beer  
Your friends are high, your grades are low  
Couldn't shake a stick at what you know  
But when it comes to blood alcohol  
You get a 4.0 Your eyes are red  
Your lungs are black (you've got the colledge)  
Stabbed us all right in the back (you've lost the edge)  
You left our crew and joined a frat (you've got the colledge)  
How could you sell out like that (I'll never know) Try to fit in with everyone  
If you don't drink in the dorms  
Then you're no fun  
You swore true til death  
But you're still young  
Not even true til twenty-one  
When you went to school  
I learned for sure  
If you aren't now you never were  
And if you have a single conviction  
You don't know what it's for Your eyes are red  
Your lungs are black  
Stabbed us all right in the back  
You left our crew and joined a frat  
How could you sell out like that To see the bands you never go  
You don't support the bands  
You used to know  
Here's a hint in case you're slow  
Lollapalooza is not a show  
You lost the edge  
and that's not the worst  
The sad thing is you're not the first  
Our friendship's done, it really hurts  
But maybe I could have  
All of your old shirts  
Your Wide Awake record  
and Chung King too

They can't be worth that much to you  
Maybe this is not so bad  
Because now i own  
all the things you had  
More friends of mine could start to drink  
I could use a new X-watch I think.  
You swore you'd be edge to eternity  
But now you're pledging a fraternity Your eyes are red  
Your lungs are black  
Stabbed us all right in the back  
You left our crew and joined a frat  
How could you sell out like that

Lyrics provided by

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