

Smog, Back In School

I saw you standing there
With your hand in his hair
And his hand in
Your back pocket
I couldn't help but stare

I wanted to tell you
That I was back in school
But in the dark of the club
I knew it wouldn't carry much weight
Well, I'm trying to learn your language
I'm trying to learn your language

I came to your party empty-handed
I came to your party, uninvited
I came to your party, a headstart on the drinking

I wanted to tell you
That I was back in school
But in the chit-chat, chit-chat should that...
Well, I'm trying to learn your language
It's like a fly learning how to bark
I'm trying to learn your language
It's like a fly learning how to bark

That smile on your face
That smile on your face
That smile on your face
I try to erase
That smile on your face

But a kiss was not the answer
A kiss was not the answer
A drunken kiss was not the answer