

# Temporary Basement, Yearbook

I sign a page as you sign mine too  
Our ancient way since 1982  
inquire about summer, and state all regrets we made  
why do we have to change?

Crowd up the page with your thoughts and your phone number  
in 2 months time you'll be skiing in Denver  
we keep in touch through phone calls and letters  
why do we have to change?

When I'm tired and defeated then  
I reach under my bed again  
Your inscription starts fill my head  
To remember everything you said  
Maybe one day we'll meet up again  
Probably you'll be someone different then  
But in the end all I see's your name  
And I should call if I lose the game

Meet all my friends at the high school reunion  
make up some goals and build up illusions  
five years of my life....

The choices I made, they were wrong  
I've felt that way all along  
Now that we're grown, where went the plan?  
Let's leave it all written in sand!

All my weak words they fall off, fall to nothing  
But when I'm sure, I fill full empty cups in.