

You Am I, Fifteen

Hate your friends
Cos they're the only ones that make you want to die
And they make their scene the priss and preen
They'll never get it right
The mirror on the living room wall
Aint been too kind since you hit grade four
But honestly, the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away, you know its just not your time

He's the boy you got
He's the ticket stub that never won a prize
And and there's no hard sell cos he's got a face
Came straight from a fight

But he answers we he calls
And he's under six feet tall
But honestly, the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away, you know its just not your time

He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog
He's jeans never fit quite right
But there's a razor blade cut
And a feeling in your gut that says
There aint no way to disguise it

Hate your friends
Cos they're the only ones that make you want to die
And they make their scene the priss and preen
They'll never get it right

The ones who shine so bright
Are made or broke come Friday night
But honestly, the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away, you know its just not your

He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog
He's jeans never fit quite right
But there's a razor blade cut
And a feeling in your gut that says
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But honestly, the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away, you know its just not your time
That's the way, we're gonna get it right