

# 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  
There aint no way to disguise it

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