

Croakies And Boat Shoes

Between the Buried and Me

Croakies. Boatshoes... Collars up. Daddy's money increased my social status

"Dag, my loafer got smudged"

We are the suburban elite

"Hey where y'all wanna meet?"

I've got something to fucking prove man, I've really gotten something to prove

Dude... Brah... let's go party tonight

Maybe start another goddamn fight

But it's all right... my coach knows the sheriff

Don't stare

At my car

At my shirt

At my girl