

What I Go to School For

Busted

Her voice is echoed in my mind
I count the days till she is mine
Can't tell my friends cos they will laugh
I love a member of the staff

I fight my way to front of class
To get the best view of her ass
I drop a pencil on the floor
She bends down and shows me more

That's what I go to school for
Even though it is a real bore
You can call me crazy
I know that she craves me
That's what I go to school for
Even though it is a real bore
Girlfriends I've had plenty
None like Miss Mackenzie
That's what I go to school for
That's what I go to school for

So she may be thirty-three
But that doesn't bother me
Her boyfriends working out of town
I find a reason to go round

I climb a tree outside her home
To make sure she's all alone
I see her in her underwear
I can't help but stop and stare

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Everyone that you teach all day knows your looking at me in a different way
I guess that's why my marks are getting so high
I can see those tell tale signs telling me that I was on your mind
I could see that you want it more when you told me that I'm what you go to school for
I'm what you go to school for

She's packed her bag its in the trunk
Looks like she's picked herself a hunk
We drive past school to say goodbye
My friends they can't believe their eyes...

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