

Eighth Grade

Chris Rice

Take a little trip with me back to junior high
Set the time machine to 1975
We just found out that momma's gonna have another kid
Back in the eighth grade

Remember the days when life was not so mysterious
And follow me down the hall to the cafeteria
Where the worst thing I could mess up
Was dippin' yesterday's corndog in last week's ketchup
Back in the eighth grade

Why does the past always seem safer
Maybe because at least we know we made it
And why do we worry about the future
When every day will come just the way the Lord ordained it
You can believe it--yeah
Just like the eighth grade

Step out into the hall and feel the moment pass
Slam the locker, there's the bell, we're running to class
'Cause Mr. Jackson told us "Don't be late for geometry again!"
We're back in the eighth grade

I drop my books, sit down, and mess with my hair
Susie looks at me and smiles, I'm walkin' on air
Then I hear my name, I missed the question, I mumble something,
the class is laughin'
I love the eighth grade!

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You can believe it--yeah
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You can believe it--yeah
Even the eighth grade