

## This Is 2005

Dave Melillo

Your shirts are pressed  
Your words are planned  
Your jeans are ripped  
Your skin is tan  
And like the cancer in your hands  
You plague this town with schemes and plans  
It makes me sick that they can't see your own predictive irony  
You're at your peak and that's just fine  
You take your moment and I'll take mine  
I would like to believe the best of me is something I have yet  
to see  
Because working at dead end jobs and skipping class  
And spending hours on my ass, just doesn't sound like any fun t  
o me  
I hate to judge but I can't stop  
Unless you step off your soap box  
Because it's caving in, and you can't tell  
You're busy checking out yourself  
Oh you're SO deep, your taste is chic  
But we both know that talk is cheap.  
It matters least the words you shout if you don't know what's c  
oming out  
Its senior year and were all down with getting out of this old  
town  
But your staying back you'd rather stop because at this moment  
you're on top  
But years will pass, we'll all come through  
And you'll be right just where we left you  
And we'll realize you weren't so cool, and that were all so ove  
r high school  
Other Dave Melillo songs