

Homecoming parade  
Float blows through the stockade  
Crowd crushed by the sheer weight  
Of their own Division III Football Team  
But I won't be at the wake  
The funeral I can't make  
Though I'm told there's a lunch buffet  
And it's hard to say no to a free meal

Under the bridge smoking weed  
You hear the news and then you think  
An arrow to the heart of what I hated  
The head torn off of the thing I can't stand  
The plug pulled on the source of my trouble  
Now I'll fake my death and head out West and put this shit behind me

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You hear the news and then you think  
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But it's the same  
Same dirt, same sun  
Different you?  
Good fucking luck

But it's the same  
Same dirt, same sun  
Different you?

What's the problem?  
This should work, what's the problem?  
What's the problem?  
This should work, what's the problem?  
What's the problem?  
This should work, what's the problem?  
What's the problem?  
This should work, what's the problem now?