

# Everyone I Went To High School With Is Dead

Mr. Bungle

Another summer rolls by  
And I can't help but feel pain  
All those familiar faces  
Come back to haunt me again  
Whether I hated their guts  
Or hardly knew them at all  
I always felt far away  
Beside them there in the halls

My yearbook keeps me informed  
My yearbook keeps me in line  
Its an obituary  
Gives me a concept of time  
We've graduated and grown  
From a real world once our own  
Yet we have proven them wrong  
By dropping off all along