

# The Old School

Rupert Holmes

The board of education and the leaders of this town  
Have determined that the time has come to tear my old school down

Ginger, stand beside me as they lay into the walls  
Toppling down like building blocks, the homerooms and the halls  
In a mushroom cloud of chalk dust, with a scream of brick and slate

It is gone within an instant on a man-made whim of fate

And I belong

I belong

I belong

I belong to the old school

Ain't no fool like a young fool

I belong to the old school

So we stumble through the wreckage of our past

And console ourselves by saying, "Nothing good can ever last"

People tear down old schools 'cause they know how much they've missed

Cloth bound books and longing looks and girls who've not been kissed

And if there is any purpose to my life and to this rhyme

It's to keep alive the old school for a brief but blessed time

'Cause I belong

I belong

I belong

I belong to the old school

Ain't no fool like a young fool

I belong to the old school