

2005

Sidney Gish

I watched them in their polo tees and stupid baggy leg washed jeans
And sang about their problems to electric guitars
But eight years later everything isn't what this time should bring
We're hipsters with DSLR but we still can't drive a car

And all the criminals and basketcases, princesses and brains
Even all the jocks shove on these big thick glasses frames
They think themselves so many as they drive away with friends
They're having fun they're playing phones they sing along it never ends

Eventually you'll realize that it's all the same
Filled with princesses, criminals, basketcases, jocks, and brains
But when you were an eight-year-old you thought you'd be alive
Once you entered high school at the teenage of 2005

But I cannot take it seriously the things that they condone
Saying "Hey homedog, what's up" on their rounded silver flip phones
An existential crisis on a stupid polo tee
I'd be way too busy laughing and be on the floor laughing at me

So you can hate the phonies or the plastics or the gays
But since everyone's an asshole there will not be better days
You can wear a dumb red hunting cap or think you're really funny
But you will be a moron 'til the day that you turn twenty

And when you see a happy flapper you can't help but be quite sad
'Cause you know the Great Depression killed now all the costs she had
And when you see a happy traveler in a photo from the '50s
He might have died in Vietnam or overdosed on LSD with hippies

I hope I'm not a poster child for an economic collapse
Or maybe of a shark attack or of World War III perhaps
Maybe in a hundred years they will look back on us and sigh
"It's a shame they had to die in that tragedy that's not yet specified"

And now I'm rambling again this time in ambiguous rhyme scheme
Maybe it's just angsty runoff beat 'cause I'll soon be sixteen
Sure my thoughts are messed up but there's one thought on my mind

"Why'd I think today would the same as in 2005? "