

A D E  
I used to sneak out of my bedroom window,  
A D E  
Hop the fence with my guitar.  
A D E  
Weâ€™d then start a fire and songs were required,  
D E A  
In my old pal Ms. Maxwellâ€™s backyard.  
A D E  
But I tend to get too down to be part of that crowd now,  
A D E  
Sometimes I see her on the bus.  
A D E  
She says we should hang out and asks when Iâ€™m free,  
D E A  
But it wouldnâ€™t be how it used to be.  
D E  
Well route twenty-nine,  
D E  
Like those old high-school times,

**D**                  **E**          **A**  
Has seemed to pass right by without me.

**A**                                  **D**          **E**  
Today I stumbled upon some of those old songs,

**A**                  **D**          **E**  
I recorded back in high-school.

**A**                                  **D**                                  **E**  
They were all about misery, which means I couldnâ€™t have been as happy,

**D**                  **E**          **A**  
As I thought that I used to be.

**A**  **D**          **E**  
â€™Cause the grass is always greener on the other side,

**A**                  **D**          **E**  
Which means your memories lie.

**A**                                  **D**                                  **E**  
I guess what I mean is Iâ€™ve never been happy,

**D**                  **E**          **A**  
But back then I was a bit more alright.

**D**                  **E**  
Time tends to fly,

**D**                  **E**  
And as my life slips by,

**D**                  **E**          **A**  
I think Iâ€™ve done everything not right.