

Homecoming Serf
Sidney Gish

[Verse 1]

B **F#**
Sixty five miles an hour
E
Iâ€™m not home yet
F#
Telephone poles get
B
blurred together, in gray weather
F#
till they look like crucifixes
E
Until something in me thinks if
F#
I was nimble enough,
B
Iâ€™d climb one up and be a symbol
F#
giving cars a heart attack
E
cause Iâ€™ve got a knack for these shock tactics
F#
and I want my suburb back.

B
But it was never mine,
F#
besides, Iâ€™d never crucify
E
myself, and Jesus of Suburbiaâ€™s
F#
a myth that never died

B
Homecoming queen, not in my dreams
F# **F# F**
I ll be homecoming serf, it seems
E
but hey, it doesnâ€™t even bother me
E **F# E**
Weâ€™ve moved away, and who needs royalty?

[Chorus]

E **F#** **B** **B/A#**
I love vacation days
G#m **F#** **E**
Itâ€™s a blacked out haze Iâ€™m in

F#

This cul de sac is coming

B B/A# G#m F# E

back, back back back back

E F# B B/A#

Who cares if we re obscure

G#m F#

Homecoming serf

E F# G G#m

I know this quiet life, it used to hurt

E F# B
but now we re dancing round and laughing in the dirt

[Verse 2]

B

It s barely one pm

F#

And my cooking s barely done

E

and my thighs feel like the chicken breast I hated slicing up **F#**

B

F#

I think I ll be a vegetarian, kill two birds with one stone

E

Iâ€™ll lose a stone, I ll feel humane

F#

I cook the meat and eat it anyway

B

I think that Iâ€™ll rebel now

F#

Not like my age is too late

E

Iâ€™m still half straight but I can easily

F#

act gayer than fck h8

B

And I ll tell kids to smoke cigs and weed

F#

despite the surgeonâ€™s warning

E

Iâ€™ll eat LSD soaked mini wheats

F#

in white russians for breakfast every morning

[Chorus]

E F# B

I love vacation days

B/A# G#m F# E

Itâ€™s a blacked out haze Iâ€™m in

F#

This cul de sac is coming

B B/A# G#m F# E
back, back back back back

E F# B B/A#

Who cares if we re obscure

G#m F#

Homecoming serf

E F# G G#m

I know this quiet life, it used to hurt

E F# B

but now we re dancing round and laughing in the dirt

[Interlude]

E F# G G#m

La la la la la la la la la x3

E F# B

La la la la la la la la

[Verse 3]

B

Donâ€™t think I m pointing fingers

F#

These are crocodile tears

E

It s no ones fault but mine

That I shut up

F#

For all of eighteen years

B

But now my friends are driving out

F#

Weâ€™re gonna walk around the mall

E

We ll be the youngest there

F#

Who cares, we ll call ourselves adults

[Bridge]

E F# B

At least Iâ€™ve got a cat,

B/A# G#m F# E

though she hates me bad, it seems

F# B B/A# G#m F#

but we reign over the SUVs and dairy queens

E F#

This isn t lyricism

B B/A# G#m F#

I m just dropping rhymes like flies

E F#

Letâ€™s go freak out everyone

G G#m

No reason, who knows why?

E

Whatâ€™s on your mind?

F#

G

G#m

not like Iâ€™ve got the time to stick around,

E

Iâ€™ll catch my flight,

F#

G

G#m

make like a pop punk kid, and get out of this town

E

Whatâ€™s on your mind?

F#

G

G#m

Thereâ€™s no point left to keep your image down,

E

F#

Letâ€™s terrify

[Chorus]

E

F#

B

I love vacation days

B/A#

G#m

F#

E

Itâ€™s a blacked out haze Iâ€™m in

F#

This cul de sac is coming

B

B/A#

G#m

F#

E

back, back back back back

E

F#

B

Who cares if we re obscure

B/A#

G#m

F#

Homecoming serf

E

F#

G

G#m

F#

I know this quiet life, it used to hurt

E

F#

G

G#m

F#

but now we re dancing round and laughing in the dirt

E

F#

G

G#m

F#

This one goes out to my homecoming serfs

E

F#

G

G#m

F#

Yeah, pour one out for my homecoming serfs

E

F#

G

G#m

F#

This one goes out to my homecoming serfs

E

F#

B

Weâ€™re dancing round and laughing in the dirt