

	4/4	bc,p2	capo 2	capo -1
chorus:	Thirteen, and on to junior high –	D	A	F C
	My limits seemed to reach the sky.	E	A	G C
	Wonders there to catch my eye;	D	A	F C
	To childhood matters i said goodbye.	E	A A	G C C

Baseball was the boys' big thing;	A	D		C	F
I quickly became the strikeout king –	A	E		C	G
Though not because of pitching kills –	D	A		F	C
To hit the ball was not my skill.	E	A	A	G	C C

Academic things were where i shined:	D	E		F	G	
With math and science my brain aligned.	E	A		G	C	
Boys versus girls in spelling was fun,	A	D		C	F	
But memorizing counties pleased no one.	E	A	A	G	C	C

[chorus]

I looked around at the homeroom girls,	A D	C F
And for the first time felt a little whirl.	A E	C G
One in particular drew my eye,	D A	F C
But at that time i was too damn shy.	E A A	G C C

Home Ec i found was not my thing;	D	E	F	G
In chorus i learned that i could sing.	E	A	G	C
At dances i had two left feet,	A	D	C	F
Those memories now are bittersweet.	E	A	A	G C C

[chorus]

New friends arose to brighten my day.	A	D	C	F
As the “Big Four” we made our way through	A	E	C	G
School and life and in between,	D	A	F	C
Learning what it meant to be a teen.	E	A	A	G
			C	C

I hate the label of “one who gloats”, but	D E	F G
At age 13 i was feeling my oats.	E A	G C
I’d do it again if only i could	A D	C F
To savor the spirit of brotherhood.	E A	G C
	D E A A _{pinch}	F G C C _{pinch}