

# Teenage Dirtbag

eleventyseven

Her name is Noelle  
I have a dream about her  
She rings my bell  
I got gym class in half an hour  
Oh, how she rocks  
In Keds and tube socks  
But she doesn't know who I am  
And she doesn't give a damn about me

'Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby  
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby  
Listen to Iron Maiden, maybe, with me

Her boyfriend's a dick  
And he brings a gun to school  
And he'd simply kick  
My ass if he knew the truth  
He lives on my block  
And he drives an Iroc  
But he doesn't know who I am  
And he doesn't give a damn about me

'Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby  
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby  
Listen to Iron Maiden, maybe, with me  
Oh, yeah, dirtbag  
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'  
Oh, yeah, dirtbag  
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'

Man, I feel like mold  
It's prom night and I am lonely  
Low and behold  
She's walkin' over to me  
This must be fake  
My lip starts to shake  
How does she know who I am?  
And why does she give a damn about me?

I've got two tickets to Iron Maiden, baby  
Come with me Friday, don't say maybe  
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby, like you

Oh, yeah, dirtbag  
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'  
Oh, yeah, dirtbag  
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'...