

At the 50 yard line I saw her feet
She was under the bleachers waiting for me
No I never get high but I'm smoking her weed
She been giving this freshman love since last June
The only senior girl with tattoos
Said nobody can find out things that we do

She said, put your hands behind your head
Let me blow your mind kid
But don't get too excited

You can call me Stacy
You can call me love
You can call me baby
And all of the above

You can call me late night
And I'll be at your door
You can call me anything
Oh anything you want
Just don't call me yours

It's 3:05 on a Friday, bell rings
Her parents left last night for Palm Springs
She's got the whole house empty for me
My brother he needed the car so I ran
Down 71st as fast as I can
I'm telling her everything I had planned

She said, I know we've been getting close
We can't get no closer
You'll get it when you're older

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