

My daddy's in the kitchen, ain't got much to say
And mama's gone to church 'cause all she ever does is pray
I'm up here with this guitar just tryna learn to play
Every song that I think might make you look my way
Just look my way, look my way
Here you come driving in your older sister's car
See you make a left-hand turn on the Belmont Boulevard
Cigarettes and cheap black shades like some 70's rock and roll
star
The only thing I'll ever want is everything you are
Everything you are, eh

And the days creep by like a honey, sweet and slow
Floating like a song on the radio
Lost somewhere between the truth and make-believe
Honey don't you know that's just the way it goes when you're 17

I know you're workin' at the movies, so I pack my stuff and go
Get a ticket and a Coca Cola just so that I can say hello
You say you like my Guns N Roses t-shirt and that's your favorite band
Could you hear my heart just thumpin' behind that old concession stand

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Zip my coat and walk out as the credits start to roll
You pull up beside me and ask if I want a ride back home
Out in front of my house you lean over and kiss me slow
Is it the first one or the last one, it's just too soon to know

And the days creep by like a honey, sweet and slow
Floating like a song on the radio
Lost somewhere between the truth and make-believe
Honey don't you know that's just the way it goes when you're 17
Yeah I know it sounds strange but you're never gonna change
When you're 17