

Fifteen

You Am I

Hate your friends 'cos they're the only ones
That make you want to die
And they make their scene
The priss and preen, they'll never get it right
The mirror on the living room wall
Ain't been too kind since you hit grade four
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away
You know it's just not your time
He's the boy you got
He's the ticket stub that never won a prize
And and there's no hard sell 'cos he's got a face
Came straight from a fight
But he answers [unverified] calls
And he's under six feet tall
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away
You know it's just not your time
He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog
His jeans never fit quite right
But there's a razor blade cut
And a feeling in your gut that says
There ain't no way to disguise it
Hate your friends 'cos they're the only ones
That make you want to die
And they make their scene
The priss and preen, they'll never get it right
The ones who shine so bright
Are made or broke come Friday night
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away
You know it's just not your
He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog
His jeans never fit quite right
But there's a razor blade cut
And a feeling in your gut that says
There ain't no way to disguise it
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight
Just put your things away
You know it's just not your time
That's the way we're gonna get it right