Good Girls Don't

The Knack

She's your adolescent dream,
Schoolboy stuff, a sticky sweet romance.
And she makes you want to scream,
Wishing you could get inside her pants.
So, you fantasize away.
And while you're squeezing her, you thought you heard her saying..."Good girls don't,
Good girls don't,
Good girls don't, but I do."So, you call her on the phone
To talk about the teachers that you hate.
And she says she's all alone,
And her parents won't be coming home til late.
There's a ringing in your brain,
Cause you could've sworn you though you heard her saying..."Good girls don't,
Good girls don't,
Good girls don't, but I do."And it's a teenage sadness
Everyone has got to taste.
An in-between age madness
That you know you can't erase
Til she's sitting on your face.You're alone with her at last,
And you're waiting til you think the time is right.
Cause you've heard she's pretty fast.
And you're hoping that she'll give you some tonight.
So, you start to make your play,
Cause you could've sworn you thought you heard her saying..."Good girls don't,
Good girls don't,
Good girls don't, but I do."And it's a teenage sadness
Everyone has got to taste.
An in-between age madness
That you know you can't erase
Til she's sitting on your face.Good girls don't,
Good girls don't,
Good girls don't, but I do...

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