Centerfold

Tankard

Does she walk? Does she talk?
Does she come complete?
My homeroom homeroom angel
Always pulled me from my seatShe was pure like snowflakes
No one could ever stain
The memory of my angel
Could never cause me painYears go by I'm lookin' through a girly magazine
And there's my homeroom angel on the pages in-between[CHORUS]
My blood runs cold
My memory has just been sold
My angel is the centerfold
Angel is the centerfold
[Repeat]Slipped me notes under the desk
While I was thinkin' about her dress
I was shy I turned away
Before she caught my eyeI was shakin' in my shoes
Whenever she flashed those baby-blues
Something had a hold on me
When angel passed close byThose soft and fuzzy sweaters
Too magical to touch
Too see her in that negligee
Is really just too much[Chorus]It's okay I understand
This ain't no never-never land
I hope that when this issue's gone
I'll see you when your clothes are onTake you car, Yes we will
We'll take your car and drive it
We'll take it to a motel room
And take 'em off in privateA part of me has just been ripped
The pages from my mind are stripped
Oh no, I can't deny it
Oh yea, I guess I gotta buy it![CHORUS]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/