

Christine Irene

Gin Blossoms

I'm a little too ripe to be actin' like this
Like some young guy barely got his first kiss
From my first baby steps to my last cigarette
Every single little thing was leading to this Christine Irene
Pretty as a girl on a magazine
Christine Irene
My Christine Irene You've been around too long to react so coy
Like I'm something that you'd best avoid
Like a first date kiss from an anxious guy
Knowing that he's got a little more in mind Christine Irene
Pretty as a girl on a magazine
Christine Irene
My Christine Irene We can last 'til dawn if the moon stays bright
And hang our secret on its last light
From a first date kiss that could not hide
We both wanted something more tonight Christine Irene
Pretty as a girl on a magazine
Christine Irene
My Christine Irene Christine Irene
Prettiest girl as I've ever seen
Christine Irene
My Christine Irene

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