

# 15

## F. Scott Fitzgerald

Twenty five the season dark  
Three sheets to the wind like a close line rope  
He's a spider on the web  
She was a tiny woman , he could sense  
Her developing body was just the beginning  
She said, "Is anybody out there?"  
She was bruised like a cherry  
Ripe as a peach  
How could he have known that she was only 15  
And she came to him like a tick on the nose  
Little blue eyed soul for his black and blues  
(???) for the likes of me  
Our skin is like grass let's smoke it real fast

Is anybody out there?  
He was deep like a graveyard  
Wired like TV  
And how could he have known that she'd be down for almost anything  
But she was only only only 15  
My oh my you pretty thing  
It's about that time for us to meet  
Does your Daddy have a shotgun?  
He was deep like a graveyard  
She was ripe as a peach  
And how could he have known she was only 15  
She was only only only 15  
She was only only only 15

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