

Coming Of Age

Damn Yankees

Dressed to kill and lookin' dynamite
With her high-laced stockings and her sweater so tight
I asked her her name
She said her name was MaybeWell she walked up to me, and she asked me to chance
I said, "I am lookin' some wild romance"
She gave me a wink
She said, "I should think about it, maybe" She said, "What you got babe, is what I need
Your kind of love got me on my knees"
I'm so tied up
What you got got a hold on me
Your kind of love make a man outta me
I'm so tied up, you got me so fired upLittle sister, hits the stage
She can't help it, she's comin' of age
Little junior, he's all in a rage
Did you notice, she was comin' of age, child? If looks could kill, I'd be dead on the floor
You got me all tied up, honey, beggin' for more
Somebody call a doctor
I think I'm goin' crazyBecause, what you got, babe, is what I need
Your kind of love got me on my knees
I'm so tied up
What you got, got a hold on me
Your kind of love make a man outta me
I'm so tied up
You got me so fired upLittle sister, hits the stage
She can't help it, she's comin' of age
Little junior, he's all in a rage
Did you notice she was come, come, comin' of? Little sister, hits the stage
She can't help it, she's comin' of age
Little junior, he's all in a rage
Did you notice she was come, come, comin' of? Little sister, hits the stage
She can't help it, she's comin' of age
Little junior, he's all in a rage
Did you notice she was come, come, comin' ageShe's come, come, comin' age
Yeah she come, she come, she come
She's come, come, comin' age
Yeah she come, she come, she come