

Party Like a Rock Star

Frickin' A

Saturday morning she is
Walking home from a random dorm room
Her arms are crossed
She's staring at the ground Her hair's a mess, falls in her eyes
And wearing what she wore last night
A sophomore
She's independent bound There she goes again
She don't need a boyfriend
She's gonna have her fun and never let it go too far
But she'll party like a rock star
I saw her

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