

Teenage Dirtbag (Brayden Cassar Bootleg)

Wheatus

Her name is Noel
I have a dream about her
She rings my bell
I got gym class in half an hour
Oh how she rocks
In Keds and tube socks But she doesn't know who I am
And she doesn't give a damn about me
Cause I'm just a teenage dirt bag, baby
Yeah I'm just a teenage dirt bag, baby
Listen to Iron Maiden, baby, with me, ooh Her boyfriend's a dick
He brings a gun to school
He'd simply kick my ass if he knew the truth
He lives on my block
And he drives an I-Roc
But he doesn't know who I am And he doesn't give a damn about me
Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby
Yeah, I'm just a teenage dirtbag baby
Listen to Iron Maiden, baby, with me, ooh
Oh yeah, dirt bag
No she doesn't know what she's missin'
Oh yeah, dirt bag
No she doesn't know what she's missin' Man I feel like mold
It's prom night and I am lonely lo and behold
She's walkin' over to me this must be fake
My lip starts to shake How does she know who I am?
And why does she give a damn about me?
"I've got two tickets to Iron Maiden, baby
Come with me Friday, don't say maybe
I'm just a teenage dirt bag, baby, like you ooh"
Ooh yeah, dirt bag
No she doesn't know what she's missin'
Ooh yeah, dirt bag
No she doesn't know what she's missin'

Songwriters

BRENDAN BROWN, BRENDAN B. BROWN Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>