

# Teenager

## Apache Dropout

For your birthday she sent you a card  
She didn't sign her name, she gave an autograph  
And now she's trying to call your bluff  
Is she your true love?  
We knew the boy that went from morn' to ten?  
She asked matter of fact had he blown off his head  
He was uncomplaining as a tree  
Not a thing like me  
Well, you're not a teenager, so don't act like one  
Sure she is heartbreaker, does she have one?  
Is it down to me? Down to me

But will we speak?  
I went for a stroll after dark  
I thought of you and how I was staring at the black  
I didn't have you down for being easily lead  
Girl, you were lead  
Well, you're not a teenager, so don't act like one  
Sure she is heartbreaker, does she have one?  
Is it down to me? Down to me  
But will we speak?

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