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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