15

Agatha Christie

Twenty five the season dark
Three sheets to the wind like a close line rope
He's a spider on the web
She was a tiny woman , he could sense
Her developing body was just the beginning
She said, "Is anybody out there?"
She was bruised like a cherry
Ripe as a peach
How could he have known that she was only 15
And she came to him like a tick on the noose
Little blue eyed soul for his black and blues
(???) for the likes of me
Our skin is like grass let's smoke it real fast

Is anybody out there?
He was deep like a graveyard
Wired like TV
And how could he have known that she'd be down for almost anything
But she was only only only 15
My oh my you pretty thing
It's about that time for us to meet
Does your Daddy have a shotgun?
He was deep like a graveyard
She was ripe as a peach
And how could he have known she was only 15
She was only only only 15
She was only only only 15

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