

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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