Priscilla

Whalers

You like ridin' around with your big brother
In your uncle's custom van
You wanna bleach your hair so bad
But your mama don't understand
Hangin' around by the monument
Dancin' to the radio
You got a memory even shorter than your dress
But there's nothing you don't know
Priscilla, Priscilla
Nearly sixteen but they treat you like a kid
Priscilla, Priscilla
They're gonna kill you for what you did
Cuttin' class with a backstage pass
And always skippin' lunch
Ya put your hand on the knees of the boys
And daddy's vodka in the punch

Learned how to jump start your grandma's car
How to French inhale your kools
And now you know that breakin' hearts
Is easy as breakin' the rules
Ya don't remember no revolution
You don't belong to no baby boom
Just you and your headphones
Dreamin' in your pink bedroom
Strong girls break the records
And rich girls break their nails
Smart girls always know by heart
What some girls always fail
Bad little girls grow up to be good
And good girls finish last
But crazy girls don't care how they grow up
As long as they grow up fast

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