

## ĐŘĐ, Ņ€Đ°Ň, Ņ•Đ°Đ°Ň• Đ;Ň, Đ°Đ½Ň†Đ, Ņ• III

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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