TWENTY ONE

Rudebox

When I was only seventeen, couldn't wait for twenty one

I'd hang around on Clayton Street in the bars there gettin' drunk

A baseball cap and a fake ID would get me in the clubs

Then I would dance with the college girls and lie about who I was

I'd say "I'm pre-Med. here at UGA, live on Milledge Avenue.

I was raised over in Buckhead, I drive a BMW."

I was breakin' hearts and takin' names and numbers just for fun.

Stealin' kisses wishin' I was twenty one.

When Thursdays came and pocket change would quickly disappear

Upstairs at Lowry's Tavern, we'd pay a nickel for every beer

Shootin' pool, smokin' cigarettes with a dizzy head and a grin

Four A.M. on a school night, still hangin' out with my friends

One hour's sleep on a dirty couch, no shower, off to school

Smellin' just like a brewery with a bad hangover too

The teachers all would hassle me: "Stay awake, pay attention"

I was catchin' hell, wishin' I was twenty one.

The youngest one of all my friends, I didn't act my age

Too cool for the football games and the homecoming parades

Now I look back and I have to smile, cause boy it was fun

Bein' seventeen, wishin' I was twenty one

Now I'm only twenty six, feelin' more like forty three

My hairline's disappearing, and I never get ID'd

My clothes are out of fashion, no I'm not cool anymore

In the bed by ten o'clock each night, and up at half-past four

Still I go down to that college town when the Bulldogs play at home

I drink keg beer from a trash can til the whole damn thing is gone

Then I look at all those college girls so innocent and young

And I just check 'em out, and say "Damn... I wish I was twenty one"

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