

Teenage Lament

Big Country

What a drag it is
These gold lame' jeans
Is this the coolest way
To get though your teens
Well, I cut my hair weird
I read that it was in
I looked like a rooster
That was drowned and raised again

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna live today

I ran into my room
And fell down on my knees
I thought that fifteen
Was gonna be a breeze
I picked up my guitar
To blast away the clouds
Somebody in the next room said
"You gotta turn that damn thing down"

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna cry all day

I know trouble is brewing out there
But I can hardly care
They fight all night about his private secretary
Lipstick stain, blonde hair

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna live today

But even
I don't know
What I'm gonna do
Don't know what I'm gonna do

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna live today

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna live today

What are you gonna do
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away
I'm gonna cry all day

What are you gonna do
(What are you gonna do gonna do gonna do)
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
(What are you gonna do gonna do gonna do)

What are you gonna do
(What are you gonna do gonna do gonna do)
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
(What are you gonna do gonna do gonna do)

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