

Too Young To Go Steady

Perry Como

Too young to go steady,
Too young, I hear her say,
She says we're not ready,
But then why am I feelin' this way?

Too young, so she tells me,
She says, we'll have to wait,
Why wait . . .
'Till it may be too late?

Can she realize she drives me wild,
Is she made of stone?
Must she always treat me like a child,
Won't she ever own up, I'm grown up?
Someday, she'll be sorry,
Someday, just wait an' see!
She'll wish . . .
She'd gone steady . . .
With me!

(Can she realize she drives me wild,
Is she made of stone?
Must she always treat me like a child,
Won't she ever own up, I'm grown up?)
Someday, she'll be sorry,
Someday, just wait an' see!
She'll wish . . .
She'd gone steady . . .
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