

Twenty-five the season off dope
Three sheets to the wind like a clothes line rope
He's a spider on the web

She's 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 fifteen

And she came to him like a tick on the noose
Little blue eyed soul for his black and blues

T's a new move 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 grave yard wide like TV
And how could he have known
That she'd be down for almost anything

But she was only, only, only fifteen

My oh my you pretty thing
It's about that time
For us to leave
Does your daddy have a shot gun?

He was deep like a graveyard
She was ripe like a peach
And how could he have known?
That she was only fifteen

She was only, only, only fifteen
She was only, only, only fifteen