

I remember a time way back in late December
When I noticed all I wanted was you.
It's been far too long now baby
I'm serving time thinking about the things we used to do.
In the midst of it all
I gotta say I'm feeling faded
In the morning I won't feel the same.
If you can hear me Mrs. Robinson
Please don't pre-judge a single one
Before you even learn my last name.

Is it a terrible thing?
Yeah, the thing I bring
Every time I walk into the room.
Fitted Levi's and boots or three-button suits
And rebel music that comes from the sixties.

There's a girl right now and she's lying in bed,
Wishing that she wasn't at home.
Daddy think that I'm bad and Mom's sure glad
That I won't be calling her when she gets home.

My friends say,
Zach it's gonna be alright,
There's no need to get all upset.
But my baby's in her room all afternoon
And her parents won't get off of her back.
There's a little kid in me
That doesn't want to be
Another brokenhearted day.
Sometimes you can choose,
But, kid, you're gonna lose.
And I've been losing all week.

P.S.
That's what I say at night
When I call you on the telephone
Ask if you had a good time.
Sometimes you say no, but baby?