

Seventeen Candles

The Pink Spiders

Every day's a distraction,
All the animals just looking for action
And Emily's free-stylin' rhymes
Smoking in the girls' room to kill some time
'Cause all they want is a girl who
Parties hard and doesn't bother to argue,
And nobody's worse for the wear -
Everybody's cool with the "I don't care"

Seventeen candles are burning bright tonight
But I've a feeling that she believes
She's a bit over cake and gifts and party favors
"Emily," everyone told her, "it don't get much better,"
Which only upset her - could this be as good as it gets?

Dressed as loud as a half stack,
A vodka tonic bottled up in her backpack
She's badder than big heavy chains
She tunes it all out, but the fact remains
That all they do is talk about the future
Like there's some way to control it
Why not just enjoy the ride?

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She said, "If this is the nightlife, I'd rather stay in
You call this a good time; I just call it a trend
If this is as good as it gets, then I'm packing up my shit and I'm gone,
(And I'm not coming back)

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