

What Is A Teenage Girl

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Sugar and spice and everything nice
That's what little girls are made of

After years of acceptance
That little phrase has been swept aside
For the modern version

Rhythm and blues and rubber soled shoes
That's what girls are made of

Responsible for this dramatic change
Is a fun loving, giggly, chattering
Unpredictable, unmanageable bundle
Of vitality known as a teenage girl

Years ago, one could tell
The girls from the boys
By the way they dressed

Now that girls have adopted boys haircuts
Shirts, blue jeans and jacket, it's not so easy
Until you watch them walk away from you

In an average day
A teenager frustrates her mother
Charms her father, irritates her kid brother
Puzzles her teacher
Befuddles her young boyfriend
And in the process
Thoroughly confuses herself

In spite of it all
She has a boundless enthusiasm
For nearly everything

Rock and roll music, disc jockeys
Elvis you know who, sleeping late, clothes
Gossip, increased allowances, chewing gum
With her mouth open, of course

Charm bracelets, baby sitting
And large football sweaters
Especially one with a star halfback in it

When she's not under you feet
She's on your mind
And when you need her, you can find her
Under pin curlers, in front of mirrors
Over homework, started at bedtime
Behind movie magazines
And between phone calls

A teenage girl loves to complain
She can't stand anything about her hair
Girls who flirt with her date, nosy parents
And boys who don't dance
Although she'll probably marry one

Who doesn't dance at all

A teenage girl's amazing energy
Comes from a steady, well rounded diet
Of pizza pie, cheeseburgers
Hot fudge sundaes, malted milks
French fries and sometimes, even fingernails

Today's teenage girl would rather
Learn pursuing than pursue learning
Nevertheless, she has a unique capacity
For applying things taught in school

Carrying out the fundamentals
Of lend lease, for example
She lends and leases combs, bobby pins
Autographs, shoes, bus fare
And even homework answers

She's unique in other ways too
Nobody, for instance can guard a secret
As loyally or spill it so easily
No one has gone steady quite so often
And suffers quite so much when in love

At home in the evening
A teenage girl relaxes by listening to
The latest and loudest rock and roll records

Her mother in the kitchen
Although busily preparing the evening meal
Feels a warm glow as she realizes that
Her teenage daughter is really enjoying
Life to it's fullest

Overcome by these sentimental thoughts
She wipes her hands, goes to the foot of the stairs
From where the music is coming
And in a sweet, motherly way, says

(For Heaven's sake
Will you turn that darn thing off)