

Groupy Girl

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Once there was a young girl
Who was a good time fun girl
She went through her younger life a saint
Then at the time of sixteen
She got into a new thing
She dug the groups and the songs that they were singin'

Into her life there came a long hair
Who said that she was nowhere
Unless she showed his friends some of her favors

Groupie girl
You know you do your thing so fine
But groupie girl
You'll get old before your time

Like a joint she was passed round
By the groups that came into the town
And she no longer cared about her welfare
With her leather bags and muskin shoes
She acts as if she's nothing to loose
And she no longer combs her pretty blond hair

Oh, groupie girl
You know you do your thing so fine - yes you do
Groupie girl
You'll get old before your time