

Radiators, The

"17"

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I wish i was 17 again

I met a girl in the 17th year
She was a beauty queen
I never knew much about life
All the birds and bees were just simple things
Flying round and round and round and round

Her tits were too small her legs were too thin
And i thought i would never see her again
But now I've grown up
I've got more sense
I see her face looking in the west

I wish that i was 17 again
I wish that i was 17 again
I wish that i was 17 again

Talking about
Talking about those days we had together (together)
Groping in the back seat of my old mans car
and getting down and down and down and down
And down and down and down
But let me tell you how those days are gone
Now all the girls are the marrying kind
Take me back to when i was 17
I'll tell them something about those birds and bees

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17
I wish I was
17
yeah
I wish I was
17
yeah

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