

## **You Am I "Fifteen"**

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Hate your friends 'cos they're the only ones  
That make you want to die  
And they make their scene  
The priss and preen, they'll never get it right

The mirror on the living room wall  
Ain't been too kind since you hit grade four  
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight  
Just put your things away  
You know it's just not your time

He's the boy you got  
He's the ticket stub that never won a prize  
And and there's no hard sell 'cos he's got a face  
Came straight from a fight

But he answers [unverified] calls  
And he's under six feet tall  
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight  
Just put your things away  
You know it's just not your time

He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog  
His jeans never fit quite right  
But there's a razor blade cut  
And a feeling in your gut that says  
There ain't no way to disguise it

Hate your friends 'cos they're the only ones  
That make you want to die  
And they make their scene  
The priss and preen, they'll never get it right

The ones who shine so bright  
Are made or broke come Friday night  
But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight  
Just put your things away  
You know it's just not your

He's big and dumb like a dagwood dog  
His jeans never fit quite right  
But there's a razor blade cut

And a feeling in your gut that says  
There ain't no way to disguise it

But honestly the last thing he'll say tonight  
Just put your things away  
You know it's just not your time  
That's the way we're gonna get it right

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