

Big Country

"Teenage Lament"

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What a drag it is these gold lame' jeans
Is this the coolest way to get though your teens
Well, I cut my hair weird, I read that it was in
I looked like a rooster who was drowned and raised
again

What are you a-gonna do, tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away, I'm gonna leave today

I ran into my room, and I fell down on my knees
I thought that fifteen was gonna be a breeze
I picked up my guitar to blast way the clouds
But somebody in the next room said
You gotta turn that damn thing down

What are you gonna do, tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away, I'm gonna cry all day

I know trouble is brewing out there
But I can hardly care
They fight all night about his private secretary
Lipstick stain, blonde hair

What are you gonna do, tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away, I'm gonna leave today
But even I don't know what I'm gonna do
Don't know what I'm gonna do

What are you a-gonna do, tell you what I'm a-gonna do
Why don't you get away, I'm gonna leave today
What are you a-gonna do, I'll tell you what I'm a-gonna
do
Why don't you get away, I'm gonna cry all day

(Repeat)

What are you gonna do
(Gonna do, gonna do, gonna do)
Tell you what I'm a-gonna do
(Gonna do, gonna do, gonna do)

(Repeat...)

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