

Eddie Cochran

"The Tender Age"

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When grass begins to look a little greener
And Elvis makes you swoon 'cause he's the rage
And when you start to blush
At the things you once called mush
That's the tender age

When boys begin to act a little nicer
And your diary is filled on every page
As everybody knows, when you cry at movie shows
That's the tender age

And when you think your folks don't understand you
Sometimes you wonder how you have survived
When you believe the lines the boys all hand you
Baby you've arrived
When you begin to use exotic perfume
And dream of someday starring on the stage
When you start yearning for
A new face who lives next door
That's the tender age

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And Elvis makes you swoon 'cause he's the rage
And when you start to blush
At the things you once called mush
That's the tender age
That's the tender age

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