

Bratmobile "Teenager"

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If you pull my hair, Iâ€™ll kill you

Iâ€™m not your piece of rhubarb
Iâ€™m not that high-strung sour
Iâ€™m not hiding in your backyard
Iâ€™m not stepping on sweet flowers
Iâ€™m not jaded to the bone
Iâ€™m not little miss knowledge
Iâ€™m not hooked up to the phone
Iâ€™m not just a piece of college

Iâ€™m a teenager

Iâ€™m not accumulator of those years
Iâ€™m not aged to perfection
Iâ€™m not stuffed up with your fears
Iâ€™m not free of real affection
Iâ€™m not forcing some maturity
Iâ€™m not into closing doors
Iâ€™m not twisting some insecurity
Iâ€™m not some vague tool of yours

Iâ€™m a teenager

Iâ€™m not into age status queen
Iâ€™m not disillusion stager
Iâ€™m not thirty something

Iâ€™m a teenager
Iâ€™m a teenager
Iâ€™m a teenager

Iâ€™m a teenager

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