

Judy Garland

"Inbetween"

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Fifteen thousand times a day
I hear a voice, within me say
Hide yourself behind a screen
You shouldn't be heard, you shouldn't be seen
You're just an awful inbetween

I'm past, the stage, of doll and carriage
I'm not the age, to think of marriage
I'm too old for toys, and i'm too young for boys
I'm just an inbetween

I'm not a child, all children bore me
I'm not grown up, grown ups ignore me
And in every sense, i'm just on a fence
I'm just an inbetween

I'll be glad, when mama lets me go to dances
And have romances
I'll be glad, to have a party dress that boys will adore
A dress that touches the floor

I'm sick and tired, of bedtime stories
I'm so inspired, by love and glories
But i guess it's no use, I still get Mother Goose
I'm just an inbetween

Spoken
I'm allowed to go to pictures shows!
That is if nurse is feeling able
But we only go to Mickey Mouse
I'm not allowed Clark Gable!

It's such an imposition, for a girl who's got ambition
To be an inbetween

Spoken
My dad says i should bother more
About my lack of gramma
The only thing that bothers me, is my lack of glamor!
Why if i could use a lipstick and a powder puff
Who knows i might be garble!

In the rough
Instead of inbetween

I'll be glad, when Uncle Jim can't call me "Precious
Child"
That simply drives me wild
I'll be glad, to have a date that doesn't grow on a tree
A date thats not history

I'll be so glad, when i have grown some
All by myself, i get so lonesome
And i hope and pray, for the day
When i'll be sweet sixteen
And i won't have to be, an inbetween.

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