

Judy Garland

"Sweet Sixteen"

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For fifteen years I've played a waiting game
I've suffered like they do in Russian plays
But if what's in store is really what they claim
I must admit that suffering really pays
For fifteen years I've been just like a prisoner in a cell
For fifteen years my life has been just - awful

From one to four was such a bore
I remember how I hated having all those people paw all
over me and talk baby talk,
they'd say goo-goo, isn't she cunning. Poor dear, she
has her father's nose,
ah-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a. The years from five to
eight I hate, I've grown into a
very unattractive child and consequently was utterly
and completely ignored. But
I didn't really mind, I had a book of Mother Goose and
Mother Goose is pretty
hot stuff when you're five years old.

At nine I had the measles so that didn't count. At ten I'd
reached the performing
stage and at the drop of a hat mother would call me in
and have me sing The
Rosary for her guests. I never will forget how papa
used to squirm when I hit
that high note.

From eleven to thirteen I'd rather not speak of. It was
bad enough having
Jimmy Doogan pull my hair in school but it was
positively humiliating to have
my own mother refer to me as her dear little ugly
duckling

At fourteen I had my first taste of romance. It was at a
party at dancing school
and he was younger than I was, shorter than I was. Oh
but he had a wonderful
name - Archibold. And he really like me too, he really
did but I had to go and

spoil it all. I asked him right out if he'd be my best
beau. That was the last I ever
saw of him.

By now I was fifteen and pretty miserable. Mother
refused to let me wear any lipstick
or rouge and I went around looking as pale as death. It
was then that I decided to join the
monastery. And I would have too, if it hadn't been for
Bing Crosby. I was afraid they wouldn't
have any radios in manastaries. So, I devoted my
fifteenth year to Kraft cheese.

But now it's a different story, I can brush away the tears
And lau-augh at those awful fifteen years - For now I'm

...

Sweet Sixteen and I've got my first long dress
I can even have a date one night a week
I can paint my lips a little and rouge my cheeks
I'm sweet sixteen but I really must confess
Although this grown up life isn't simple
I wouldn't change places with Shirley Temple
Gee it's great to be just as free as the birds - above me
I'm a Juliet out to get a Romeo to love me
I ask you, please forget that I was an in-between
I mean my flags unfurled, I'm a woman of the world
I'm sweet sixteen...

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