

M

"Priscilla"

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You like ridin' around with your big brother, in your
uncle's custom van
You wanna bleach your hair so bad, but your mama
don't understand
Hangin' around by the monument, dancin' to the radio
You got a memory even shorter than your dress
But there's nothin' that you don't know
Chorus:
Priscilla, Priscilla, nearly sixteen but they treat you like
a kid
Priscilla, Priscilla, they're gonna kill ya for what you did
Cuttin' class with a backstage pass, and always skippin'
lunch
Ya put your hand on the knees of the boys, and
daddy's vodka in the punch
Learned how to jump start your grandma's car, how to
French inhale your Kools
And now you know that breakin' hearts is easy as
breakin' the rules
(chorus)
You don't remember no revolution, you don't belong to
no baby boom
Just you and your headphones, dreamin' in your pink
bedroom
(Solo)
Strong girls break the records, and rich girls break
their nails
Smart girls always know by heart, what some girls
always fail
Bad little girls grow up to be good, and good girls
finish last
But crazy girls don't care how they grow up, as long as
they grow up fast
(chorus repeats out...)

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