

Roy Orbison "Almost Eighteen"

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Almost eighteen, a lot of sugar and lace
Almost eighteen with an angel face
She says, I'm her kind of guy and if I leave her, she'll
die, uh, uh

I'll flip upside down and all the way around
I'm acting like a clown because I think I've found
The cream of the crop, I know I'll never stop
I'll go on lovin' my baby, she's a grown up lady now

Full skirt, don't flirt, ballerina shoes
Pin slips, two lips that never sing the blues

Almost eighteen, a ribbon in her hair
Almost eighteen, my baby's young and fair
Oh, oh, I'll never let her go because, oh, I love her so,
oh, oh

She's gonna have her birthday then we'll run away
We're gonna find a preacher, let him be the teacher
Gonna honeymoon all through the month of June
Darlin', we'll have a time until we're ninety-nine, yeah,
yeah

Wedding bells gonna ring, we're gonna be together
I love her, she loves me, our love'll live forever

Almost eighteen, she's a swingin' queen
Almost eighteen, oh, what a lovely dream
Until the end of time, my baby's mine, all mine, uh, uh
Almost eighteen, almost eighteen, almost eighteen,
almost eighteen

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