

## Deirdre Flint

# "The King of the Rollerama"

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At twelve my friends read Teenbeat and wrote to Peter  
Frampton  
Hung staple-scarred Leif Garret posters by their beds  
It all seemed rather shallow, (my love was more  
mature)  
It was the kind that ripped an adolescent heart to  
shreds  
All week I'd dream about him in science and in math  
class  
I couldn't eat I couldn't sleep 'til Saturday arrived  
Then I'd don my macramé vest, a sprits of  
Jean Natae  
And I would go down to the rink so I could watch him  
roll on by

He was a real live eight-wheeled Mercury  
Skating backwards to Take a Chance on Me  
And I'm surprised I didn't just die from such a preteen  
drama  
In his non-rent skates he was six feet tall!  
Underneath that pulsing disco ball  
His friends called him 'Wheels' he was  
King of the Rollerama  
(Well, he wasn't actually a king, he was a rink guard,  
but to an adolescent on the verge of womanhood,  
There is no difference.)

He had a pretty girlfriend (they'd neck in his Baretta)  
Sometimes she wore a poncho, she was so way cool  
She hung out at the Snack Bar 'til they called couples  
only  
And every time they took the rink, I'd blubber like a fool  
I'll not forget that session during crack the whip once  
Woah! I lost my balance and I fell off to the side  
Oh, here comes my darling hero, too fast for him to  
stop  
He skated over all my fingers and it didn't break his  
stride!!!  
I didn't wash that cast for a month!

He was too much for girls like me to take  
Leaving Old Spice breezes in his wake

And I'm surprised I didn't just die from such a preteen  
drama  
It was there I learned what true love means  
As he breezed by me in Jordache jeans  
His real name was Mike, he was  
King of the Rollerama

One day, the comb wedged in the back pocket of his  
tight designer jeans defied all natural laws of surface  
physics and fell out onto the rink. I clasped the relic to  
my breast with trembling hands and all afternoon  
practiced  
the words that would fall from my lips to his strong,  
manly ears.  
Finally, as he was slipping a quarter into a game of  
Asteroids,  
I made my move, skated up to him and I go,  
"Um, you dropped this.  
And he's like, "Thanks."  
And as he grabbed for the comb HIS FINGERS  
BRUSHED MINE and I remember thinking with a  
clarity far beyond my years, that no event of my  
life would ever equal that moment of perfect ecstasy.  
And to be honest, nothing really ever has.

Oh, somewhere in this town tonight  
Some paunchy guy clutches a silver whistle tight  
Puts on his old blue satin jacket and relives the drama  
Cause when you're rink guard in a one-mall town  
Well, there's nowhere you can go but down but  
You were a star!  
King of the Rollerama.

The rumor that this is an accurate, first-person account  
of my adolescence is a fallacy. I never wore Jean Natae.  
I was always the Sweet Honesty type. ~D.F.

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