

Tom Edwards

"What Is A Teenage Boy?"

Visit "[What Is A Teenage Boy?](https://MotoLyrics.com/lyrics/tom-edwards/what-is-a-teenage-boy/)" on MotoLyrics.com

A teenage boy is a rare combination
Of many living creatures

He runs like a gazelle, swims like a fish
Eats like a horse, sleeps like a bear
Laughs like a hyena and makes noises
Like a cage full of monkeys

In reality, he's just a normal
Happy, healthy American boy
Too old to be a child
And too young to be a man

A teenage boy can be found
Beneath a crew-cut, behind a black eye
In front of the corner drugstore
Over large portions of food
And more often than not
Under the stern look of his father

Teenage boys are positive
That their fathers never were teenagers
Or else how could they
Possibly be so square

Although a teenage boy is rarely serious
He nevertheless does an outstanding job
With the things he really likes to do

Such as just goofing, taking clocks apart
Playing records that really send him
Dodging household chores and spending money
Preferably not his own

He dislikes visiting his relatives
Running errands, hanging up his clothing
Hats and bath tubs

Along with his other animal traits
A teenage boy has the
Incredible memory of an elephant

He remembers his first haircut
His kindergarten teacher
The batting average of every baseball player
And all the words of all the current songs

Yet with this great retentive memory
He forgets to change his socks
Wash his neck, close the door behind him
His mother's birthday and his two lines
In the school play

Teenage boys have one tricky device
For getting even with their parents
For such things as scolding, curfews
Forced labor and things like that

They continuously keep growing
Growing out of brand new suits
Shirts, shoes and out of hand

However, there are several methods
Employed by a father to show
The teenage boy just who the boss is

By reasoning, by pleading
By coaxing, by threatening
By putting his foot down, by bribing
And at the point of frustration
By dropping the whole thing
And forgetting who the boss really is

A teenager changes from a daytime roughneck
To a night time gentlemen when he starts
Getting ready for his first real dress-up dance

Foremost in his preparations is the shaving
Of the two stray hairs lurking in the peach fuzz
And finally, after spending twenty minutes
Getting the wave in his hair just right
He's off to the dance

And there, typical of most teenage boys
He and his buddies will stand around
In small groups, making comments while they
Watch the girls dance with each other

In the evening, in the seclusion of his room
A teenage boy will dream of his future
He pictures himself as a jet pilot
Breaking the sound barrier several times a day

Or perhaps he's navigating
The first rocket ship to the moon
Or maybe he's just broken
Babe Ruth's home run record

Basking in the glory of
His dream world accomplishments
He suddenly finds himself back to reality
He has just heard the proud familiar voice
Of his mother calling from the kitchen

(For the last time, you get right down here
And take the garbage out)

Visit [Tom Edwards](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.