

## **Dollyrots, The**

### **"17"**

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Don't you think you're a bit too grey?  
Inviting her out for coffee  
Enamored by pictures you paint  
Spontaneous lust, so naive

Making out  
Strawberries and skinny swimming  
Keeps coming back 'cause she was young  
And that's how you like them to stay

Hold me, hold me  
Tell me I'm the only  
One I want to  
17 and lonely  
I want you  
I want you  
All to myself  
That's what he told me

Casually you ask her to play  
Illusions of romance burning  
Innocent but still no mistakes  
'Cause she smelled his last girl victim

Sneaking out  
Heart pounding, her bare feet racing  
Dangerously close to her last chance  
'Cause he almost got her to stay

Hold me, hold me  
Tell me I'm the only  
One I want to  
17 and lonely  
I want you  
I want you  
All to myself  
Thats what he told me

Hold me, hold me  
Tell me I'm the only  
One I want to

17 and lonely

17

She's just 17

He knows what works, he put out the bait  
She bites again, unsuspecting  
He's beautiful, such a worldly face  
She's thinking he'll be her teacher

Figured out  
She's soft and she thinks you're worth it  
Keeps coming back, each time more jaded  
We wonder what made her that way  
We wonder what made her that way

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