

Sweet Sixteen

Judy Garland

For fifteen years I've played a waiting game
I've suffered like they do in Russian plays
But if what's in store is really what they claim
I must admit that suffering really pays
For fifteen years I've been just like a prisoner in a cell
For fifteen years my life has been just - awful

From one to four was such a bore I remember how I hated having
all those people paw all over me and talk baby talk, they'd say
goo-goo, isn't she cunning. Poor dear, she has her father's nose,
ah-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a-tic-a. The years from five to eight I hate,
I've grown into a very unattractive child and consequently was utterly
and completely ignored. But I didn't really mind, I had a book of Mother
Goose and Mother Goose is pretty hot stuff when you're five years old

At nine I had the measles so that didn't count. At ten I'd reached
the performing stage and at the drop of a hat mother would call me in
and have me sing The Rosary for her guests. I never will forget how papa
used to squirm when I hit that high note

From eleven to thirteen I'd rather not speak of. It was bad enough
having Jimmy Doogan pull my hair in school but it was positively humiliating
to have my own mother refer to me as her dear little ugly duckling

At fourteen I had my first taste of romance. It was at a party at dancing
school and he was younger than I was, shorter than I was. Oh but he had
a wonderful name - Archibold. And he really like me too, he really did but
I had to go and spoil it all. I asked him right out if he'd be my best beau.
That was the last I ever saw of him

By now I was fifteen and pretty miserable. Mother refused to let me wear
any lipstick or rouge and I went around looking as pale as death. It was
then that I decided to join the monastery. And I would have too, if it
hadn't been for Bing Crosby. I was afraid they wouldn't have any radios
in monasteries. So, I devoted my fifteenth year to Kraft cheese

But now it's a different story, I can brush away the tears
And laugh at those awful fifteen years - For now I'm ...
Sweet Sixteen and I've got my first long dress
I can even have a date one night a week
I can paint my lips a little and rouge my cheeks
I'm sweet sixteen but I really must confess
Although this grown up life isn't simple
I wouldn't change places with Shirley Temple

Gee it's great to be just as free as the birds - above me
I'm a Juliet out to get a Romeo to love me
I ask you, please forget that I was an in-between
I mean my flags unfurled, I'm a woman of the world
I'm sweet sixteen...