

Teenage Dirtbag

eleventyseven

Her name is Noelle
I have a dream about her
She rings my bell
I got gym class in half an hour
Oh, how she rocks
In Keds and tube socks
But she doesn't know who I am
And she doesn't give a damn about me

'Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby
Listen to Iron Maiden, maybe, with me

Her boyfriend's a dick
And he brings a gun to school
And he'd simply kick
My ass if he knew the truth
He lives on my block
And he drives an Iroc
But he doesn't know who I am
And he doesn't give a damn about me

'Cause I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby
Listen to Iron Maiden, maybe, with me
Oh, yeah, dirtbag
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'
Oh, yeah, dirtbag
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'

Man, I feel like mold
It's prom night and I am lonely
Low and behold
She's walkin' over to me
This must be fake
My lip starts to shake
How does she know who I am?
And why does she give a damn about me?

I've got two tickets to Iron Maiden, baby
Come with me Friday, don't say maybe
I'm just a teenage dirtbag, baby, like you

Oh, yeah, dirtbag
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'
Oh, yeah, dirtbag
No, she doesn't know what she's missin'...