

## 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 - Archibald. 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...