

My daddy's in the kitchen, ain't got much to say  
And mama's gone to church 'cause all she ever does is pray  
I'm up here with this guitar just tryna learn to play  
Every song that I think might make you look my way  
Just look my way, look my way  
Here you come driving in your older sister's car  
See you make a left-hand turn on the Belmont Boulevard  
Cigarettes and cheap black shades like some 70's rock and roll  
star  
The only thing I'll ever want is everything you are  
Everything you are, eh

And the days creep by like a honey, sweet and slow  
Floating like a song on the radio  
Lost somewhere between the truth and make-believe  
Honey don't you know that's just the way it goes when you're 17

I know you're workin' at the movies, so I pack my stuff and go  
Get a ticket and a Coca Cola just so that I can say hello  
You say you like my Guns N Roses t-  
shirt and that's your favorite band  
Could you hear my heart just thumpin' behind that old concessio  
n stand

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Zip my coat and walk out as the credits start to roll  
You pull up beside me and ask if I want a ride back home  
Out in front of my house you lean over and kiss me slow  
Is it the first one or the last one, it's just too soon to know

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Floating like a song on the radio  
Lost somewhere between the truth and make-believe  
Honey don't you know that's just the way it goes when you're 17  
Yeah I know it sounds strange but you're never gonna change  
When you're 17