

# Meat Loaf, Priscilla

You like ridin' around with your big brother, in your uncle's custom van  
You wanna bleach your hair so bad, but your mama don't understand  
Hangin' around by the monument, dancin' to the radio  
You got a memory even shorter than your dress  
But there's nothin' that you don't know

[Chorus:]

Priscilla, Priscilla, nearly sixteen but they treat you like a kid  
Priscilla, Priscilla, they're gonna kill ya for what you did

Cuttin' class with a backstage pass, and always skippin' lunch  
Ya put your hand on the knees of the boys, and daddy's vodka in the punch  
Learned how to jump start your grandma's car, how to French inhale your Kools  
And now you know that breakin' hearts is easy as breakin' the rules

[Chorus]

You don't remember no revolution, you don't belong to no baby boom

Just you and your headphones, dreamin' in your pink bedroom

Strong girls break the records, and rich girls break their nails

Smart girls always know by heart, what some girls always fail

Bad little girls grow up to be good, and good girls finish last

But crazy girls don't care how they grow up, as long as they grow up fast

[Chorus]