

15

Rilo Kiley

Twenty-five the season of dope
Three sheets to the wind like a clothes line rope
He's a spider on the web She was a tiny woman; heap of sins
Her developing body was just the beginning
She said "Is anybody out there?" She was bruised like a cherry
Ripe as a peach
How could he have known
That she was only 15?
And she came to him like a tick on the news
A little blue-eyed soul for his black and blues It's a new high moon
For the likes of me
Our skin is like grass
Let's smoke it real fast
Is anybody out there? He was deep like a graveyard, wired like T.V.
And how could he have known
That she'd be down for almost anything But she was only, only, only 15
My, oh my, you pretty thing
It's about that time
For us to meet
Does your daddy have a shotgun?
He was deep like a graveyard
She was ripe as a peach
And how could he have known
That she was only 15 She was only, only, only 15
She was only, only, only fifteen

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