

Garbage, Thirteen

Won't you let me walk you home from school?
Won't you let me meet you at the pool?
Maybe, Friday I can
Get tickets for the dance
And I'll take you.
Ooh-ooh-ooh.

Won't you tell your dad, "Get off my back"?
Tell him what we said 'bout "Paint It, Black".
Rock an' roll is here to stay.
Come inside, now; it's okay.
And I'll shake you.
Ooh-ooh-ooh.

Won't you tell me what you're thinking of?
And would you be an outlaw for my love?
If it's so, then, let me know.
If it's "no", well, I can go.
I won't make you.
Ooh-ooh-ooh.