

John Hiatt, You Used To Kiss The Girls

I see you singing like a camera

I see you staring from your mouth

I see you spittin' out your algebra

You think you've got it figured out

I saw you on American Bandstand

I saw you on the Mickey Mouse Club

I see your wife has a trash compactor

I see you holdin' two ticket stubs

I see you pushin' out your politics

I see you rifling the machine

I see you dressin' up your party chicks

Lipstick like convertible scenes

I didn't think that you were so much better

You just predicted all the fate in the world

But now you're sitting home knitting sweaters

Tellin' stories to a three year old

CHORUS:

Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry

Ya used ta be too young to die

Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry

Ya used ta kiss the girls, ya used to kiss the girls

Now you've got one wife, two kids, three cars,

Four eyes, five suits, six mortgage, seven midnight deals

Lotsa time lotsa cash, feed your son take out the trash

Do what you're told, you're gettin' old, we did not think you'd last

She only told you that the party was over

She didn't tell you that the bedroom was locked
And when she took your key and started up your motor
You should have taken that spin around the block

REPEAT CHORUS

Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry
Ya used ta be too young to die
Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry
Ya used ta be too young to die