

St. Simon 3, Come On Christine

Christine, I don't see why you won't come clean
And admit that you know it's only me
Who wants to be the one to kiss your skinned up knees
You shove for something you can rise above
And i know you're too small to fall in love
Why are you so mean? Now come on, Christine

I've only begun to show you how we can have real fun
I want you to know you're the only one
That I want to come home with me to show my gun collection
While you bluff, always trying to play it so tough
When I know that by now you've had enough
But you're still so mean -- now, come on Christine

What do you say?
Do you have to think it over?
Oh and by the way
I know that you're young and clever
But no one stays young forever

We won't discuss how we should keep this all between us
Because i know you're a genius
At making sure that nobody here has seen us
And I swear you'll find in this affair
I can be so discreet it's like I'm not even there
But you're still so mean -- now come on Christine