

# 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