

The Knack, Good Girls Don't

She's your adolescent dream
Schoolboy stuff, a sticky sweet romance
And she makes you want to scream
Wishing you could get inside her pants
So you fantasize away
While you're squeezing her, you thought you heard her saying

Good girls don't
Good girls don't
But she'll be telling you
Good girls don't, but I do

So you call her on the phone
To talk about the teachers that you hate
And she says she's all alone
And her parents won't be coming home till late
There's a ringing in your brain
'Cause you could've swore you thought you heard her saying

Good girls don't
Good girls don't
But she'll be telling you
Good girls don't, but I do

And it's a teenage sadness
Everyone has got to taste
An in-between age madness
That you know you can't erase
Till she's sitting on your face

You're alone with her at last
And you're waiting till you think the time is right
'Cause you've heard she's pretty fast
And you're hoping that she'll give you some tonight
So, you start to make your play
'Cause you could've swore you thought you heard her saying

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But she'll be telling you
Good girls don't, but I do

And it's a teenage sadness
Everyone has got to taste
An in-between age madness
That you know you can't erase
Till she's sitting on your face
It hurts

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Good girls don't, but I do
But I do
But I do
But I do