

Bratmobile, Teenager

If you pull my hair, I'll kill you

I'm not your piece of rhubarb
I'm not that high-strung sour
I'm not hiding in your backyard
I'm not stepping on sweet flowers
I'm not jaded to the bone
I'm not little miss knowledge
I'm not hooked up to the phone
I'm not just a piece of college

I'm a teenager

I'm not accumulator of those years
I'm not aged to perfection
I'm not stuffed up with your fears
I'm not free of real affection
I'm not forcing some maturity
I'm not into closing doors
I'm not twisting some insecurity
I'm not some vague tool of yours

I'm a teenager

I'm not into age status queen
I'm not disillusion stager
I'm not thirty something

I'm a teenager
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I'm a teenager