

# J. Geils Band, Centerfold

Does she walk? Does she talk?  
Does she come complete?  
My homeroom homeroom angel  
Always pulled me from my seat

She was pure like snowflakes  
No one could ever stain  
The memory of my angel  
Could never cause me pain

Years go by I'm lookin' through a girly magazine  
And there's my homeroom angel on the pages in-between

My blood runs cold  
My memory has just been sold  
My angel is the centerfold  
(Angel is the centerfold)

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Slipped me notes under the desk  
While I was thinkin' about her dress  
I was shy I turned away  
Before she caught my eye

I was shakin' in my shoes  
Whenever she flashed those baby-blues  
Something had a hold on me  
When angel passed close by

Those soft and fuzzy sweaters  
Too magical to touch  
Too see her in that negligee  
Is really just too much

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It's okay I understand  
This ain't no never-never land  
I hope that when this issue's gone  
I'll see you when your clothes are on

Take your car, Yes we will  
We'll take your car and drive it  
We'll take it to a motel room  
And take 'em off in private

A part of me has just been ripped  
The pages from my mind are stripped  
Oh no, I can't deny it  
Oh yea, I guess I gotta buy it!

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