Neil Sedaka, The Queen Of 1964

Anyone who's played on a record date

Will remember Stage-Door-Jenny

Well, I saw her last night and man,

She looks like she wasn't gettin' any

(Ah-h-h-h-h-h)

Rock and roll kinda took it's toll

When she shed her inhibitians

Too many scenes in limousienes

And dressing room intermissions

She was the queen of 1964

But the truth of the matter is

Nobody wants her anymore

There was a time she could've shown you how

But nobody wants an overage groupie now

When it came to a superstar

Jenny was a braggart

Spread it all around to everyone in town

That she once had Mick Jagger

(Oh-h-h-h-h-h)

There's no doubt when the truth comes out

True love will over conquer

She didn't get Mick but she got a kick

And a black eye from Bianca

She was the queen of 1964

What a pity she became a shadow of

The girl she was before

She passed her prime it seems a shame, somehow

But nobody wants an overage groupie now

De-da-da-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-de-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-de-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-de-da-da

De-da-da-da

I'm afraid that the Morning Trade

Had a sad obiturary

There'll be no more Jenny at the door

They took her to the cemetary

(Ah-h-h-h-h-h)

Just an autograph book and a stereo

There was no one she was close ta

She was found with her arms around

An Elvis Presley poster

She was the gueen of 1964

Tonight there'll be a moment of silence

At the Trubadour

There was a time she could've shown you how

But nobody wants an overage groupie now

But nobody wants an overage groupie now

De-da-da-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

Ba-ba-oom-a-moow-moow

Ba-ba-oom-moow-moow

Ba-ba-oom-a-moow-moow-moow-moow

Ba-ba-oom-a-moow-moow

Ba-ba-oom-moow-moow

De-da-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da-da-da

De-da-da-da-da

Ba-ba-oom-a-moow-moow Ba-ba-oom-a-moow-moow-moow-moow