

School Of Rock, Edge Of 17

Just like the white winged dove...
sings a song ...
Sounds like she's singing...
whoo...whoo...whoo
Just like the white winged dove...
sings a song...
Sounds like she's singing...
ooo...baby...ooo...said ooo

And the days go by...
like a strand in the wind
In the web that is my own...
I begin again
Said to my friend, baby...
Nothin' else mattered

He was no more...than a baby then
Well he... seemed broken hearted...
something within him
But the moment...that I first laid...
Eyes...on...him...all alone...
On the edge of...seventeen

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sings a song ...
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I went today...maybe I will go again...
tomorrow
And the music there it was hauntingly...
familiar
And I see you doing...
what I try to do for me
With the words from a poet...
and the voice from a choir
And a melody...nothing else mattered

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The clouds...never expect it...
when it rains
But the sea changes colours...
but the sea...
Does not change
And so...with the slow...graceful flow..
of age
I went forth...with an age old...
desire...to please
On the edge of...seventeen

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sings a song ...

Sounds like she's singing...
whoo...whoo...whoo
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ooo...baby...ooo...said ooo

Well then suddenly...
there was no one...left standing
In the hall...yeah, yeah...
In a flood of tears
That no one really ever heard fall at all
Oh I went searchin' for an answer...
Up the stairs...and down the hall
Not to find an answer...
just to hear the call
Of a nightbird...singing...
come away...come away...

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sings a song ...
Sounds like she's singing...
whoo...whoo...whoo
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sings a song...
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ooo...baby...ooo...said ooo

Well I hear you in the morning...
and I hear you...
At nightfall...
sometime to be near you...
Is to be unable...to hear you...
my love...
I'm a few years older than you...
are (I'm a few years older than you) my love

Just like the white winged dove...
sings a song...
Sounds like she's singing...
ooo baby...ooo...said ...(repeat)