

# The Pink Spiders, Seventeen Candles

Every day's a distraction,  
All the animals just looking for action  
And Emily's free-stylin' rhymes  
Smoking in the girls' room to kill some time  
'Cause all they want is a girl who  
Parties hard and doesn't bother to argue,  
And nobody's worse for the wear -  
Everybody's cool with the I don't care

Seventeen candles are burning bright tonight  
But I've a feeling that she believes  
She's a bit over cake and gifts and party favors  
'Emily,' everyone told her, 'it don't get much better,'  
Which only upset her - could this be as good as it gets?

Dressed as loud as a half stack,  
A vodka tonic bottled up in her backpack  
She's badder than big heavy chains  
She tunes it all out, but the fact remains  
That all they do is talk about the future  
Like there's some way to control it  
Why not just enjoy the ride?

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She said, If this is the nightlife, I'd rather stay in  
You call this a good time; I just call it a trend  
If this is as good as it gets, then I'm packing up my shit and I'm gone,  
(And I'm not coming back)

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