

# 15

## Rilo Kiley

Twenty-five the season of dope  
Three sheets to the wind like a clothes line rope  
He's a spider on the web She was a tiny woman; heap of sins  
Her developing body was just the beginning  
She said "Is anybody out there?" She was bruised like a cherry  
Ripe as a peach  
How could he have known  
That she was only 15?  
And she came to him like a tick on the news  
A little blue-eyed soul for his black and blues It's a new high moon  
For the likes of me  
Our skin is like grass  
Let's smoke it real fast  
Is anybody out there? He was deep like a graveyard, wired like T.V.  
And how could he have known  
That she'd be down for almost anything But she was only, only, only 15  
My, oh my, you pretty thing  
It's about that time  
For us to meet  
Does your daddy have a shotgun?  
He was deep like a graveyard  
She was ripe as a peach  
And how could he have known  
That she was only 15 She was only, only, only 15  
She was only, only, only fifteen

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>