

Stacy

Quinn XCII

At the 50 yard line I saw her feet
She was under the bleachers, waiting for me
No, I never get high but I'm smoking her weed She been giving this freshman love since last
June
The only senior girl with tattoos
Said nobody can find out things that we do She said put your hands behind your head
Let me blow your mind, kid, but don't get too excited You can call me "Stacy", you can call me
"love"
You can call me "baby" and all of the above
You can call me late night and I'll be at your door
You can call me anything or anything you want
Just don't call me yours
It's 3:05 on a Friday, bell rings
Her parents left last night for Palm Springs
She's got the whole house empty for me My brother, he needed the car, so I ran
Down 71st as fast as I can
I'm telling her everything I had planned She said, I know we've been getting close
We can't get no closer; you'll get it when you're older You can call me "Stacy", you can call me
"love"
You can call me "baby" and all of the above
You can call me late night and I'll be at your door
You can call me anything or anything you want
Just don't call me yours, just don't call me yours
You can call me "Stacy", you can call me "love"
You can call me "baby" and all of the above
You can call me late night and I'll be at your door
You can call me anything or anything you want Just don't call me yours
I'm over you, I'm over you
I'm over you, I'm over you

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