

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
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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