

Walking through the city we grew up in, everything has changed
again

I remember fighting to believe in truth and how the good will win
in

But we were young, almost in love
Too scared to reach out for what was

Walking past the house that you grew up in, man, it looks so different
now

Remembering the story of your first kiss, the feeling of my heart
ripped out

And we were young, almost in love
Too scared to reach out for what was
Looking back, we tried to laugh
Silly kids, the ghosts of past

You were just a girl, you wrote a letter, it said that we were
dearest friends
I push myself to read a little further, it said we would be 'till
we're dead

But we were young, almost in love
Too scared to reach out for what was
Looking back, we tried to laugh
Silly kids, the ghosts of past