

Ten, Ten years
Ten years too young to die

Too many times I tried to talk you still don't understand
Too many times you tried to say I'm not your kind of man
But still it's time for me to come, I really want to know
Is it time for me to come, or time for me to go
(some talking that I will get later)

Sunday morning got to settle down
got to get my feet back on the ground

Ten, Ten years
Ten years too young to die
Ten, nine
Eight, seven six, six, six

Too many times you tried to talk I still don't understand
Too many times you tried to say I'm not your kind of man
But still it's time for me to come I really want to know
Is it time for me to stay, or time for me to go

(some more talking)

Sunday Monday got to settle down
got to get my feet back on the ground
Thursday Friday got nothing to show
got to be this month I just don't know

Sunday Monday got to settle down
got to get my feet back on the ground
Wednesday Thursday got nothing to show
why don't you tell me something I don't know