When I was six years old I broke my leg I was running from my brother and his friends And tasted the sweet perfume of the mountain grass as I rolled I was younger then, Take me back to when... I found my heart and broke it here Made friends and lost them through the years And I've not seen the roaring fields in so long, I know I've grown And I can't wait to go home I'm on my way Driving at 90 down those country lanes Singing to 'Tiny Dancer' And I miss the way you make me feel, and it's real We watched the sunset over the castle on the hill Fifteen years old and smoking hand-rolled cigarettes Running from the law in the backfields and getting drunk with m y friends Had my first kiss on a Friday night, I don't reckon that I did it right But I was younger then, Take me back to when... We found weekend jobs, when we got paid We'd buy cheap spirits and drink them straight Me and my friends have not thrown up in so long, oh how we've g rown But I can't wait to go home One friend left to sell clothes, One works down by the coast, One had two kids but lives alone, One's brother overdosed, One's already on his second wife One's just barely getting by But these people raised me And I can't wait to go home I'm on my way, Driving at 90 down those country lanes Singing to 'Tiny Dancer' And I miss the way you make me feel, and it's real,

We watched the sunset over the castle on the hill Sponzor www.srovnavac.cz - šetříme na pojištění!