

Young & Crazy

Frankie Ballard

A one day, I'll slow it way down, spend my weekends on the swing out on the wraparound
Oh but these days, I'm on a mission to get these wild oats out of my system
Yeah I might stay out all night, I gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right

I want to sit out on the porch telling stories bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise if I ain't ever young and crazy?

Now I might have to kiss no telling how many lips before I ever really figure out what love is
Go through some heart breaks, wake up with head aches,
Don't learn nothing til you make a lot of mistakes
How will I know where to draw the line if I don't cross it a few hundred time?

I want to sit out on the porch telling stories bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise if I ain't ever young and crazy?

Yeah I'm gonna stay out all night, I've gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right
I've gotta live a lot of life if I'm gonna give good advice when I'm talking to my grand-babies
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise if I ain't ever young and crazy?

I want to sit out on the porch telling stories bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise if I ain't ever young and crazy?

If I ain't ever young and crazy?
Young and crazy.
Young, young, and crazy.
Young and crazy.