

Misspent Youth

James Otto

Seventeen and innocent
I wonder where all the years went
Lookin' back on a youth misspent
God, I miss those days

All the chances that we took
Always leaped and never looked
I tell you I could write a book
On all the hell we raised

Thought I was cool with my lucky stripes
I didn't start too many fights
But in those days I finished quite a few

Beat up cars and the cheapest wine
And any trouble we could find
The worst of days were the best of times
Lookin' back through life's rear view
And lookin' back, I miss my misspent youth

I'm no worse now for the wear
I've gotten' married and cut my hair
Me and her we're quite a pair
All my friends say

And speaking of old friends
We still talk now and then
'Cept now there's a few of them
You can only reach by prayer

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