

Age of Immature Mistakes

Jars of Clay

Dark thoughts are tangled, I'm spinning into goal
Sew me a sweater, you can wear when it gets colder
I wrote a letter on the pages of your mind
With a sentimental rhyme

Made you a ringtone with a voice that sounds like mine
Say to you "the boy of your dreams is calling", when I'm calling
I spent my money on the things that you can break
Love in the age of immature mistakes

Don't know enough about love so we make it up
Like hearts in the hands of a child 'till they break them up
Don't know enough about love so we make it up

Heartbreak is a killer on the loose after me
Using words like oceans, crashing waves, and stormy seas
I have my umbrella as a means to protect me
From love in the age of immature mistakes

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Like hearts in the hands of a child 'till they break them up
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It up, it up, it up, it up

Lover I'll treat you like water from a cloud
I'll turn you to wine and drink you down

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