

Younger Lungs

Less Than Jake

Remember back when we used to have
Younger lungs and a louder mouth?
Cuss out loud after one lonely fact that we knew it wouldn't last

I always thought we would be better off
Completely gone and completely lost
And now the reasons why
Are becoming a blur
So to whom it may concern:

Every lesson that I've learned
All the pages ripped and burned
Is a thought that there's a memory

And it's starting to come back to me
Three streets down and
One block over

It's where we do it all again
Again, again, who-o-o-oah

Three streets down and
One block over

It's where we do it all again

Remember when this was the promised land?
Or when you packed with the future plan?
We believed what's lost will always come back
Though we knew it wouldn't last

I kinda thought we would be crossing on
Completely done and who we had lost
For now the reasons why are becoming a blur
So to whom it may concern:

Every lesson that I've learned
All the pages ripped and burned
Is a thought that there's a memory

And it's starting to come back to me
Three streets down and
One block over

It's where we do it all again
Again, again, who-o-o-oah

Three streets down and
One block over

It's where we do it all again

So the story goes
You know we drink and smooth talk
We need gold
If that's a sin, then truth be told

So to whom it may concern:
Hanging on to every word
From the point of no return
Is a thought that there's a memory

And it's starting to come back to me
Three streets down and
One block over

It's where we do it all again
Again, again, who-o-o-oah

Three streets down and
One block over

Three streets down and
One block over

We go back and do it all again
Again, again, who-o-o-oah

Three streets down and
One block over

Let's go back and do it all again