

The Days Of Being Young And Free

Amy Macdonald

Listen to my heart as it beats for you
And it's telling you the things that I never could.
And it's laying it down on the line for you.

And the years are catching up, I can see it on your face.
And the days of being young and free are left there with the me-
mories that blow in the wind.

And I can feel it coming when the Monday morning blues,
They last all through the week, I feel it on Sunday too.

And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak
And I can not speak the truth.

The days of being, young
The days of being free.
They're etched upon my face in every light that you see.
The stories I could tell,
The lies are told as well.
What I wouldn't give to live it all again.

The years are passing by, every single day.
Where did they go? Did you take them all away?
Now I'm older and brave.

And the children, they all left.
They fled their family nest.
And now we're all alone and the house don't feel like home any-
more, anymore.

Then I can feel it coming when the Monday morning blues,
They last all through the week, I feel it on Sunday too.

And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak
And I can not speak the truth.

The days of being young...

And in my baby's eyes I lived it all again, the fear, the surpr-
ise, everything.

In my baby's eyes I lived it all again and I wouldn't change an-
ything.

And in my baby's eyes I lived it all again and I wouldn't chang-
e anything.