

Take It Out Of My Youth

Phil Ochs

The young night was thirsty as I entered the back of the bar
the smoke held the air, as the floating tables were scarred,
in back of the counter the man asked "What can I do?"
and all I could say was "One on the way, take it out of my youth
h."

And the voice from the jukebox was singing much more than a song
the magic of music picked up my mind and was gone
caressed by a corner I sat in the shadows of blue
my glass quickly drained, I called out the name
said take it out of my youth.

My eyes were drawn to the dancers forsaking their days
swaying and swirling they shook with the passions of play
in total abandon the freedom of frenzy it grew
and just as before, I'll have one more
and take it out of my youth.

The women were wearing the paint that covered their frowns
fluid and flowing and formed in the loose fitting gowns
So I said to my friend, let's do it again
and take it out of my youth.

And the sounds were obscene as the wine-
drop visions were blurred
as the hours escaped to dungeons of wet empty words
My mind was swimming in a sea too familiar to fool
so I gave him the sign, just one more time
and take it out of my youth.

Now a toast to tomorrow as we dance on the fast rollin' logs
and a toast to today as frustration is drowned in the fog
lost to the world, lost to each other, it's true
the signal was down, just one more round,
and take it out of my youth.

And the world disappeared as though shot with a warm whisky gun
as proudly we played and frolicked in desperate fun
the cold night was laughing and waiting outside of the room
so here's where I'll stand and drink with the damned
and take it out of my youth.