

Young Man

Styx

People say with age there comes experience
But answers seem more distant every day
The good news and the bad news come together
What politician played this trick you say?

Who can we get to win the fight?
A young man
Who can we get to make love all night?
A young man
Who do we send away to die?
A young man
I heard a lonely woman cry for
A young man

Ideologies mean very little
When in practicality they're quite the same
If God is love how can Her words be twisted
Into holy wars where men will kill and maim

Who can we get to win the fight?
A young man
Who can we get to make love all night?
A young man
Who do we send away to die?
A young man
I heard a lonely woman cry for
A young man

Come home my son, we'll give you a rest
Welcome my son, we'll give you the best
Time's stowaway, the young man
So short are the days, of the young man