

All When We Were Young

The Felice Brothers

You were my favorite, my favorite
We'd she'd our Dungarees, do anything you please
Some night we'd get so high, we'd be like Jesus Christ
We drove all around in cars, the world was ours
All when we were young

Do you hang him on that hill to teach us how to kill?
Did you string him up like that to teach us how to act?
Sometimes the things you do, they come back at you
His arms went out so wide, it taught us how to fly
All when we were young

So where'd those planes come from
That burned my city up?
All that smoke and ash, teaching us how to crash
Sometimes all the things you do, they come back at you

All that smoke and ash, teaching us how to crash
Sometimes the things you do, they come back at you
We drove around in cars, and the world was ours
All when we were young