

# All When We Were Young

The Felice Brothers

You were my favorite, my favorite  
We'd shed 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