

Sweet Young Thing

The Monkees

Know that something very strange
Is happening to my brain.
I'm either feeling very good
Or else I am insane.
The seeds of doubt you planted
Have started to grow wild
But feel that I must yield before
The wisdom of a child

And it's love you bring,
No that I can't deny,
With your wings,
I can learn to fly,
Sweet young thing.

People try to talk to me
Their words are ugly sounds
But I resist all their attempts
To try and bring me down..
Turned on to the sunset,
Like I've never done before.
And I listen for your footsteps
And your know upon the door.

And it's love you bring,
With dreams of bluer skies
All these things,
When I seem them in your eyes
Sweet young thing.