

## 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.