

Out In The Past

The Rifles

This little town hasn't changed so much, not since the time of night

When we would lie out and talk like we couldn't be touched

Then you'd go away when the morning was light

But sure enough well we had to grow up

And there's nothing like a full time job to put out your fire

We were young and wasn't in love but maybe we were happy

Getting carried away

Now that seems so long ago, out the door and down the road

I'm sometimes sick when I'm alone of the times we had and now we don't

But out in the past we were running around that

Sometimes so fast with your foot on the ground

It was so hard to stand you never could tell

That all I saw was you

And every place that we talk about don't seem so far away

When you rely on yourself and the one you're around

And always believe everything that they say

But little talk isn't always enough and just cause you're

Still here now doesn't mean you're a liar

We were young and that was enough

And life has a habit of getting in the way