

Jealous Of Youth

The The

It's funny how, as we grow old
We cling to the past as we cling to the air
And feel nostalgia for things that were maybe never there

The town where innocence was bullied and flared
The house where desire's first fluids bled

But now the autumn leaves are turning to the color of rust
I'm getting jealous for youth's first yearnings for lust
I wanna live
I wanna live
But I ain't a big enough man to anything other than think

There's a girl I used to know
Who I think still lives 'round here
Up there, on top of that council tower
I was once her man
At the midnight hour
When I was as lusty as a dog
Come moonshine or fog
When our tongues would entwine
Long and slow
When we thought
We'd never let each other go
Oh no?

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Yet it's funny how as we grow old
We curse and point our finger at those
Those, those, those
Who made us scared and made us old
Who touched our bodies and bruised our souls
Who have made us scared and made us old
It was those, God
It was those
Who made us scared
And made us old

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