

Growing Up

Wishbone Ash

I remember the trees by the road
And the path going up the slope
Cigarette tips glowing in the dark
Dancing like fireflies
We could see the lights of the town
Far away below
And we were watching the world go by
Dreaming of the love we would know

And it all seems so, so far away
And such a long, long time ago
And when I think about it
I sometimes feel that growing up means losing friends

Engraved initials
On the fence by the old churchyard
Have long since worn and faded
But all the faces still remain
And I remember that girl
and how she kissed me
And the look from my father
When I stumbled home, much too late.

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