

Drag On, Young Years

Broken cars, old guitars
Waiting here for the time to pass,
Time takes it toll - it took it fast
Secret meetings at the river's bend
Simple days when I called you friend
Came a time, we went separate ways

Those were our young years
Our wings were drying in the sun
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold
Where are our young years

Everything seemed better days
Boats in which we sailed away
Lie all rusted on rocky ground
Here we sit with a schooner of ale
Dreaming of a wind that'll make us sail
Taking us far away
Do you remember how it was?
We had the moon and tide behind us
We used to take it up take it up!

Those were our young years
Our wings were drying in the sun
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold

Back in our young years
Sometimes the good did not die young
Now we live on memories alone
Of our young years

If we had the moon and tide behind us
We could still sail so far away
And time would pass
And things would change
And memories would fade away

Those were our young years
Our wings were drying in the sun
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold

Back in our young years
Sometimes the good did not die young
Now we live on memories alone

Those were our young years
You know we'll live it all again
We can turn the tide and sail away
Back to our young years
Those were our young years