

# James Blunt, Young Folks

If I told you things I did before  
Told you how I used to be  
Would you go along with someone like me  
If you knew my story word for word  
Had all of my history  
Would you go along with someone like me

I did before and had my share  
It didn't lead nowhere  
I would go along with someone like you  
It doesn't matter what you did  
Who you were hanging with  
We could stick around and see this night through

And we don't care about the young folks  
Talkin' 'bout the young style  
And we don't care about the old folks  
Talkin' 'bout the old style too  
And we don't care about their own faults  
Talkin' 'bout our own style  
All we care 'bout is talking  
Talking only me and you

Usually when things has gone this far  
People tend to disappear  
No one will surprise me unless you do

I can tell there's something goin' on  
Hours seems to disappear  
Everyone is leaving I'm still with you

It doesn't matter what we do  
Where we are going too  
We can stick around and see this night through

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