

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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