

# James Young, Young Man

People say with age there comes experience  
But answers seem more distant every day  
The good news and the bad news come together  
What politician played this trick you say?

Who can we get to win the fight?  
A young man  
Who can we get to make love all night?  
A young man  
Who do we send away to die?  
A young man  
I heard a lonely woman cry for  
A young man

Ideologies mean very little  
When in practicality they're quite the same  
If God is love how can Her words be twisted  
Into holy wars where men will kill and maim

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Come home my son, we'll give you a rest  
Welcome my son, we'll give you the best  
Time stole away, the young man  
So short are the days, of the young man