

The Classic Crime, 5805

Friends, I will keep you like trophies in my heart
to remember how loneliness was a faded dream on 219th Street,
We were more than just young we were full of it
and no one could touch us or take us in
Watching the sunset from the roof we'd plan our next adventure

I was 19 and young, thought I had it all figured out
The world was our oyster and we dove in to get the pearl out

Now we are swimming in memories
how we wish we could go back
We hold to the hope that someday
we'll see the world again like that

I've got a sneaking suspicion that hindsight only favors good vision
But I'm not one to complain when it's all I dream of
We were more than just useless and stupid kids
The music it moved us, we shook our fists
as we sang along at the top of our lungs