

# 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