

# The Raconteurs, Old Enough

You look pretty in your fancy dress  
But I detect unhappiness.  
You never speak so I have to guess  
You're not free.  
Yeah, maybe when you're old enough  
You'll realize that you're not so tough  
And some days as the seas get rough,  
and You'll see.  
You're too young to have it figured out.  
You think you know what you're talkin about.  
You think it all will work itself out,  
But we'll see.  
When I was young I thought I knew,  
You probably think you know too.  
Do you?  
Well, do you?  
I was naive just like you, I thought  
I knew exactly what I wanted to do.  
Well, what you gonna do?  
What a fool.  
And how've you gotten by so far  
Without having no visible scar?  
No one knowin who you really are,  
They can't see.  
What you gonna do? (What you gonna do?)  
What you gonna do now?  
x4  
What you gonna do now?  
(Yeah)  
The only way you'll ever learn a thing  
Is to admit that you know absolutely nothing.  
Oh, nothing.  
Think about this carefully.  
You might not get another chance to speak freely.  
Oh, freely.  
Baby when you're old enough.  
Baby when you're old enough.  
Baby when you're old enough,  
You're not free.  
(Yeah)  
You're not free.