

Axxis, Young Souls

His old hand is searching slowly
The wrinkled face is filled with pleasure
Worn-out fingers take a record
Out of the cover of the past
Then he looked up to heaven
His eyes are shining and smiling clearly
With this old music he remembers
He feels his youth - without fear
The whole street hears the music
And everybody knows
Young souls rocking again
With rock 'n' roll the speakers burning
Young souls rocking again
The amplifier is glowing hot
His feet are stepping with the rhythm
His hands are clapping till they burn
Where is the old age? How could this be?
In his mind he's young and free
The whole street hears the music
And everybody knows
Young souls rocking again
With rock 'n' roll the speakers burning
Young souls rocking again
The amplifier is glowing hot