

James Taylor, Never Die Young

We were ring-around-the-rosy children, they were circles around the sun.
Never give up, never slow down, never grow old, never ever die young.
Synchronized with the rising moon, even with the evening star,
they were true love written in stone, they were never alone, they were never that far apart.

And we who couldn't bear to believe they might make it, we got to close our eyes.
Cut up our losses into doable doses, ration our tears and sighs.
Oh, you could see them on the street on a Saturday night. Everyone used to run them down.
They're a little too sweet, they're a little too tight, not enough tough for this town.
Couldn't touch them with a ten-foot pole, no, it didn't seem to rattle at all.
They were glued together body and soul, that much more with their backs up against the wall.

Oh, hold them up, hold them up, never do let them fall
prey to the dust and the rust and the ruin that names us and claims us and shames us all.

I guess it had to happen someday soon- wasn't nothing to hold them down.
They would rise from among us like a big balloon, take the sky, forsake the ground.
Oh, yes, other hearts were broken, yeah, other dreams ran dry
but our golden ones sail on, sail on to another land beneath another sky.
(Let other hearts be broken, let other dreams run dry)
but our golden ones sail on, sail on to another land beneath another sky, beneath another sky.
Hold them up, hold them up, hold them up, hold them up, hold them up, hold them up...
(Hold them up, don't let them fall).