

# Japan, The Art Of Parties

Once I was young  
Once I was smart  
Now I'm living on the edge of my nerves  
The things we said weren't quite so tough  
When we were young

Well I'm burning  
I'm burning buildings  
I'm building...this time

For the art of parties  
Under heavy weather  
The art of parties  
I'm burning...burning

I'm living  
I'm living my life  
I'm living  
This time

The wind blew through my hair  
Once I was young  
I'd shelter from the sun  
Once I was smart  
We lived on the strength of our nerves  
When we were young

Well I'm burning  
I'm burning buildings  
I'm building...this time