

# Smolik / Kev Fox, Little Older

It's six o'clock the heat is on  
The birds they're singing evening songs  
I put my coat across your shoulders  
You would make your mother cry  
If she saw the look that's in your eye  
She'll tell you that she told you

Don't hang around with older souls  
Who drink and smoke and rock and roll and  
You might die a little older'  
For everything is a perfect time  
But if you never live then still you die  
But you won't die a little older

You have to run to win the race  
But if you play your only ace  
Don't come crying on my shoulder  
You'll never change your brother's mind  
Because the more you have the more you are  
But you won't die a little older

But we can talk about the good old days  
Of penny sweets and lemonade  
With a touch of something stronger  
Then we'll stumble through the streets then home  
Through your tired eyes you'll smile and  
Put your head upon my shoulder