

Soft Cell, Youth

Youth has gone
I heard you say
It doesn't matter
Anyway
Don't hide the photos
Or turn off the lights
I'm quite sure we've both seen
Funnier sights

You
Sleep in a deep deep sleep
Beauty is skin deep

Youth has gone
Though we're still young
It's hard I know to believe
That I was somebody's son
The memories
Of what you once were
The memories of what
We both were

You
Sleep in a deep deep sleep
Beauty is skin deep

Youth has gone
And don't think I don't cry
We let ourselves slip
And now
I ask myself why
I'm on my own
And don't think I really mind
When after all
The years have been fairly kind

You
Sleep in a deep deep sleep
Beauty is skin deep
Sleep in a deep deep sleep
Beauty is skin deep

Youth...Youth...Youth...Sleep