

# The The, Jealous Of Youth

It's funny how, as we grow old  
We cling to the past as we cling to the air  
And feel nostalgia for things that were maybe never there  
The town where innocence was bullied and flared  
The house where desire's first fluids bled  
But now the autumn leaves are turning to the color of rust  
I'm getting jealous for youth's first yearnings for lust  
I wanna live  
I wanna live  
But I ain't a big enough man to anything other than think  
There's a girl I used to know  
Who I think still lives 'round here  
Up there, on top of that council tower  
I was once her man  
At the midnight hour  
When I was as lusty as a dog  
Come moonshine or fog  
When our tongues would entwine  
Long and slow  
When we thought  
We'd never let each other go  
Oh no?  
But now the autumn leaves are turning to the color of rust  
I'm getting jealous for youth's first yearnings for lust  
I wanna live  
I wanna live  
But I ain't a big enough man to anything other than think  
Yet it's funny how as we grow old  
We curse and point our finger at those  
Those, those, those  
Who made us scared and made us old  
Who touched our bodies and bruised our souls  
Who have made us scared and made us old  
It was those, God  
It was those  
Who made us scared  
And made us old  
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