Precious Years

Matt Dusk

When love is young The tallest tree Is there to climb Is evergreen In summer fields we dream our dreams When love is youngWhen love is young The air is sweet Forbidden fruit is all we eat An August moon is your conceit When love is youngThese are precious years Such intoxicating years When our innocence slowly comes undone Hearts are spilt on purest silk When love is youngThese are precious years Such intoxicating years When our innocence slowly comes undone Hearts are spilt on purest silk When love is youngWhen love is young The glass is full No empty chairs, no silent walls Like warriors, we conquer all When love is youngThese are precious years Such intoxicating years When our innocence slowly comes undone Hearts are spilt on purest silk These precious years These precious years Never will grow old They are forever gold

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