

Youth

Tomas Rubeck

And you said
We would be golden
When we grow old
And you said
We'd never be broken
When we grow old
But if a river
Can dry to dust
I guess, the angels
We learn to trust
Can fly away
And like a mountain
Can lose it's peak
I now know
The heart can change
Its needs quietly
And you said
We'd never be parted
When we grow old
And you said
I'll see you in Heaven
When we grow old
But if a river
Can dry to dust
I guess, the angels
We learn to trust
Can fly away
And like a mountain
Can lose it's peak
I now know
The heart can change
Its needs quietly
And so goodbye
Come tomorrow
Goodbye, come tomorrow
Goodbye, goodbye
Yeah, goodbye
Come tomorrow
Goodbye, come tomorrow

Goodbye, goodbye
And you said
We would be golden
When we grow old

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