Young Love

Sun Kil Moon

On cold November days, don't like to stray in the park
Or even leave my bed, or put down my guitar
Or leave my master bedroom, with it's view
Overlooking the mountainsOn dark December days, I think of all my friends
from Washington to Maine, New York to Sweden
And how we've all grown closer, with years
Or how we've grown apartIcicles fall from my roof, burning stove pires of fire
Will we meet again, and grow (?)
Or grow apart (?)On January days, I walk into the town
Once or twice a day, some peace out here I've found
My clothes are wet with rain and mountain mist
Oh how I love the quietWhen February days, I've gone another year
Chasing perfect poems and trying them in your ear
But I'm losing the will to chase them anymore
Across those lonesome oceansRunning deer stops at a fence, sniffing at the flower in absence (?)
Will we meet again and grow (?)
or grow apart (?)Old lonesome habit, my mountain home
don't try to wake me, I'll sleep here alone
I'll shut out my friends, shut off the phone
Late at night, I hear the echoes of young loveI walk downtown, saw her again
There on the corner, laughing with friends
The cool mountain air, against her pink skin
I walked on, aching with memories of young loveYouth walk by, hand in hand
And there on the porch, sits an old man
His back is tight, splintered eave
And plain in his eyes, he envies the beauty of young love

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