

# Go Be Young

Edwin McCain

The perfumed and smoky she swears that she knows me  
She's falling down drunk again  
I say she's mistaken she's visibly shaken  
Emotions all drowned in ginShe said, "I used to be beautiful  
But now it's all gone  
I'd let my dreams slip away from me  
That's where it went wrong"Go be young, go be free  
And follow your heart where it leads you  
And don't end up like me  
Don't end up like meThe Indian in the guardhouse  
Used to spin me yarns  
The stories of canyons and Boston in winter  
Losing his family's farmsHe said, "I've outlived my three sons  
They died in three wars"  
I laughed and I cried while they lived and they died  
And I know that they deserve moreGo be young, go be free  
And follow your heart where it leads you  
And don't end up like me  
Don't end up like me  
And don't end up like me  
Don't end up like meGo be young, go be free  
Follow your heart where it leads you  
Don't end up like me  
And don't end up like me  
Don't end up like me

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