

Winter of Our Youth

Bastille

"So the question is.. Why doesn't he grow up? Why does he still behave as a child. How can we help him get rid of his.. Leftovers from childish behavior."This is the winter of our youth, oh

but I'm not there yet.

I've got nostalgia running through me,
and I don't like it.

Oh, my, my, my, my,
now I can almost taste it,
taste it.

But I just thought we didn't waste it away.I know the winters getting colder,
but why, just cause we're a little older do
I relive it, I relive it all.

I'm pedaling backwards, even if I'm pedaling alone
can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.It's 4AM, here comes the fear, I'm not prepared yet.
And when we bicker over the past, we glorify it.

Oh, my, my, my, my,
I hope I wasn't wasted, wasted.

And I, I hope I didn't drink it away.I know the winters getting colder,
but why, just cause we're a little older do
I relive it, I relive it all.

I'm pedaling backwards, even if I'm pedaling alone.
Can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.I let myself bathe in the past for way, way, way too long.

And now it seems I've drunk too much to give you
what you want.I know the winters getting colder,
but why, just cause we're a little older do
I relive it, I relive it all.

I'm pedaling backwards, even if I'm pedaling alone.
Can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.Can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.

Can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.
I'm pedaling backwards, even if I'm pedaling alone.
Can't help it, I relive it, I relive it all.

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