

Your Wild Years

The Menzingers

Long for the words with hearts and wings
Something familiar when you miss everything
You rest your head against the window pane
Feet on the dash through the steady rain
I drove you home while you slept in the front seat
After a show at the Stone Pony
Watch you awake so god damn sweetly
Over the Walt Whitman Bridge back to Philly I toss and turn at four in the morning
Petrified of where our future's going
'Cause you're the kind of girl that deserves the world
I'm just the kind of guy that promises the world
So I fix a drink nice and strong in the kitchen
Something quick that'll cure my conscience
Creep back to bed and I kiss your forehead
Maybe everything is fine and it's all in my head A little Irish in your blood
A little Polish in your name
A little Boston in your attitude
Just the way you were raised
A little Irish in your blood
A little Polish in your name
A little Boston in your attitude
Just the way you were raised
We drove up to Massachusetts together
Your old house was just like you remember
We stayed in your adolescent room
Rummaged through the boxes labeled "former you"
The souvenirs of happiness in the moment
Your wild years that you often mention
The sands of time in an hourglass
That you're always begging for back
I got drunk in the afternoon with your father in the living room
As the television broke the silence
You smiled, know that I was trying the best that I can do

Songwriters

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