

# Youth

## The Mob

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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