

# Young Turks

Sexton Blake

Billy left his home with a dollar in his pocket  
And a head full of dreams  
He said somehow, some way  
It's gotta get better than this  
Patti packed her bags, left a note for her momma  
She was just seventeen  
There were tears in her eyes  
When she kissed her little sister goodbye  
They held each other tight  
As they drove on through the night, they were so exited  
We got but one shot of life  
Let's take it while we're still not afraid  
Because life is so brief  
And time is a thief, when you're undecided  
And like a fistful of sand  
It can slip right through your hands  
Young hearts be free tonight, time is on your side  
Don't let 'em put you down  
Don't let 'em push you around  
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view  
Paradise was closed so they headed for the coast  
In a blissful manner  
They took a two room apartment  
That was jumping every night of the week  
Happiness was found in each other's arms  
As expected, yeah  
Billy pierced his ears  
Drove a pickup like a lunatic, ooh!  
Young hearts be free tonight, time is on your side  
Don't let 'em put you down  
Don't let 'em push you around  
Don't let 'em ever change your point of view  
Come on, babe  
Young hearts be free tonight, time is on, on your side  
Billy wrote a letter back home  
To Patti's parents tryin' to explain  
He said, "We're both real sorry  
That it had to turn out this way"  
But there ain't no point in talking

When there's nobody listening  
So we just ran away  
Patti gave birth to a ten pound baby boy, yeah!  
Young hearts be free tonight, time is on your side  
Young hearts be free tonight, time is on your side  
Young hearts be free tonight, time in on your side  
Young hearts gotta run free, be free, live free  
Time is on, time is on your side  
Time, time, time, time is on your side, is on your side, is on your side  
Young heart be free tonight  
Tonight, tonight, tonight, tonight, yeah

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