Young Blood

The Districts

I spoiled just like wine, left a sour taste in your mouth
You said, it was not that that I changed I just strayed
In the dark of the nightLove is patient and wise, but it's not always kind when you learn how it leaves
So nimble and lythe, through fingers like sand
It never lingers
And I'm grating my handsMy patience is waning, I'm growing tired
In the scorn of the weather, my fickle heart fades
And I can't make the grade
But I'll graduate gently without stories worth singing, of my own
Just need a little romance
I just need a little time
Just need a little young love, to ease my mindMy ears ringing, teeth grind, think I'd be able better off blind, she said
So that I won't picture it
I've yet to grow patient, I've yet to grow kind
Love was patient and wise, but didn't stay through the time
Preoccupied we were, now my smile's breaking
But if I learn to relax all my muscles in vain
Float on the waves see if your heart still remains, it's as wide as the ocean
The birds in the skyMy patience is waning, I'm growing tired
In the scorn of the weather, my fickle heart fades
And I can't make the grade
But I'll graduate gently without stories worth singing, of my own
Just need a little romance
I just need a little time, time
Just need a little young love, to ease my mindIt's a long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I am
Long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I am
Long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I am
Long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I amIt's a long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I am
Long way down from the top to the bottom
It's a long way back to a high from where I am

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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