

young folks

[datashat](#)

If I told you things I did before, told you how I used to be
 Would you go along with someone like me?
If you knew my story word for word, had all of my history
 Would you go along with someone like me?
I did before and had my share, it didn't lead nowhere
 I would go along with someone like you
It doesn't matter what you did, who you were hanging with
 We could stick around and see this night through
 And we don't care about the young folks
 Talking 'bout the young style
 And we don't care about the old folks
 Talking 'bout the old style too
 And we don't care about our own faults
 Talking 'bout our own style
 All we care 'bout is talking
 Talking only me and you
Usually when things has gone this far people tend to disappear
 No one will surprise me unless you do
I can tell there's something goin' on, hours seems to disappear
 Everyone is leaving, I'm still with you
It doesn't matter what we do, where we are going to
 We can stick around and see this night through
 And we don't care about the young folks
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