

Young & Crazy

Frankie Ballard

One day, I'll slow and lay down,
Spend my weekends in a swing out on the wraparound.

Oh but these days, I'm on a mission
To get these wild oats out of my system.

Yeah I might stay out all night,
I've gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right.

I wanna sit out on the porch
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise
If I ain't ever young and crazy?

Now I might have to kiss no telling how many lips
Before I ever really figure out what love is.
Go through some heartbreaks, wake up with headaches,
Don't learn nothing 'til you make a lot of mistakes.
How will I know where to draw the line
If I don't cross it a few hundred times?

I wanna sit out on the porch
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise
If I ain't ever young and crazy?

Yeah I'm gonna stay out all night,
I've gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right
I've gotta live a lot of life if I'm gonna give good advice
When I'm talking to my grand-babies
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise
If I ain't ever young and crazy?

I wanna sit out on the porch
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise
If I ain't ever young and crazy?
If I ain't ever young and crazy?

Young and crazy.
Young, young and crazy.
Young and crazy.

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