

# The Days of Being Young and Free

[Amy Macdonald](#)

Listen to my heart as it beats for you and it's telling you the things that  
I never could. And it's laying it down on the line for you. And the years are catching up, I can see it on your  
face. And the days of  
Being young and free are left there with the memories that blow in the  
Wind. And I can feel it coming when the Monday morning blues, they last all  
Through the week, I feel it on Sunday too. And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak and I can not  
speak the  
Truth. The days of being, the days of being free. They're etched upon my face in  
Every light that you see. The stories I could tell, the lies are told as  
Well.  
What I wouldn't give to live it all again. The years are passing, every single day. Where did they go? Did you  
take  
Them all away? Now I'm older and brave. And the children, they all left. They fled their family nest. And now  
we're  
All alone and the house don't feel like home anymore, anymore. Then I can feel it coming when the Monday  
morning blues, they last all  
Through the week, I feel it on Sunday too. And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak and I can not  
speak the  
Truth. The days of being, the days of being free. They're etched upon my face in  
Every light that you see. The stories I could tell, the lies are told as  
Well.  
What I wouldn't give to live it all again. And in my baby's eyes I lived it all again, the fear, the surprise,  
Everything. In my baby's eyes I lived it all again and I wouldn't change anything. And in my baby's eyes I lived  
it all again and I wouldn't change anything.

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