Young Turks

Touch Committee

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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