Youth

White Apple Tree

The smell of cigarettes stain the backseat
We stick around because we don't care
None of us have had to work for nothing
Let's go to Tyler's house and waste some air

One more forty
One more year
What a waste of youth grandeur

Let's take a trip on a road to nowhere
With a car your parents own
Let's make a stop at every Starbucks
Let's complain about how service is slow

One more problem
One more Schmear
Racing Rats are more sincere

One more last drink
Before you drive home

We'll watch Fight Club till four in the morning
Talk about that Pixies song at the end
We spew ramblings of something exotic
And what will happen when our lives begin

One more forty
One more year
What a waste of youth grandeur

One more last drink
Before you drive home

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