BEAR (Young's Done In)

Dear Reader

100 kites flew in a flock
100 dogs threw up a bark
The wheels and pedals of our bikes
they spun
In mechanic salute the winter sun
pasted poorly above like a glittery
piece of tinfoil
Don't you dare fall downIf I'm this tired while having fun
it makes me worried that something's wrong
How much longer will I be young
So much stuff that I haven't doneOn the soggy streets of Budapest
on an escape mission from the West
We met the remnants of the Welsh invasion
It took all our wit and bravery
and we had to stop for elevenses
So eventuall we chose to embrace themIf I'm this tired while having fun
it makes me worried that something's wrong
How much longer will I be young
So much stuff that I haven't doneIf I'm this tired while having fun
it makes me worried that something's wrong
How much longer will I be youngIn another bar, on another street
but it really might as well not be
We laugh and toast away the nighttime hours
And at 6 AM, when I go to sleep
All the birds are scowling in at me
And I beg them in their mercy to forgive usIf I'm this tired while having fun
How much longer will I be young

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