Married Young

Robbers on High Street

Married young, what's done is done
Our hearts and hopes are soft and glistening
We started playing house too soon it seems
Our Swedish furnishings are splinteringBut who am I to preach this game we play?
Roll in the hay with dreadful infidels
Now sleuth's deduction need attain the way
Our love so bold, incendiary and new
What are we to do?So t-t-trust me, trust me, dear
Your mom and papa hold me dear
We make mistakes, we make mix tapes
Our love is a young, wholesome and healthy enterpriseIs there a sliding scale in hell?
Does the devil grade on a curve?
I wonder who'll be the first to burn in this beautiful decay
But your path will still remain economy, econo youMarried young, what's done is done
Married young, what's done is doneWe're too young and we believe
We'll be our first, our only
We're too young, we peak too soon
Oh, what are we to do?What are we to do?
What are we to do?

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