

Be Young You

Jefferson Starship

The tongues of some men are made of metal
The tongues of some men are made of oil
But the keeper of those men never rolled
Their tongues for anybody's free ride but his own
Now the oily tongues are thirsty for black gold. But the old men are going to bed
They'll be sleeping through the future
And the children red with fire
They got to move away the old man's rusty beds. Now the tongue, the tongue of a master
That should be laughter - with dancing legs
Like a flying wheel for the weak and sad man
Some tongues of man are made of silence
And your eyes will listen.

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