

Too Old to Die Young

Timber Timbre

These signs of natural disasters
Predictions of a brutal force
In case you're thinking of escaping
Before you wake, I'll take your horse
No incantation now will save us
Now that we're too old to die young
You may not look inside my mind anymore
But always standard time takes over
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it all up now
My eunuch on your mystic parkway
I kept my eyes and arms bereft
Our garden would not grow by flash light
I kept so quiet I went deaf
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it all up now
You may not look inside my mind anymore
Now you may leave my arms of moss
And it's time we burned our bridges down
So I know I won't come creeping to your cross
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up now
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up
I'm givin' it, givin' it, givin' it givin' it all up now

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