Conjuring My Youth

Handguns

I saw the ghost of myself down by the river
We always used to throw rocks in
I couldn't help but sit there stare off and wonder
Just where the hell that person's been
Remeber those nights that never seemed to end?
Well they did and we'll never get them back again
I don't feel the same way as I used to
but I guess that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of you
Bonfire's lit up the dead of the winter
It's so good to be home again
Watched the sunset with all our friends
and drank away the weekend
We were so naive back then
There's not one thing that I'd change
I'd live it just the same
and I'd make all the same mistakes
I don't feel the same way as I used to
but I guess that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of you
I wish I had all of the time in the world
To count the stars in the sky or just waste time
I'm counting cars passing by
Staring at clouds while questioning life
When I die bury me by the river
We always used to throw rocks in
I don't feel the same way as I used to
but I guess that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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