

# 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  
Remember 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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