Young Blood

The Districts

I spoiled just like wine, left a sour taste in your mouth
You said, it was not that I changed I just strayed
In the dark of the nightLove is patient and wise, but it's not always kind when you learn how it leaves

So nimble and lythe, through fingers like sand It never lingers

And I'm grating my handsMy patience is waning, I'm growing tired In the scorn of the weather, my fickle heart fades

And I can't make the grade

But I'll graduate gently without stories worth singing, of my own

Just need a little romance

I just need a little time

Just need a little young love, to ease my mind

My ears ringing, teeth grind, think I'd be able better off blind, she said

So that I won't picture it

I've yet to grow patient, I've yet to grow kind

Love was patient and wise, but didn't stay through the time

Preoccupied we were, now my smile's breaking

But if I learn to relax all my muscles in vain

Float on the waves see if your heart still remains, it's as wide as the ocean

The birds in the skyMy patience is waning, I'm growing tired

In the scorn of the weather, my fickle heart fades

And I can't make the grade

But I'll graduate gently without stories worth singing, of my own

Just need a little romance

I just need a little time, time

Just need a little young love, to ease my mind

It's a long way down from the top to the bottom

It's a long way back to a high from where I am

Long way down from the top to the bottom

It's a long way back to a high from where I am

Long way down from the top to the bottom

It's a long way back to a high from where I am

Long way down from the top to the bottom

It's a long way back to a high from where I amIt's a long way down from the top to the bottom

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Long way down from the top to the bottom

It's a long way back to a high from where I am

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://counterlikes.com/