

# Drag On, Young Years

Broken cars, old guitars  
Waiting here for the time to pass,  
Time takes it toll - it took it fast  
Secret meetings at the river's bend  
Simple days when I called you friend  
Came a time, we went separate ways

Those were our young years  
Our wings were drying in the sun  
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold  
Where are our young years

Everything seemed better days  
Boats in which we sailed away  
Lie all rusted on rocky ground  
Here we sit with a schooner of ale  
Dreaming of a wind that'll make us sail  
Taking us far away  
Do you remember how it was?  
We had the moon and tide behind us  
We used to take it up take it up!

Those were our young years  
Our wings were drying in the sun  
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold

Back in our young years  
Sometimes the good did not die young  
Now we live on memories alone  
Of our young years

If we had the moon and tide behind us  
We could still sail so far away  
And time would pass  
And things would change  
And memories would fade away

Those were our young years  
Our wings were drying in the sun  
Now the winter, at our window feels so cold

Back in our young years  
Sometimes the good did not die young  
Now we live on memories alone

Those were our young years  
You know we'll live it all again  
We can turn the tide and sail away  
Back to our young years  
Those were our young years