

I Wasn't Worried

Pale Young Gentlemen

They robbed an answer from the pockets
of the good old days. It was simple yep to
then. Now I hold the fire in a worried way.
I guard the fire from the wind.

I like to tell you that you're pretty, it
warms your face. And I am a winner
every time. Don't break my heart with
your common sense, don't throw my heart
against the wind.

I wasn't worried about it, but I watch it
closer now. I wasn't worried about it at all.

I wait for the moment and I wait for
the moment's cue, and I do the best
that I can. With my bellows out and a
comic grace I rob the pockets of our good
old days.