

Pulp of Youth

The Growlers

The pop don't sound the same no more
When I pull the cork
Never about the taste before
It was a hunt for sport

A sea of fading faces
I was stupid and proud
Eyes as sharp as knives
Cut me out of the crowd

Wine still cheap and red
Eyes still deep and true
Glasses raise again
Drink to the pulp of youth
Climb the vine again, my friend

Not everybody makes it
Casualties of some plot
Not a pro just a lucky one
To make it out of the line

A sea of fading faces
I was stupid and loud
Her eyes as sharp as knives
Cut me out of the crowd

Blood still hot and red
Eyes still deep and true
Glasses raise again
Drink to the pulp of youth
Til our time is due
I'll be on the vine with you
As it was in the pulp of youth

Who was the picker
Who is to say
And does it even matter
The lucky ones come up when the sun sinks down
High on laughter

A thousand fading faces
I was stupid and proud
Eyes as sharp as knives
Cut me out of the crowd

Wine still cheap and red
Eyes still deep and true
Glasses raise again
Drink to the pulp of youth
Til our time is due
I'll be on the vine with you
As it was in the pulp of youth