

# Your Wild Years

The Menzingers

Long for the words with hearts and wings  
Something familiar when you miss everything  
You rest your head against the window pane  
Feet on the dash through a steady rain  
I drove you home while you slept in the front seat  
After a show at the Stone Pony  
Watched you wake so god damn sweetly  
Over the Walt Whitman Bridge back to Philly

I toss and turn at four in the morning  
Petrified of where our future is going  
'Cause you're the kind of girl that deserves the world  
I'm just the kind of guy that promises the world  
So I fix a drink nice and strong in the kitchen  
Something quick that'll cure my conscience  
Creep back to bed and I kiss your forehead  
Maybe everything is fine and it's all in my head

A little Irish in your blood  
A little Polish in your name  
A little Boston in your attitude  
Just the way you were raised  
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We drove up to Massachusetts together  
Your old house was just like you remembered  
We stayed in your adolescent room  
Rummaged through the boxes labeled "former you"  
The souvenirs of happiness in a moment  
Your wild years that you often mention  
The sands of time in an hourglass  
That you're always begging for back

I got drunk in the afternoon  
With your father in the living room  
As the television broke the silence  
You smiled knowing I was trying  
The best that I can do

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