

Only The Young

Tony Carey

Mama, tell your children
Not to step on any cracks
And mama, tell your children
About runnin' with the pack
Tell your sons and daughters
'Bout the strangers they will meet
With too much money, too many offers
From the other side of the street
And your words sound just like poetry
They sound like poetry should
They sound like words of wisdom
But they never do much good
And the kid's are havin' fun tonight
Out in Hollywood
Tell me why, now
Tell me if you could
Why only the young die good
Mama speaks to no one
She says what have I done so wrong
It's three o'clock in the morning
And my baby's still not home
She waits alone in the darkness

Waits for the phone to ring
Hear a voice that's heard it all before
Yeah, it's heard about everything
And the voice sounds just like poetry
Sounds like poetry should
Sounds like words of wisdom
But they never do much good
And the big kid's havin' fun tonight
Out in Hollywood
Tell me why, now
Tell me if you could
Why only the young die good
And she plays the whole scene
Over in her head one last time
Would it come out any different
If I'd been strong
Ain't it funny how one moment
Everything is fine
And the next moment
Everything is wrong
And only the young die good
Only the young die good...