

Youth

Swinging on the front porch, telling me my dreams can't last
Playing until I'm angry, scared that all the gems have passed
(chorus) If that was the truth, I've risked my youth, just to produce

Painters painting postcards, writing puffing pieces to stand
I'm searching all the angles to play without a helping hand

(chorus) If that was the truth, I've risked my youth, just to produce

Some seeking validation, the promises of scenes so grand.
I'm pushing my pulse while I'm pushing my plans.

(chorus) If that was the truth, I've risked my youth, what is your truth

BRIDGE

(chorus) If that is the truth, what makes you move, what would you do

(chorus) What is your truth, when you lead them on, with your bleeding
songs

Four on the floor, contemplating if I sit or stand.

Quieted by maybes, 30 bring things up fast.