

Nostalgic

Anthony Amorim

Drove back home to see my folks today
I've been distant
All my closest friends have moved away
It's feeling different
Growing ups not what I thought it'd be
Knowing you're not still just down the street
So I opened up my old yearbook today
I'm getting good at reminiscing

Staring at pictures of it
Don't try to tell me that I'm too young to be this nostalgic
I'm still just trying to move on
These memories keep calling
Me back to where I don't belong
Too soon to be forgotten
Too young to be this nostalgic
These memories keep calling
Too young to be this nostalgic

I miss when we could be careless
Saw you like everyday
And now I go out
Run into your parents
They told me that you're doing okay
I know
I'm not grown
But all the good times feel so far gone
We should've known that that be our hay day
I wish I could go back home in the same way

Staring at pictures of it
Don't try to tell me that I'm too young to be this nostalgic
I'm still just trying to move on
These memories keep calling
Me back to where I don't belong
Too soon to be forgotten
Too young to be this nostalgic
These memories keep calling (Yeah, Yeah)
Too young to be this nostalgic (Hey)

Remember when my brother broke his arm in that ally way?
Back when I was out and everybody called me Callaway
Mom would drop us off the hoop like every single Saturday
And I went out for older bump the music that my dad would play (Turn that Up)
With the windows down thinking "Where the time went?"
In the same damn car that me and my friends
Would sneak on out before we had a license
Never woke the parents up we we're staying silent
To all my old friends
I still cheer for
And the bad times
That I feel for
No matter what happens to me
You know I always got a spot in my passenger seat (Haha, just)

Staring at pictures of it

Don't try to tell me that I'm too young to be this nostalgic (Don't tell me
x2)
I'm still just trying to move on (Let me go)
These memories keep calling (Let me go)
Me back to where I don't belong (I go)
Too soon to be forgotten
Too young to be this nostalgic
These memories keep calling
Me back to where I don't belong
Too soon to be forgotten
Too young to be this nostalgic