

# 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