

Young Friend

Brooke Waggoner

Young friend there are
Unspoiled sides o' country
Those hills make ya moon and make ya swooney
And they have wiped away
The bloom from your strawberry brow
With their wispy clutch and wispy gown

I got along just fine 'til I knew ya
The saddest days were the ones that I'd lose ya
But now I am free so long I'll see ya
Next year when I'm strong and I mean it

Young friend there are
Silos of things that make you want to grow
In the west on farms that sound like string-lit bows
And they will keep you close and they
And they will keep you in good company
Like the sad ol' tunes that make you moody

I got along just fine 'til I knew ya
The saddest days were the ones that I'd lose ya
But now I am free so long I'll see ya
Next year when I'm strong and I mean it

You gave me the frowns
You gave me the frowns
You gave me the frowns

You gave me the frowns
You gave me the frowns
You gave me the frowns