

The man in the mirror ain't the kid he used to be
Bloodshot eyes and a pounding head, going on thirty three
If I could find a way, I'd take a day and ride the time machine
No blanket, just a backseat
When we were seventeen

When we were seventeen
Just you and me together
When we were seventeen
I thought it'd last forever
Like an old pair of jeans
We split right at the seams
When we were seventeen

Strange you walk in the front door
We used to sneak in through the back
They never asked us questions
When we'd order beer and Jack
Life was so much simpler then
Now here's where we're at
A little older, maybe wiser
A little further down the track

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