

So I'm Growing Old on Magic Mountain

Father John Misty

That was the last New Year I'll ever see
And I wanna stay on that magic mountain
With lost souls and beautiful women
I drank some of Farmer's potion
And we were moving in slow motion

The slower, the better
The slower, the better
'Cause there's no one old on magic mountain
There's no one old, old on magic mountain

And that was the very last barn I'm burning
So for now everyone is dancing
As if it's any time but the present
So for now every young thing in my path
I'll hold their face so long inside my hands

The longer, the better
The longer, the better
'Cause there's no one old on magic mountain
There's no one old, old on magic mountain

The wine has all been emptied
And smoke has cleared
As people file back to the valley
On the last night of life's party
These days the years thin till I can't remember
Just what it feels like to be young forever

So the longer I stay here
The longer there's no future
So I'm growing old on magic mountain
I'm growing old, old on magic mountain