

The Years

Fiddlehead

I think I found my way out (Get out, go on)
Up from the true-blue way-down (Move it, move on)
All with this Joy-Boy, True Love (Hold up, hold on)

And all the years have changed
Ten folded like a day
Old Death's dulling sting
To new life blooming
(Oh what would you think of me?)

Nothing can change the pain and I don't want it to
The sting of blinding spring is what's left of you
But, "Get up! Get out! Go on!" are all the signs I see
What would you think of me?

You have to find your way out (Get out, go on)
You know what I think now (Move out, but hold on)

With all the years you changed
Ten faced every day
Old Death's dulling sting
To new life blooming

Nothing can change the pain and I don't want it to
Nothing can change the pain and I don't want it to
Nothing can change the pain and I don't want it to