

Conjuring My Youth

Handguns

I saw a ghost of myself down by the river
We always used to throw rocks in
I couldn't help but sit there, stare up and wonder
Just where the hell that person's been

Remember those nights never seem to end
Well they did and we'll never get 'em back again

I don't, I don't, feel the same way as I used to
But I guess, I guess, that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of you, you

Bonfires lit up the dead of the winter
It's so good to be home again
Watch the sunset with all our friends
We drank away the weekends
We were so naive back then

There's not one thing that I'd change, I'd live it just the same
And I'd make all the same mistakes

I don't, I don't, feel the same way as I used to
But I guess, I guess, that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of...

Wish I had all the time in the world
To count the stars in the sky, or just waste time
By counting cars passing by
Staring at clouds while questioning life

When I die, bury me by the river
We always used to throw rocks in

I don't, I don't, feel the same way as I used to
But I guess, I guess, that's what happens
When you let nostalgia get the best of you