

Ancient Youth

John Moreland

Stuck all night with a bad view
Stone cold by the sight of ancient youth
Woah, oh oh

We couldn't wait 'til the rain came
Headed north on 65 between a grave and a hurricane
Woo, hoo hoo

So hold on, guide me through
Burned up that road black and blue
We should have know both points of view

I can't believe that was five years
Went from smokin' on the front step to drownin' in tears
Woah, oh oh, yeah

So hold on, guide me through
Burned up that road black and blue
We should have know both points of view

I'mma wait 'til the rain comes
And lay you down in that Texas dirt that you came from
Woo, hoo hoo, yeah

So hold on, guide me through
Burned up that road black and blue
We should have know both points of view