

Doomsday morning  
All over me  
At the end of poverty  
Writing to be free

Without you love  
We would die young  
Without you love  
We would die young  
Young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young  
Forced out triumphs  
Blue brigaded wind  
Manos are worth the tea  
Silhouettes of sin

Without you love  
We would die young  
Without you love  
We would die young  
Young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young  
Oh, young

Face them in the quiet spin  
Cast out too soon  
Solitude of long salute  
All because of you

Without you love  
We would die young  
Without you love  
We would die young  
Young  
Young