

Formative Years

Kaiser Chiefs

How many times
Can you take it on the chin
I slept through your last goodbye
And your mind was set on him
But I don't care where you've been
Anymore

In my formative years
My memory was preserved
In alcohol and dancing
You know when I was handsome
Thinking I was happy
Using every tactic
To get you on your back
Throw you in the sack
Now I want you back
I want to be back in my formative years
In my formative years

Somewhere in the world
You are waiting to be found
Like the first that time we met
In the doorway of the underground
And the world kept spinning around
Anyway

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