

# Take It Out Of My Youth

Phil Ochs

The young night was thirsty as I entered the back of the bar  
the smoke held the air, as the floating tables were scarred,  
in back of the counter the man asked "What can I do?"  
and all I could say was "One on the way, take it out of my youth  
h."

And the voice from the jukebox was singing much more than a song  
the magic of music picked up my mind and was gone  
caressed by a corner I sat in the shadows of blue  
my glass quickly drained, I called out the name  
said take it out of my youth.

My eyes were drawn to the dancers forsaking their days  
swaying and swirling they shook with the passions of play  
in total abandon the freedom of frenzy it grew  
and just as before, I'll have one more  
and take it out of my youth.

The women were wearing the paint that covered their frowns  
fluid and flowing and formed in the loose fitting gowns  
So I said to my friend, let's do it again  
and take it out of my youth.

And the sounds were obscene as the wine-  
drop visions were blurred  
as the hours escaped to dungeons of wet empty words  
My mind was swimming in a sea too familiar to fool  
so I gave him the sign, just one more time  
and take it out of my youth.

Now a toast to tomorrow as we dance on the fast rollin' logs  
and a toast to today as frustration is drowned in the fog  
lost to the world, lost to each other, it's true  
the signal was down, just one more round,  
and take it out of my youth.

And the world disappeared as though shot with a warm whisky gun  
as proudly we played and frolicked in desperate fun  
the cold night was laughing and waiting outside of the room  
so here's where I'll stand and drink with the damned  
and take it out of my youth.