

# You Ain't That Young Kid

Rostam

On the first night in June  
In a very crowded room  
The band was going on  
When you told me we were done  
So I couldn't play that song  
Cause I wrote it about you  
Yeah it always seems to come back to you

But I don't have to tell you  
Cause you've heard it all by now  
I'm just one single voice in a choir  
You won't hear me anymore  
Just a bassist thumbing a tune  
But that rumble reminds me of you

All the flash, all the fire  
All the foggy drinks perspired  
We were tucked into a booth  
In a far corner of the room  
And the music is loud  
And it's just bringing me down  
Cause I know that I lost you

The parking lot was dark  
And I walked out of the bar  
Found some folks hanging around  
And we're on some highway now  
And the windows are down  
And I never felt so sad  
So I just tried not to think about you  
Oh the final spot of sunlight  
Is dying on the dash  
On some way too long road with some way too young folks  
If the man that you knew  
Honestly wasn't me  
Tell me honey: who could that be?

There's a letter I wrote  
That I'll never send  
Where I admit my weakness  
And I ask to see you again  
Yeah I heard you were sorry  
By someone you call a friend  
In a letter I wrote  
That I'll never send

Cause there's ash in my heart  
Where I used to burn  
The young voices have vanished  
The old whispers return  
But there's no one to hurt me  
And there's no one to hurt  
Cause there's ash in my heart  
Where I used to burn

Pictures of us dancing  
From a lifetime, a lifetime ago

You in a green dress and I in a tweed vest  
In a blurry gang of ghosts

Pictures of us dancing  
From a thousand years ago  
Late enough to kiss you  
Still too early to go