Young World

Slow Pulp

The mock of the year sits on a table
Decorated by the paintings of the youthful

Elation takes its hold
And I feel it for the first time
I wonder what that's like

How does it feel to be so young?
How does it feel to not be caught up on?

I'll take note of faces repeating
Hold on to them
I know that it can be fleeting

Confusion takes its hold
But I feel it for the first time
I know what that's like

How does it feel to be so young?
How does it feel to not be caught up on?
How does it feel to be so young?
How does it feel to be so?

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