Down down let your crazy out Boys go crazy over you Grip like a new york window cleaner Just staring at you

Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me God I love those hips
Oh memory don't forsake me
Not like this

All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things So collectable, why not collect them all Obviously cunningly, womanly All those pretty things, god bless the pretty things

They're still out there somewhere Making men feel this way At fallen broadway station I see them every day, all day

Download a little meditation It might pull you through She blinded me with silence Anchored here with you

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Does she talk like ooh ooh ooh Will it feel like ah ah ah Does she tell you what she wants Can you give her what she needs

Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me, god I love those hips Oh memory don't forsake me, not like this

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