

Do you think you're up for this?
Are you ready to get undressed,
undressed in your evening best besides,
every heart is like a house on fire with escape
routes in every room.
These are the trials of our youth.

But this charade is never going to last
so pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
No one's to blame.

I will be waiting outside if you're ready to go.
Your sundress reflects in the headlight glow.
Besides, every heart is like a house of cards
when the walls break down on you.
These are the trials of our youth.

But this charade is never going to last
so pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
No one's to blame.

These are the fast times
These are the fast times

But this charade is never going to last
so pick the poison and pour yourself a glass
I still feel the same
No one's to blame.

These mistakes are just a part of the ride
and if we choke on the next tongue that we tie
I still feel the same

These are the fast times
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