

## Young Things

## The Feeling

What am I doing in another basement?  
I'm on replacing that's an understatement  
But something tells me that I'm gonna get bent tonight  
You've got your fashion get your drugs  
They got that poppers in a little bom bags  
Oh when it comes to [?] healthy appetite

Like at the young things  
With the time for living  
Look in their eyes like  
They're doing this for the first time  
Like they are missing it  
Look at the clothes they wear  
The color of their hair  
That make their moms despair  
When they really tried  
Well they don't even try

I believe that everyone guess  
A free pass some booze and cigarettes  
Long as you do it I don't have to call it exercise  
Well I feel this is a fucking T-Rex  
I got my wellies and I got my gold tax  
All of the kids they're having chemical sexes fine  
You know it create mine

Like the young things  
With the time of believing  
Look in their eyes like  
They're doing this for the first time  
Like they are missing it  
I love the shits they say  
I love the games they play  
But not surprise  
I pay getting left behind  
Alright  
(Give it to me, give it to me)

I'm aware there's more to this world  
Than checking out the it boys and it girls  
But youth that shines like diamond pearls so bright, so bright  
But here I am just soaking it up  
The oil spill still fillin' my cup  
Until I'm chased by another pop tonight  
How can you blame me now?

Look at the young things  
With the time of believing  
Look in their eyes like like  
They're doing this for the first time  
Like they are missing it  
Look at the clothes they wear  
When they cut their hair  
They make the most despair  
If they will try  
Out of the shit they say  
Out of the games they play

And it's the price I pay  
Letting left behind  
Alright