

Who made youth the excuse to be
Stitched to the visions of quantity?
Who made youth the excuse to be afraid?
Your freedom fails with blindness
Like a business man with no lies left
Like a city man with no desire left
There's no time left

Youth, is it my excuse?
In the heat under the covers
Is where I'll find my truth
Youth, is it my excuse?

"Youth is your excuse", they say
"Keep hiding in your home"
"Hormones keep you up at night
It's what makes you feel alone"
"Youth isn't our excuse! ", we cry
"Exile is our home"
The whore moans in the dead of night
It's what makes us feel alone

Youth, is it my excuse?
In the heat under the covers
Is where I'll find my truth
Youth, is it my excuse?

Your freedom fails with blindness
My hormones keep me desiring
Your moan; it's music, it's timeless
There's no t-time left

Youth, is it my excuse?
In the heat under the covers
Is where I'll find my truth
Youth, is it my excuse?

Like a business man with no lies left
Like a city man with no desire left
Like a, like a, like a, like a
Like a youth