

Cause I still think about the old days
In the city with my own fate
Twenty-five don't feel the same way
The streets keep changing names

We all spent time there at your moms place
On the west Side in the fall haze
All of our stories went the same way
When we had time to waste

And I think that I'm falling
I'm tripping and I'm crawling
It feels like rather often
The years do come to pass

And I keep getting older
My mind is getting colder
The things that all once mattered
I know for sure won't last