

Raconteurs, The

"Old Enough"

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You look pretty in your fancy dress
But I detect unhappiness.
You never speak so I have to guess
You're not free.

Yeah, maybe when you're old enough
You'll realize that you're not so tough
And some days the seas get rough,
You'll see.

You're too young to have it figured out.
You think you know what you're talkin about.
You think it all will work itself out,
But we'll see.

When I was young I thought I knew,
You probably think you know too.
Do you?
Well, do you?

I was naive just like you, I thought
I knew exactly what I wanted to do.
Well, what you gonna do?
What a fool.

And how've you gotten by so far
Without a head and no visible scar?
No one knowin who you really are,
They can't see.

What you gonna do? (What you gonna do?)
What you gonna do now?
x4

What you gonna do now?

(Yeah)

The only way you'll ever learn a thing
Is to admit that you know absolutely nothing.
Oh, nothing.

Think about this carefully.
You might not get another chance to speak freely.
Oh, freely.

Maybe when you're old enough.
Maybe when you're old enough.
Maybe when you're old enough,
You're not free.
(Yeah)
You're not free.

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