

Bob Geldof

"Young and Sober"

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In the year of '55,
When I was but a child,
I felt the Lord settle on my shoulder.
Now through those childish days,
He will guide my guileless ways,
Where I was young and I was sober.

And in the year of '65,
A troubled life and troubled times,
And the Lord was standing on my shoulder.
And I wished that life was other,
Or that I could be another,
But I was me and I was young and sober.

And in the year of '75,
Was when I sang myself alive,
And the Lord sat whistling on my shoulder.
So I stood up and I said,
And that's when my life began,
And I was young and sober.

And in the year of '85,
We watched a million starve and die,
And the Lord perched like the vulture on my shoulder.
So we sent some bread and water,
Tried our best to stop the slaughter,
And we were young and sober.

But in the year of '95,
I loved my faithless wife,
And the Devil must have muttered on her shoulder.
For she left me for another,
Whom I once had thought my brother,
And I grew drunk and older...

Set in the year of '05
With a beautiful new wife,
And the lord just sat there smiling on her shoulders.
So we drank from life's 'fresh' cup,
Watched our children growing up,
For she had made me once again young and sober.

For I was young and sober.

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