

Matt Dusk

"Precious Years"

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(Robin Smith / Mark Niedzwiedz)

When love is young
The tallest tree
Is there to climb
Is evergreen
In summer fields we dream our dreams
When love is young

When love is young
The air is sweet
Forbidden fruit is all we eat
An august moon is your conceit
When love is young

These are precious years
Such intoxicating years
When our innocence slowly comes undone
Hearts are spilt on purest silk
When love is young

INSTRUMENTAL

These are precious years
Such intoxicating years
When our innocence slowly comes undone
Hearts are spilt on purest silk
When love is young

When love is young
The glass is full
No empty chairs, no silent walls
Like warriors, we conquer all
When love is young

These are precious years
Such intoxicating years
When our innocence slowly comes undone
Hearts are spilt on purest silk
These precious years
These precious years
Never will grow old

They are forever gold

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