

4 Promille "Ten And A Half"

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Sometimes I see this little boy
Sobbing with narrowed eyes.
He knows that stones will hurt but anyway
He's fixed on the other side.

The older one's were busy to get ready
To fight the other gang.
Their cheers suddenly filled the air
And a stone left my hand.

Running down the hill
That was a thrill
The clash of the both sides.
All the fighting boys all the noise
And no place to hide.

Do you remember the times when we were young.
Ten and a half our lives had just begun.
Strolling down the backstreets,
Football in the rain.
I would give anything to do this again.

Well I remember my first kiss,
A dark room and a stolen lipstick.
One first little touch of love
Although it disappeared so quick.
First beer, first cigarettes in the yard behind the
Home
Of the old man in the wheelchair who lived there alone.

Playing hide-and-seek every single week
We had time and we were free.
Never had no sorrow for tomorrow
No worries for you and me.

Do you remember the times when we were young. Ten
and a
Half our lives had just begun.
Strolling down the backstreets, football in the rain.
I would give anything to do this again.

Reading kinky magazines

That D. stole from his dad.
Staring at real women fully naked,
Widely spread.

Do you remember the times when we were young. Ten
and a
Half our lives had just begun.
Strolling down the backstreets, football in the rain.
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