

Amy Macdonald

"The Days Of Being Young And Free"

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Listen to my heart as it beats for you and it's telling you
the things that
I never could. And it's laying it down on the line for you.

And the years are catching up, I can see it on your face.
And the days of
Being young and free are left there with the memories
that blow in the
Wind.

And I can feel it coming when the Monday morning
blues, they last all
Through the week, I feel it on Sunday too.

And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak
and I can not speak the
Truth.

The days of being, the days of being free. They're
etched upon my face in
Every light that you see. The stories I could tell, the lies
are told as
Well.
What I wouldn't give to live it all again.

The years are passing, every single day. Where did
they go? Did you take
Them all away? Now I'm older and brave.

And the children, they all left. They fled their family
nest. And now we're
All alone and the house don't feel like home anymore,
anymore.

Then I can feel it coming when the Monday morning
blues, they last all
Through the week, I feel it on Sunday too.

And I can feeling it coming when my knees feel weak
and I can not speak the
Truth.

The days of being, the days of being free. They're
etched upon my face in
Every light that you see. The stories I could tell, the lies
are told as
Well.
What I wouldn't give to live it all again.

And in my baby's eyes I lived it all again, the fear, the
surprise,
Everything.

In my baby's eyes I lived it all again and I wouldn't
change anything.

And in my baby's eyes I lived it all again and I wouldn't
change anything.

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