

## Shamen

### "Sweet Young Thing"

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I know that something very strange is happening to my  
brain  
I'm either feeling very good, or else I am insane  
The seed s of doubt you planted have started to grow  
wild  
And I feel that I must yield to the wisdom of a child

And it's love you bring, of that I can't deny  
With your wings, I can learn to fly  
Sweet young thing, sweet young thing

People try to talk to me, they're words are ugly sounds  
But I resist all their attempts to try and bring me down  
I'm turned on to the sunset like I've never been before  
And I listened for your footsteps and your knock upon  
my door

And it's love you bring, of that I can't deny  
With your wings, I can learn to fly  
Sweet young thing, sweet young thing

And it's love you bring, with dreams of bluer sky  
The morning sings and I see it in your eyes  
Sweet young thing, sweet young thing  
Sweet young thing, sweet young thing  
Sweet young thing, sweet young thing

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