

Classic Crime, The "5805"

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Friends, I will keep you like trophies,
In my heart to remember how loneliness,
Was a faded dream on two hundred and nineteenth
street.

We were more than just young, we were full of it.
And no one could touch us or take us in,
Watching the sunset from the roof,
We'd plan our next adventure.

I was 19 and young,
Thought I had it all figured it out.
The world was our oyster,
And we dove in to get the pearl out.

Now we are swimming in memories,
How we wish we could go back.

I've got a sneaking suspicion that
Hindsight only favors good vision.
But I'm not one to complain when it's all I dream of.
We were more than just useless and stupid kids,
The music it moved us, we shook our fists,
As we sang along at the top of our lungs.

Now we are swimming in memories,
How we wish we could go back.
We hold the hope that someday
We'll see the world again like that.
Like that,
Like that,
Like that!

Now we are swimming in memories,
How we wish we could go back.
We hold the hope that someday
We'll see the world again like that!
Like that,
Oh, like that!
Like that!
Yeah!

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