

D. Vincent Williams**"Seventeen"**

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I don't feel one day older than I did then
Out in front of George's Liquor Store, kickin' off
another weekend
Lookin' for a fellow outlaw
I could ask to buy beer for me and my underage
friends

No I don't feel one bit wiser then I did back
When all I had to do was school and part time at a Kwik
Sak
To keep gas in and tires on that bound for junkyard
Pontiac I drove back then

It's a trip, I won't lie
Watching years flying by
It's the ride of my life
Yeah, it's a scream
I'm aware middle age
Is getting closer everyday
I'm almost there, but I swear I don't feel anything
Any different than I did at seventeen

I don't see one thing I wanted that I have now
That I didn't have back then, except a little bit a know
how
Well there was that neighbor girl
God, I wonder what that woman's doing now

Yeah it's a trip, I won't lie
Watching years flying by
It's the ride of my life
Yeah, it's a scream
I'm aware middle age
Is getting closer everyday
I'm almost there, but I swear I don't feel anything
Any different than I did at seventeen

They no longer card me, hell they don't even ask
But inside I'm still that kid driving that Pontiac

Yeah it's a trip, I won't lie

Watching all these years fly by
But I swear, I don't see or feel anything
Any different than I did at seventeen
Yeah, seventeen

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