

Teddy Pendergrass

"Younger Days"

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When I was young I used play on the old man's apple tree
When I was young I used to scream out Ollie Ollie auxen free
To young to blame it on these mistakes
to old to have any excuse for the trouble it makes
generations apart from my old wrinkled eyes
following the childish breadcrumbs that keep falling from the skies
It's the piece of mind that grows from this fine tuned machine
accomplish self fulfillment with a unfamiliar scheme
My motivation to be an adult has decided to catapult me over the picket fence to land on my 2.5 kids
I used to play in the sandbox with the same little voices
And I would always remember to bring a spare vine
The chimes from the clock would signify recess and tell all the kids that it's snack time
I'm Less than a cartoon away from being the last in line
Kickball is my life juice boxes are my therapists
those are the simple pleasures that used to get and they now leave me here motionless
walking to the mailbox to send my life away with a signature
I remember all the jokes we used to tell each other stop you're killing her
you almost crushed that pray mantis
A crime punishable by death that would put your name on the list
rumor is that Santa Claus compiles pages worth of information
but that fake fairy tale has nothing on the damage I have done
I broke 4 windows, chased 5 girls, not to mention the cats I taunted
And still this year I got every present that I wanted

I believed in folk lore and made wagers for peanut butter sandwiches
the blissful innocence that gave me attention when I had new bandages

The transition is identified as growing up but I lost
interest in
the responsibility that kills your first star wishes
The corner of the room had my initials with a dunce cap
that's colored and shaped
to match perfectly with my superhero cape
But now my cape is replaced with a button-down shirt
and a mature smirk
that shows my soul to be nothing of worth
Finger-painting and typing, my marvelous hands at
work

The difference in creating for my cause or as someone
else's clerk
No more kisses on the cheek and red faces from
embarrassment
It's the long drawn out process and regretting words I
sort of meant

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