

## **Hoodies, The "Former Glory"**

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Good morning, son, how are you?  
You're only seventeen  
You say the world outside is watching you in your sleep

You've got the promise of forever  
But your youth is wearing thin  
And your best days are coming to an end

You're saying that "I, I won't forget,  
how it feels to be so young and have no regrets"

But it's at the ending of the story  
That all your former glory is pushed back into the light  
To light up the darkest night and the blackest sky  
And for every second that you spent  
Spending all your compliments  
Another little star ignites  
Out where you are, out where you are

And now the days they blur together  
After all, they're all the same  
But you're still trying to make sense of the names

There's only seven to remember  
but you're struggling with three  
And the weight of the world has brought you to your  
knees

You're still saying that "I, I won't forget,  
how it feels to be so young and have no regrets"

But it's at the ending of the story  
That all your former glory is pushed back into the light  
To light up the darkest night and the blackest sky  
And for every second that you spent  
Spending all your compliments  
Another little star ignites  
Out where you are, out where you are

Someday you'll watch the second hand like a hawk  
Hanging on to everything you've got

(Hanging on, hanging on  
You keep on hanging on)

Your hair's white and blowing in the wind on your porch.  
Would you do it all again?  
(All again, all again  
You do it all again?)

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