

We were young like the future, we were young and always wrong
We were young like our country, learning old ways to be young
Random driving around with you in my dilapidated car
Like Isadora Duncan II in impossibly long white scarves
(C): Autumn leaves, diaries, Tennessee and Jeremy
Suddenly, willow trees, memories of Jeremy.
Like a Galapagos turtle we grow old and stay that way,
Build a nest in the sand dunes, lay our eggs and walk away
I was writing our dreams down, making maps of an unseen plane;
and I noticed anomalies that you'd rather not see explained.
(C) We drove, canopy down, in the scalding rain on the one day we were young
The house we bought was really a lake
Otters scampered down the halls
There were whirlpools in the floor and sails
You're alone and it's over
You're alone with your gun
You're alone
From now on you're all alone
and you're not young