

I know I'm young, but its the oldest I've ever been  
I'm 23 now, halfway to 24  
I'll never see these years again  
so don't make me ask again, and hold out this old tin cup  
just reach out for my reaching hands  
and pull me up...

got no trouble staying thin  
and might think that I've been blessed  
lord you know that I'd say yes  
god smiles upon the hungry, while you laugh...

in this second story novel, that I call home  
up the stairs and down the hall  
its just like turning the page  
got no rugs upon my floors, but it'll have to do for now  
but I'm only getting older...

and I worry about MISS ALVA MARIA  
though she'll never even know that I exist  
well we lost her 15 years ago, but I've been finding her all my life  
there's something about the way she looks that moves me  
there's something about the way she loves that moves me...

this stale cigarette smoke, still clings  
to my shirt, my hair and my hands  
well you know I ain't making jack, but you know that I'll be back  
I've got nothing else to offer  
I've got nothing else to offer  
this is all I've got to offer...

and I worry about MISS ALVA MARIA  
though she'll never even know that I exist  
well we lost her 15 years ago but I've been finding her all my life  
there's something about the way she looks that moves me  
there's something about the way she loves that moves me  
there's something about how she loses it all that moves me  
wont you tell me what its like to be remembered?

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I'm 23 now, halfway to 24  
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