DAYS OF MY YOUTH

Used to fly like the birds on the wings of the wind
I have played in the sun with a joy deep within
I have laughter as a toy and a sweet for my tooth
In the beautiful days of my youth.

Everyone that I met was a friend, not a foe
The tears I have learned way back then I didn't know
Not one deed meant unkind or one thought untruth
In the beautiful days of my youth.

But time quickly passed as the years traveled on
The hopes and the dreams have diminished and gone
How the child that I face, how familiar he seems
He's wearing my eyes and he's living my dreams
Oh, my innocent child, I will spare the untrushe
In the magical days, the sweet sandy days
The beautiful days of your youth.

TRY TO REMEMBER

Try to remember the kind of September when life was slow
and oh, so mellow.

Try to remember the kind of September when grass was green
and grain was yellow.

Try to remember the kind of September when you were a tender and callow fellow.

Try to remember and if you remember,
Then follow. (Echo) Follow, follow....