

# Phil Vassar, Twenty One

I think, before I speak; I turn the other cheek more than I used to.  
I'm surprised I'm alive after all of the crazy things that I do.  
I've still got that wild streak you love but I'm not the man I was.  
But I think I like me better now than when I was twenty-one.

Back then, I ran with a reckless abandon in a Pontiac.  
An' I'd smile with a misguided pride when they'd call me a maniac. (Huh.)  
And I couldn't get gone fast enough: God knows I was the prodigal son.  
I took a match to every bridge back then when I was twenty-one.

Whoa, whoa, age does change us,  
And it's a good thing that it does.  
It pays the wages: man,  
I can't believe how far I've come from when I was twenty-one.

Instrumental break.  
(Whoa, whoa, yeah.)

To those broken hearts I left without regard: I didn't know the consequences. (Huh.)  
I apologise an', with a little time now, I've come to my senses.  
And now I see the power and the promise in commitment to your love.  
That's something I could never have done when I was twenty-one.

Whoa, whoa, age does change us,  
And it's a good thing that it does.  
It pays the wages: man,  
I can't believe how far I've come from when I was twenty-one.

Whoa, whoa, whoa, when I was twenty-one.  
Whoa, when I was twenty-one.

Mmm, hmm.