

Smolik / Kev Fox, Little Older

It's six o'clock the heat is on
The birds they're singing evening songs
I put my coat across your shoulders
You would make your mother cry
If she saw the look that's in your eye
She'll tell you that she told you

Don't hang around with older souls
Who drink and smoke and rock and roll and
You might die a little older'
For everything is a perfect time
But if you never live then still you die
But you won't die a little older

You have to run to win the race
But if you play your only ace
Don't come crying on my shoulder
You'll never change your brother's mind
Because the more you have the more you are
But you won't die a little older

But we can talk about the good old days
Of penny sweets and lemonade
With a touch of something stronger
Then we'll stumble through the streets then home
Through your tired eyes you'll smile and
Put your head upon my shoulder