

# Young Love

## Sun Kil Moon

On cold November days, don't like to stray in the park  
Or even leave my bed, or put down my guitar  
Or leave my master bedroom, with it's view  
Overlooking the mountains On dark December days, I think of all my friends  
from Washington to Maine, New York to Sweden  
And how we've all grown closer, with years  
Or how we've grown apart Icicles fall from my roof, burning stove pires of fire  
Will we meet again, and grow (?)  
Or grow apart (?) On January days, I walk into the town  
Once or twice a day, some peace out here I've found  
My clothes are wet with rain and mountain mist  
Oh how I love the quiet  
When February days, I've gone another year  
Chasing perfect poems and trying them in your ear But I'm losing the will to chase them  
anymore  
Across those lonesome oceans Running deer stops at a fence, sniffing at the flower in absence  
(?)  
Will we meet again and grow (?)  
or grow apart (?) Old lonesome habit, my mountain home  
don't try to wake me, I'll sleep here alone  
I'll shut out my friends, shut off the phone  
Late at night, I hear the echoes of young love I walk downtown, saw her again  
There on the corner, laughing with friends  
The cool mountain air, against her pink skin  
I walked on, aching with memories of young love  
Youth walk by, hand in hand  
And there on the porch, sits an old man  
His back is tight, splintered eave  
And plain in his eyes, he envies the beauty of young love  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>