

# Young & Crazy

## Frankie Ballard

One day, I'll slow and lay down,  
Spend my weekends in a swing out on the wraparound.  
Oh but these days, I'm on a mission  
To get these wild oats out of my system.  
Yeah I might stay out all night,  
I've gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right. I wanna sit out on the porch  
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.  
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise  
If I ain't ever young and crazy?  
Now I might have to kiss no telling how many lips  
Before I ever really figure out what love is.  
Go through some heartbreaks, wake up with headaches,  
Don't learn nothing 'til you make a lot of mistakes.  
How will I know where to draw the line  
If I don't cross it a few hundred times? I wanna sit out on the porch  
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.  
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise  
If I ain't ever young and crazy? Yeah I'm gonna stay out all night,  
I've gotta do a little wrong so I know what's right  
I've gotta live a lot of life if I'm gonna give good advice  
When I'm talking to my grand-babies  
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise  
If I ain't ever young and crazy?  
I wanna sit out on the porch  
Telling stories 'bout my glory days when I'm pushing eighty.  
How am I ever gonna get to be old and wise  
If I ain't ever young and crazy?  
If I ain't ever young and crazy? Young and crazy.  
Young, young and crazy.  
Young and crazy.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>