

Wake Up

Mad Season

Wake up, Young Man
It's time to wake up.
Your love affair has got to go
For ten long years. For ten long years
The leaves to rake us
Slow suicide's no way to go, (Oh-oh.)
Blue clouded gray You're not a crack-up
Dizzy and weakened by the haze.
Move in onward...
So when infection not a phase
Yeah...
The cracks and lines From where you gave up
They make an easy man to read. (Oh-oh.) For all the times
You let them bleed you
For little peace from God you plead.
And they For little peace from God you plead.
Oh-oh, oh-oh
Yeah, oh.
Oh-oh, oh-oh
Yeah, oh.
Oh-oh, oh-oh
Yeah, oh.
Wake up, Young Man
Wake up
Wake up
Wake up.
Wake up
Wake up.
Wake up. Oh, yeah, yeah.
Wake up, Young Man
It's time to wake up
Your love affair has got to go, (yeah).
For ten long years.
For ten long years
The leaves to rake us
Slow suicide's no way to go, (Oh-oh).
Slow suicide's no way to go.
Wake up
Wake up
Wake up.
Wake up
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Wake up.

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