And so we \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ about the rest of our lives
Where we're gonna be when we turn 25
I keep thinking times \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Keep on thinking things will always be the same
But when we \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ we won't be coming back
No more hanging out cause we're on a different track
And if you got something that you \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
You better say it right now cause you don't have another day
Cause we're moving on and we \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
These memories are playing like a film without sound
And \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of that night in June
I didn't know much of love but it came too soon
And there was me and you and then \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Stay at home talking on the telephone
And we would \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and we'd get so scared
Laughing at ourselves thinking life's not fair
And \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

*[CHORUS]*
As we go on we remember all the times we had together
And as our lives change, come whatever
We will still be \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

So if we get the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and we make the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
When we look back now will our jokes still be funny?
Will we still remember everything we learned in school?
Still be trying to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Will little brainy Bobby be the stockbroker man?
Can Heather \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that won't interfere with her tan?
I keep, keep thinking that it's not goodbye
Keep on thinking \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
And this is how it feels

*[Repeat CHORUS]*

La, la, la, la: Yeah, yeah, yeah
La, la, la, la: We will still be friends forever

Will we think about tomorrow like we think about now?
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ it out there? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ somehow?
I guess I thought that this would never end
And suddenly it's like \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
Will the past be a shadow that will follow us 'round?
Will these \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ when I leave this town
I keep, keep thinking that it's not goodbye
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ it's a time to fly
*[Repeat CHORUS (3x)]*