Good Old Days

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Oh, some times I think back to when I was younger
Life was so much simpler then
Dad would be up at dawn
He'd be watering the lawn
Or maybe going fishing againOh, and mom would be fixing up something in the kitchen
Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie
And I'd spend all day long in the basement
Torturing rats with a hacksaw
And pulling the wings off of fliesThose were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old daysI can still remember good old Mr. Fender
Who ran the corner grocery store
Oh, he'd stroll down the aisle with a big friendly smile
And he'd say, "Howdy", when you walked in the doorAlways treated me nice, gave me kindly advice
I don't know why I set fire to his place
Oh, I'll never forget the day, I bashed in his head
Well you should've seen the look on his faceLet me tell ya now
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old daysDo you remember sweet Michelle
She was my high school romance
She was fun to talk to and nice to smell
So I took her to the homecoming danceThen I tied her to a chair and I shaved off all her hair
And I left her in the desert all alone
Well sometimes in my dreams
I can still hear the screams
Oh, I wonder if she ever made it homeI tell ya
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old daysLet me tell ya, buddy
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

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