

# Good Old Times

## Smile

I need to be in the mood to go out on a Saturday night  
You just gotta move to the groove of the music under the spotlihgt And dance with your eyes closed like no-one  
else is looking  
Pay no attention to what all the pretty girls watching could be thinking'Cause now you're alive you might  
aswell enjoy it  
'Cause once you're dead you'll be thrown inside a pit  
And there won't be no dance floor, there won't be no mirror ball  
That last nail on the coffin could just mean the end of all  
The good old timesYou'll have plenty of time to settle down somewhere in the country  
Find yourself a pretty girl who wants to live like a gipsy  
Play songs in the meadows, play figures with the shadows  
Sip hot tea and fall asleep, sit next to a Bible'Cause yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mistery  
Today's a gift from life to you, to him, to her and to me  
So all you happy-go-lukies, let's go out to party  
Regrets are hard to forget, but there's no need to forget or regret  
The good old times  
The good, the old, the timesSo God bless the good old times  
We all need the good all times  
Don't ever underestimate the good old timesSo God bless the good old times  
We all need the good all times  
Don't ever underestimate the good old times

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