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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