We Used To Know

[Jethro Tull](#)

Whenever I get to feel this way
Hard to find new words to say
I think about the bad old days
We used to knowNights of winter turn me cold
Fears of dying and getting old
We ran the race and the race was won
By running slowlyCould be soon when I cease to sound
Slowly upstairs, faster down
Ah, then to revisit stony grounds
We used to knowRemembering mornings, shillings spared
It made no sense to leave the bed
Oh, the bad old days, they came and went
Ha, giving way to fruitful years