

Four Piece Band (Those Were the Days)

Scott Grimes

Remember the old days
The years when we had it all
We'd sit in the backyard

Played until nightfallSee I was the front man, with a strat hanging way down low
We'd sit in a hard chair, sit there playing to the radioWe were young and wild and hopeless and free
Taking a break from all we could be

I know we'll never be that way againThose were the days when we were young
Just a four-piece band and the time we had in the morning sun
Well we all know we had these dreams

They were lost along the way
Those were the days when we were youngIt was Saturday afternoon

Ten past three I can never remember
She was wearing a white dress

I told her that I'd never forget herThen I said something I'll never forget
She was mine I was hers, no regrets
Then I watched her walk away

There was nothing more to sayThen my senses came to me this one fine day
That you had no ties that bind you was all I could pray

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