

Those Were the Days

Nowherebound

Those Were The Days

Well Iâ€™m a B-side balladeer,
Brought lyric sheets to tears,
So keep your distance,
or youâ€™ll wind up in the song.

And those who got too close,
ended up chasing after ghosts,
while I â€™wroteâ€™ only in tenses
past the wrongs.

Weâ€™ve sung the songs of teenage kicks,
Of broken hearts, and politics,
While burning every bridge
We meant to cross.

Too many funerals, and fallen stars,
And back-up plans killed, playing bars
Of notes, and scraps, of everything
Weâ€™ve lost.

I wrote so many songs to change the world,
Though when I strum those rusty chords, they make me just feel old.
And when sheâ€™s here, sheâ€™s my favorite girl.
But a muse can only stay until the fireplace gets cold.

But all you beautiful losers, all you
Punch-drunk dreamers,
You are the friend, you are the heart, you are the muse!
So letâ€™s sing imagined â€™glory days,â€™
Lament the lost along the way,
All the hearts and all the chords, we did abuse!

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Well a phoenix killed poor Icarus,

He got so close, then bit the dust
While the desert swallowed hearts,
Like the sands do time

But I loved her in those platinum curls,
A beauty mark of stainless steel,
And a smile that said, "I love you, Nevermind."

When it rains well I swear it pours.
Writing songs that break the levy down and drown us in the flood.
And when it's dry well it's such a chore,
Praying to the gods to smash the dam and squeeze the stone for blood.

But all you beautiful losers, all you
Punch-drunk dreamers,
You are the friend, you are the heart, you are the muse!
So let's sing imagined glory days,
Lament the lost along the way,
All the hearts and all the chords, we did abuse!

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Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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