

# Bad Old Days

## Big Sugar

I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
She said, "Son, these are the bad old days" Move on up, move on up You've got to watch the back-biters tryin' to  
take your place  
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place  
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place  
All the time they're smilin' in your face You can't trust your brother  
You disrespect your sister  
You got to Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up a little Move on up a little higher When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
I'm sure He's gonna ask you 'bout your bad old days Well, sing a little louder  
Look a little harder  
Sons and daughters  
Walk a little prouder  
Sing a little louder Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up

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