

Good Old Days

Skavenjah

Oh, some times I think back to when I was younger

Life was so much simpler then

Dad would be up at dawn

He'd be watering the lawn

Or maybe going fishing again

Oh, and mom would be fixing up something in the kitchen

Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie

And I'd spend all day long in the basement

Torturing rats with a hacksaw

And pulling the wings off of flies

Those were the good old days

Those were the good old days

The years go by but the memory stays

And those were the good old days

I can still remember good old Mr. Fender

Who ran the corner grocery store

Oh, he'd stroll down the aisle with a big friendly smile

And he'd say, "Howdy", when you walked in the door

Always treated me nice, gave me kindly advice

I don't know why I set fire to his place

Oh, I'll never forget the day, I bashed in his head

Well you should've seen the look on his face

Let me tell ya now

Those were the good old days

Those were the good old days

The years go by but the memory stays

And those were the good old days

Do you remember sweet Michelle

She was my high school romance

She was fun to talk to and nice to smell

So I took her to the homecoming dance

Then I tied her to a chair and I shaved off all her hair

And I left her in the desert all alone

Well sometimes in my dreams

I can still hear the screams

Oh, I wonder if she ever made it home

I tell ya

Those were the good old days

Those were the good old days

The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days
Let me tell ya, buddy
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

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