Old Times Good Times

Stephen Stills

When I was young and needed my time alone
Jump in the pirogue, pole down the Bayou
Bogafalaya river was dark and cold
Seven years old, I couldn't find my way home
Old times, good times
Old times, good times
When I was twelve, I learned how to play the guitar
Got myself a job in a jax beer bar
Got myself together, went to New Orleans
Found myself workin' for rice and beans
And it was good times

Old times, good times
Old times, good times
New York city was so damned cold
I had to get out of that town before I got old
California and rock and roll dream
Got too high and we blew our whole scene
But we had a good time
Old times, good times
Old times, good times
Old times, good times
Old times, good times

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