

We Used To Know

The Tidbits

Whenever I get to feel this way
Hard to find new words to say
I think about the bad old days
We used to know Nights of winter turn me cold
Fears of dying and getting old
We ran the race and the race was won
By running slowly Could be soon when I cease to sound
Slowly upstairs, faster down
Ah, then to revisit stony grounds
We used to know Remembering mornings, shillings spared
It made no sense to leave the bed
Oh, the bad old days, they came and went
Ha, giving way to fruitful years

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