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Big Sugar "Bad Old Days"

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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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