

## **Jazzy Jeff And The Fresh Prince**

### **"Good Old Days"**

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Back when I was 17, my friend he sold weed  
He used to let me smoke for free, so I'd help him make  
his rounds  
He always kept his pager on, cause back then nobody  
had cell phones  
He'd get a page, and we'd be gone we must've moved  
a thousand pounds

God bless the good old days, when all we had to do  
was ride and blaze  
Yeah we'd head out towards Elkhart and cut across the  
Lost Prarie Lake  
Those backroads seem a hundred miles away  
God bless the good old days

We try to get to school by 8, but most the time we'd roll  
up late  
We'd have eyes as red as hades gate, and we smelled  
like Cheech&Chong;  
We'd drop a couple of drops of clear eyes in, and take  
one last hit then stroll on in  
Chunk the deuce to all our friends, no we couldn't do  
no wrong

God bless the good old days, when all we had to do  
was ride and blaze  
I can go from Westwood to Montalba, about a hundred  
different ways  
Those backroads seem a thousand miles away  
God bless the good old days

Yeah they say that gettin high, and gettin stoned is an  
awful waste of time  
But the memories that I cherish most are of a fat ass  
homegrown dime.

God bless the good old days, when there weren't no  
mouths to feed or no bills to pay  
We'd go all the way to Jacksonville, and never touch  
highway  
Those backroads seem a million miles away

God bless the good old days

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