

Joe Walsh

"School Days"

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Returned to see (?) my old neighborhood
A dusty field where my school once stood
A quiet street with no drag-racing cars
A melody with no screaming guitars.
I couldn't find that ol' sycamore tree
Where my baby wrote that she loved me
They chopped it down, and everything that wasn't good
And nothing's left of my neighborhood.

School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! [x2]
School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! [x2]

Oooooooooooh-oooooooooh...oh oh oh!

Round the corner was the soda shack
And just a quarter bought an after school snack.
We'd hang out close to the neon light
We'd eat at Joe's every Saturday night.
All our heroes on the radio
All the nights out at the drive-in show.
Somehow we lost a piece of paradise
Growing up is not our own device.

School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! [x2]
School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! [x2]

We were the leaders of the pack
We'd stick together never holding back...

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