

Damn Yankees

"Those Were The Good Old Days"

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[APPLEGATE]

Whenever I'm from time to time depressed
And a trauma wells and swells
Within my breast
I find some pride deep inside of me
And I fondly walk down the lane of memory
I see Bonaparte
A mean one if ever I've seen one
And Nero fiddlin' thru that lovely blaze
Antionetts, dainty queen, with her quaint guillotine
Ha ha ha ha
Those were the good old days

I see Indians draggin'
An empty covered wagon
When scalping the settlers was the latest crazew
And that glorious morn, Jack the Ripper was born
Ha ha ha ha
Those were the good old days

I'd sit in my rockin' chair peacefully rockin' there
Counting my blessings by the score
The rack was in fashion, the plagues were my passion
Each day held a new joy in store

Was anybody happy?

I see cannibals munchin' a missionary luncheon
The years may have flown but the memory stays
Like the hopes that were dashed when the stock market
crashed
Ha ha ha ha
Those were the good old days

I'd walk a million miles or more
For some of the gore
Of those good
Old
Days!

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