

## The Script

### "Good Of Days"

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Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.  
Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Up in the bar all smoking cigars  
While we were drinking Irish whiskey straight from the  
jar.  
Talkin' 'bout them better days are not that far  
Whoever's coming back to mine you better bring the  
guitar.  
You play a sad song, yea sing it from the heart  
Tell a sad story, yea tell it from the start.  
Pass me on the pain that you made into art  
Yea, piercin' through my skin like a heroin dart.

When someone's strummin' on the strings and they're  
spittin' things,  
Everybody's movin' groovin' vibes when the other  
sings.  
They gon' kill you with their passion and their soul  
When the first verse drops, you'll be fightin' back the  
tears and all.  
While another man's crying in his beers and all  
While his woman's sayin' cheers to it all.  
Ain't no shame in the game, just the way we were  
raised  
For all we sing about better days, better days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh, we'll remember this night when we're old and gray  
Cause in the future these will be the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh and we're arm in arm as we sing away  
In the future this will be the good ol' days.

Ten o'clock and it's off, what started as a pub crawl  
Now we're all lost.  
Better live it out tonight, tomorrow's gonna cost  
So get up on that piano boy and play your ass off.

You're playing real good, everybody sing along  
If your bang is out of beat, everybody move along.  
Play us somethin' real we can hang our hopes on  
Sing a rebel song and watch us march along.  
Won't you come along? (Oh, these times are hard).

Yeah, meet Jenny, meet Pete, meet Mary, meet Keith  
They're bustin' on the streets seven days a week.  
Pay a pound, pay a penny, make it full or leave it empty  
They play, you listen, that's plenty.  
It's two am now, we're dancing in the rain and uh  
Hanging out of each other like the pain is gone.  
These are my people, these are my crowd  
And I'm never too proud to sing about.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh, we'll remember this night when we're old and gray  
Cause in the future these will be the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh and we're arm in arm as we sing away  
In the future these will be the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.  
The good ol', the good ol' days.

Oh I got the whole place singin' yea, singin' this song  
Even the old man there with the paddy hat on  
Singin' ooh ooh, come on sing it sing it, ooh ooh.

I got the whole place singin' yea, singin' this song  
Even the girl over there with the red dress on  
Singin' ooh ooh, she singin', ooh ooh.

Oh, I got the whole bar drinkin' yea, singin' these tunes  
And the guys over there with the big tattoos  
Are singin' ooh ooh, drinkin' and singin', ooh ooh.

The emo girls with the college degrees  
And the tag along friends with the fake ID's

Singin' ooh ooh.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh and we're arm in arm as we sing away  
In the future these will be the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

Oh and we're arm in arm as we sing away  
In the future these will be the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

Wooh hooh. Wooh hooh.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol', the good ol' days.

The good ol' days, yeah

The good ol' days.

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