

Weiland Scott

"Good Old Days"

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Oh some times I think back to when I was younger
Life was so much simpler then
Dad would be up at dawn
He'd be watering the lawn
Or maybe going fishing again

Oh and mom would be fixing up something in the
kitchen
Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie
And I'd spend all day long in the basement
Torturing rats with a hack-saw
And pulling the wings off of flies

Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

I can still remember good old Mr. Fender
Who ran the corner grocery store
Oh, he'd stroll down the aisle with a big friendly smile
And he'd say "Howdy" when you walked in the door

Always treated me nice, gave me kindly advice
I don't know why I set fire to his place
Oh I'll never forget the day I bashed in his head
Well you should've seen the look on his face

Let me tell ya now

Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

Do you remember sweet Michelle
She was my high school romance
She was fun to talk to and nice to smell
So I took her to the homecoming dance

Then I tied her to a chair and I shaved off all her hair

And I left her in the desert all alone
Well sometimes in my dreams
I can still hear the screams
Oh I wonder if she ever made it home

I tell ya

Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

Let me tell ya buddy

Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days

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