

## **Weird Al Yankovic**

### **"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 strolled 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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