

## Script "Good Ol' Days"

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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

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

Oh, we'll remember this night when we're old and gray  
Cause in the future these will be the good ol' days  
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 [x8]

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

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 [x8]

The good ol' days, yeah  
The good ol' days

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