

JB And Moonshine Band

"Good Old Days"

Visit "[Good Old Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Back when I was 17, my friend he sold weed
He used to let me smoke for free, so I'd help him make
his rounds
He always kept his pager on, cause back then nobody
had cell phones
He'd get a page, and we'd be gone we must've moved
a thousand pounds

God bless the good old days, when all we had to do
was ride and blaze
Yeah we'd head out towards Elkhart and cut across the
Lost Prarie Lake
Those backroads seem a hundred miles away
God bless the good old days

We try to get to school by 8, but most the time we'd roll
up late
We'd have eyes as red as hades gate, and we smelled
like Cheech&Chong;
We'd drop a couple of drops of clear eyes in, and take
one last hit then stroll on in
Chunk the deuce to all our friends, no we couldn't do
no wrong

God bless the good old days, when all we had to do
was ride and blaze
I can go from Westwood to Montalba, about a hundred
different ways
Those backroads seem a thousand miles away
God bless the good old days

Yeah they say that gettin high, and gettin stoned is an
awful waste of time
But the memories that I cherish most are of a fat ass
homegrown dime.

God bless the good old days, when there weren't no
mouths to feed or no bills to pay
We'd go all the way to Jacksonville, and never touch
highway
Those backroads seem a million miles away
God bless the good old days

Visit [JB And Moonshine Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.