

## **Roger Creager**

### **"Good Old Days"**

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Roger Creager, John Evans  
I've heard stories about the 1950's.  
Rock'n'roll music all the way to the 60's.  
Everybody says it ain't ever gonna be the same.

But way down South the music got the mojo.  
It's all homegrown.  
You won't hear it on the radio.  
Call it what you want but to me it's the good old days.

God knows I can't stop burning up the blacktop  
Chug a cup of coffee from the honey at the truck stop.  
Our blood starts pumping  
When we're out on a three-day run.  
Johnny's got his guitar hanging out the trunk.  
Billy's on the floorboard, I  
think he's still drunk; long road ahead, but already  
having fun.

Chorus: Living here in the Good Old days  
While they're going on around us  
Thinking we've got it made  
When the music has found us.  
Ain't no need to back track I don't want to look back.  
Now we've really got it made.  
Think I'll just stay right here in the good old days.

I know all about a hard day's labor.  
This ain't work  
It's like picking out a flavor at the ice cream shop,  
The brunette or the redhead. I'm here singing on the  
local motion. I ain't getting rich  
But I'm down by the ocean doing what I want  
And right now it's the good old days.

Chorus

When we get old we're gonna talk about the good  
times;  
Fat and happy, spreading rumors through the  
grapevines. With any luck, we'll still be up to our old  
ways.

But, we're still living where the music got the mojo.  
I know one day you're gonna hear it on the radio.  
Call it what you want  
But to me it's the good old days.

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