

## **Scott Grimes**

### **"Four Piece Band"**

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Remember the old days  
The years when we had it all  
We'd sit in the backyard  
Played until nightfall

See I was the front man, with a strat hanging way down  
low  
We'd sit in a hard chair, sit there playing to the radio

We were young and wild and hopeless and free  
Taking a break from all we could be  
I know we'll never be that way again

Those were the days when we were young  
Just a four-piece band and the time we had in the  
morning sun  
Well we all know we had these dreams  
They were lost along the way  
Those were the days when we were young  
It was Saturday afternoon  
Ten past three I can never remember  
She was wearing a white dress  
I told her that I'd never forget her

Then I said something I'll never forget  
She was mine I was hers, no regrets  
Then I watched her walk away  
There was nothing more to say

Then my senses came to me this one fine day  
That you had no ties that bind you was all I could pray

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