

Libertines, The

"The Good Old Days"

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If Queen Boadicea is long dead and gone
Still then the spirit
In her children's children's children
It lives on

If you've lost your faith in love and music
Oh the end won't be long
Because if it's gone for you then I too may lose it
And that would be wrong

I've tried so hard to keep myself from falling
Back into my bad old ways
And it chars my heart to always hear you calling
Calling for the good old days
Because there were no good old days
These are the good old days

It's not about, tenements and needles
And all the evils in their eyes
And the backs of their minds
Daisy chains and school yard games
And a list of things we said we'd do tomorrow
A list of things we said we'd do tomorrow

The arcadian dream has all fallen through
But the Albion sails on course
So lets man the decks and hoist the rigging
Because the pig mans found the source
And theres twelve rude boys on the oars

In the good old days...

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