

Back in the Days

Bad Wolves

So sick of the color TV
Leave a message they could never find me
I'm so bored, I'm torn
Drive away, count the goods on the dashboard
In my head you know I never sleep
Bling and black diamonds on a rosary
I'm so bored, I'm torn
Numbers up, wake me up, where's my passport?

Searching 'cause I want more
Searching as I want more
Take me back to '94
I'll rewind to the times

I see your faces
Our safe spaces
We're stuck in the day
Back in the day
And times keep changing
I'm still chasing
Those back in the days
Back in the days

So sick of the cellular fiends
Leave a DM upon my broken screen
I'm so bored, I'm torn
Fly away, count my charts on your billboards
In my bed you know it don't impress me
Chasing all this fame that's on your pocket screens
I'm so bored, I'm torn
Fly away another cab to the airport

I see your faces
Our safe spaces
We're stuck in the day
Back in the day
And times keep changing
I'm still chasing
Those back in the days
Back in the days

It seems like yesterday
We played more meaningful ways
Meaningful ways

I see your faces
Our safe spaces
We're stuck in the day
Back in the day
And times keep changing
I'm still chasing
Those back in the days
Back in the days

Searching 'cause I want more
Take me back to '94
We're back in the day

Back in the day
Nineteen ninety
Nineteen ninety
Four