

Good Old Days

Jeff Black

we pushed our way through a crowded room
and the innocence was good
the smell of winter in our clothes
just babes out off the wood
fending off all those jesus lasers
in a white trash restaurant
silver dollars and golden rules
won't you give me what you want
say it

a nickel for everytime
it come right down to you and me
someplace we know too well
that we hadn't ought to be
never a straight line
never a straight face
I'm going to say it one more time
these are the good old days

world on fire now
we won't let it spoil the play
let them see our benevolence child
for sheer stupidity
carry this good old karma around
like some idiot savant
I like to feel good too you know
so give me what you want

right down the middle now
so they say this life ain't fair
I got the charms to prove it
and the girl with the long brown hair
going to stay a wanted man
with a hat full of cherry plums
taking it with me
taking it as it comes