

The Good Old Days

Rick Astley

I believe what I was told
Listen to the stereo under the covers of my bed
The stories of the old days
The 6 wives of Henry
Or a journey to the center

Of the earth, the place of my birth
Was the music that my brothers and my sister played to me
And how I believed the stories that they told me

'Cause I'm a believer
I believe in the stories from the songs
From the old days
Believer
I believe in the world that they told me existed
On the vinyl and the tapes and from the CD players
That came later, so much later than the good old days

Down a yellow brick road
I drive a yellow taxi to a yellow submarine
Just for fun, a super tramp'll sing for me
A full beggar's banquet or a night at the opera

For all it's worth, the place of my birth
Was the music that my brothers and my sister played to me
And how I believed the stories that they told me

'Cause I'm a believer
I believe in the stories from the songs
From the old days
Believer
I believe in the world that they told me existed
On the vinyl and the tapes and from the CD players
That came later, so much later than the good old days

Someone save my life every single night
When the words and music play
When the records took me away
Yeah someone save my life every single night

I just listen to the music
To the words in the music
To the words in the music
Listen to the words in the music
Friends and the music
Listen to the words and the music, music
Music, music, music, music

The place of my birth
Was the music that my brothers and my sister play to me
And how I believe
The stories that they told me

'Cause I'm a believer
I believe in the stories from the songs
From the old days
Believer

I believe in the world that they told me existed
On the vinyl and the tapes and from the CD players
That came later, so much later than the good old days

I believe what I was told
Listen to the stereo
Under the covers of my bed