

Good Ol' Days

Stephen Speaks

Take me back to the place where we first met
Cus being lonely I haven't mastered yet
These cigarettes won't do the trick tonight

Take me back to the time of our puppy love
Cus growing up isn't what I was dreaming of
I'm dieing to find, some innocence tonight

Cus our secret place is covered over in dust
I haven't seen your face for weeks
And your sweet embrace is slowly fading away
So won't you please, please take me back to the place

Take me back to the place where we first met
Where the fire is burning and there's no regrets
One look at you and all my fears melt away

Take me back to the time of my childhood
Where all the evil hadn't met the good
And everything, is innocent inside

When you were holding me everything was okay
And you were whispering, fairy tales in my ear
And I would believe, that you could do anything
So won't you please, please take me back to the good ole days

Please, won't you please take me home.