

# Old Times Good Times

Stephen Stills

When I was young and needed my time alone  
Jump in the pirogue, pole down the Bayou  
Bogafalaya river was dark and cold  
Seven years old, I couldn't find my way home

Old times, good times  
Old times, good times

When I was twelve, I learned how to play the guitar  
Got myself a job in a jax beer bar  
Got myself together, went to New Orleans  
Found myself workin' for rice and beans  
And it was good times

Old times, good times  
Old times, good times

New York city was so damned cold  
I had to get out of that town before I got old  
California and rock and roll dream  
Got too high and we blew our whole scene  
But we had a good time

Old times, good times  
Old times, good times

Old times, good times  
Old times, good times