

Bad Ol' Days

Will Hoge

Driving to work in a brand new suit
Eight dollar cup of coffee and a hundred dollar shoes
Wife, two kids, big house, no worries
Man, I'm doing alright

See a kid on the corner with a girl on each arm
Nothing in his pockets but he's turning on the charm
Bloodshot eyes and last night's clothes
He stumbles in a cab, it's like looking at my ghost

Time moves faster every day
Looking back still brings a smile to my face
The women and whiskey and wicked ways
Sometimes I long for those bad ol' days

Came home from work and it's dinner and wine
Put the kids down to bed, shut it down by nine
Try to make my wife laugh
Maybe I'll get lucky tonight

Time moves faster every day
Looking back still brings a smile to my face
The women and whiskey and wicked ways
Sometimes I long for those bad ol' days

Here in the dark where the whole world's quiet
I think of those days where if you had it I'd try it
Even if you could sell it now I wouldn't buy it
I wouldn't change one thing

Time moves faster every day
Looking back still brings a smile to my face
The women and whiskey and wicked ways
Sometimes I long for those bad ol' days
Is it wrong to long for those bad ol' days

Oh, the bad ol' days

Sometimes I long for those bad ol', bad ol' days

Oh, the bad ol' days