

# Back in the Days

Bad Wolves

So sick of the color TV  
Leave a message they could never find me  
I'm so bored, I'm torn  
Drive away, count the goods on the dashboard  
In my head you know I never sleep  
Bling and black diamonds on a rosary  
I'm so bored, I'm torn  
Numbers up, wake me up, where's my passport?

Searching 'cause I want more  
Searching as I want more  
Take me back to '94  
I'll rewind to the times

I see your faces  
Our safe spaces  
We're stuck in the day  
Back in the day  
And times keep changing  
I'm still chasing  
Those back in the days  
Back in the days

So sick of the cellular fiends  
Leave a DM upon my broken screen  
I'm so bored, I'm torn  
Fly away, count my charts on your billboards  
In my bed you know it don't impress me  
Chasing all this fame that's on your pocket screens  
I'm so bored, I'm torn  
Fly away another cab to the airport

I see your faces  
Our safe spaces  
We're stuck in the day  
Back in the day  
And times keep changing  
I'm still chasing  
Those back in the days  
Back in the days

It seems like yesterday  
We played more meaningful ways  
Meaningful ways

I see your faces  
Our safe spaces  
We're stuck in the day  
Back in the day  
And times keep changing  
I'm still chasing  
Those back in the days  
Back in the days

Searching 'cause I want more  
Take me back to '94  
We're back in the day

Back in the day  
Nineteen ninety  
Nineteen ninety  
Four