Bad Old Days

Big Sugar

I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days
She said, "Son, these are the bad old days"

Move on up, move on up

You've got to watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place
All the time they're smilin' in your face

You can't trust your brother
You disrespect your sister
You got to

Move on up, move on up
Move on up, move on up
Move on up, move on up
Move on up a little

Move on up a little higher

When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case
I'm sure He's gonna ask you 'bout your bad old days

Well, sing a little louder
Look a little harder
Sons and daughters
Walk a little prouder
Sing a little louder

Move on up, move on up
Move on up, move on up
Move on up, move on up
Move on up