

Days of Yore

Fiddler's Green

Well he hung all his wild years
On a nail which he drove
Through his wife's lovely forehead
That he laid on their stove
Then he looked for his matches
And heated the heat
And his soul clasped it's hands
'Bout his deed

Then he took two gallons
Of gas in a can
And doused everything in the house
How nice it was burning
But he didn't look back
Never get caught in a trap

And he felt the same old freedom
He used to feel before
In days of yore

And his boss saw the muzzle
Of his old army gun
The trigger was pulled and he gone
He was catching the glimpse
Of forthcoming live
Well, you've gotta be tough to survive

And the earth kept on turning
Like in days of yore
As an old paltry man reached the shore
And he felt like a little nothing
But there was no more pain
So he jumped and thought
"Let's do it again"

And he felt the same old freedom
He used to feel before
In days of yore
And he felt the same old fre