

Good Old Days

Murray Head

I was riding on the Inter-
City, a window frame view of the country,
So clear and green I almost felt the calm.
Like an endless silent movie, the country seemed to pass right
thru' me,
As the fields rolled by, my thoughts went to the farm.
One man and his tractor in every kind of weather.
Reminded me of fighting it alone.

Those good old days, did I really have to change my ways.
So clear, those days when I didn't care.
Those good ole days, when my time began to fade away,
As I rolled right back into the arms of my destiny.

I looked around at the man beside me, his papers seemed so nerv-
ously tidy.
A city warrior stripped of friends and guiding light.
His life was nearly perfect, except for one small defect.
He looked like he was living someone else's dream.

Those good ole days, at least I had the chance to stay.
Those good ole days taught me how to think, and what to say.
Those good ole days, gave me what I need to carry on.
Cos I found the space to be myself, and know my right from wrong,

There are times when sure I miss them, and they haunt me in my
dreams
A paradise, I sacrifice. When I can't face life alone.
That country air, a perfume you could never ever wear.
Those sun blessed fields swaying to a timeless prayer.
That cool sweet wind that dries away a man's last tear.
I know I'll see those good old days when I've nothing left to fear.