

Good Old Days

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Oh some times I think back to when I was younger
Life was so much simpler then
Dad would be up at dawn
He'd be watering the lawn
Or maybe going fishing again
Oh and mom would be fixing up something in the kitchen
Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie
And I'd spend all day long in the basement
Torturing rats with a hack-saw
And pulling the wings off of flies
Those were the good old days
Those were the good old days
The years go by but the memory stays
And those were the good old days
I can still remember good old Mr. Fender
Who ran the corner grocery store
Oh, he'd strolled down the aisle with a big friendly smile
And he'd say