

As Friends Rust, More Than Just Music, It's a Ha

What happened to the good old days, I don't know.
You would know if I know, 'cause I'd say so.
I've been living in them since 1980, 90, thousand.
What happened to the good ole days, she said.
You would know if I know, 'cause I'd say so.
I've been living in them since forever.
Turned our dreams into dogmas to floats,
sadly made to loom forever above us in the this piss-poor parade.
And as the shadow stretch, it snuffs out the flame,
blurs the line between our goals and our aim.
Which is off ,way off.
Spinning our wheels, running in place.
If we take no chance, we can make no mistake.
But how fucking cowardly.
We've got big, big mouths and small, small minds.
We get fed, fed up if it takes, takes time(time).
Again, how fucking cowardly.
How is this time different from the last time,
if the last time was different from the time before ?