

# Slapshot, Old Tyme Hardcore

Something deed  
Inside of me  
Something you will never see  
But I believe  
That all is lost  
And nothing's real  
'Til we can bring back

Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore

They say we changed  
We lost our way  
Said we saw out better days  
You're all the same  
You turned your backs  
Said we're fake  
You made a mistake

Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore

Done my time I got nothing to prove  
If you've got nothing there's nothing to lose  
It's easy to judge when you're only fifteen  
But it must be great to know everything

Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore

The more things change  
The more they stay  
And values seem to fade away  
How can I care  
About these things  
I try to fight  
To try and bring back

Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore  
Old time Hardcore