

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