

# Emil Bulls, These Are The Days

When the moon and I are talking  
Down by the riverside  
The old man and me alone  
When I hear the gentle whistling  
From the whirlwind in the trees  
and the scent of the summer feels so intense

These are the days I remember you  
Singing our songs to me

Oh these are the days  
I remember you  
Celebrating life  
Like the world was yours

When the walls come tumbling down  
and I'm feeling down and out  
I just open up a sixpack of memories  
Light a cigarette grab my best friend Jack and  
Lose myself in  
The warm distortion that's on my stereo

These are the days I remember you  
Singing our songs to me

Oh these are the days  
I remember you  
Celebrating life  
Like the world was yours

I'm floating I'm floating home to you  
My wooden verb heartbeat just gives me the creeps  
Tonight I'm coming I'm coming home to you

Oh these are the days  
I remember you  
Celebrating life  
Like the world was yours  
Oh these are the days  
I remember you  
Celebrating life  
Like the world was yours