

# Fastball, G.o.d. (Good Old Days)

I've been thinking about the good old days  
Decorated in a candy glaze  
Each pretty ink blot panel  
Tells a different tale  
Each photo on the mantle  
Sweet memories that will never go stale  
I've been climbing up the walls again  
Living with a memory that might have been  
So pick me up on a weekday night  
We could get together and ride around in  
The black and white  
I've been thinking about the good old days  
My silly clothes and my silly ways  
Each drunken drugstore purchase  
Each chemical advance  
Seven days a weekend  
Every day the same old dizzy dance