

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