

Joy Electric, And It Feels Like Old Times

Mother is churning butter by the old barn
Bees are buzzin' roundabout by the pond
Pies n the oven are baking by embers
I was a young boy afraid of the future

Take me back there
Take me to the days of old
When dreams were born in us
Take me back there
Take me to the warmth of home
The absence of sadness

Father is mending the fence by the back field
And oh, how I long for the old days
Of riding on old roads and being together
Sharing the stories of our hearts

Take me back there
Take me to the days of old
When dreams were born in us
Take me back there
Take me to the warmth of home
The absence of sadness

And it feels like old times
It feels like old times...