

Roger Creager, Good Old Days

Roger Creager, John Evans

I've heard stories about the 1950's.
Rock'n'roll music all the way to the 60's.
Everybody says it ain't ever gonna be the same.

But way down South the music got the mojo.
It's all homegrown.
You won't hear it on the radio.
Call it what you want but to me it's the good old days.

God knows I can't stop burning up the blacktop
Chug a cup of coffee from the honey at the truck stop.
Our blood starts pumping
When we're out on a three-day run.
Johnny's got his guitar hanging out the trunk.
Billy's on the floorboard, I
think he's still drunk; long road ahead, but already having fun.

Chorus: Living here in the Good Old days
While they're going on around us
Thinking we've got it made
When the music has found us.
Ain't no need to back track I don't want to look back.
Now we've really got it made.
Think I'll just stay right here in the good old days.

I know all about a hard day's labor.
This ain't work
It's like picking out a flavor at the ice cream shop,
The brunette or the redhead. I'm here singing on the local motion. I ain't getting rich
But I'm down by the ocean doing what I want
And right now it's the good old days.

Chorus

When we get old we're gonna talk about the good times;
Fat and happy, spreading rumors through the grapevines. With any luck, we'll still be up to our old
But, we're still living where the music got the mojo.
I know one day you're gonna hear it on the radio.
Call it what you want
But to me it's the good old days.