

# Stephen Speaks, Good Ol' Days

Take me back to the place where we first met  
Cus being lonely I haven't mastered yet  
These cigarettes won't do the trick tonight

Take me back to the time of our puppy love  
Cus growing up isn't what I was dreaming of  
I'm dieing to find, some innocence tonight

Cus our secret place is covered over in dust  
I haven't seen your face for weeks  
And your sweet embrace is slowly fading away  
So won't you please, please take me back to the place

Take me back to the place where we first met  
Where the fire is burning and there's no regrets  
One look at you and all my fears melt away

Take me back to the time of my childhood  
Where all the evil hadn't met the good  
And everything, is innocent inside

When you were holding me everything was okay  
And you were whispering, fairy tales in my ear  
And I would believe, that you could do anything  
So won't you please, please take me back to the good ole days

Please, won't you please take me home.