

The Script, Good Ol' Days

Up in the bar off smokin sugars
While we were drinking Irish whiskey straight from the jar
Talking bout them better days are not that far
Whoevers coming back to mine you better bring a guitar
Ya play a sad song, ya sing it from the heart
Tell a sad story and tell it from the start
Pass me on the plane that you made into arch
Ya passin through my skin like a heroin dart
When someone's strummin on the streets
And spittin things everyone's movin groovin
Vibes will be on the scenes
They gonna tell you with that passion and that soul
When the first verse drops you'll be fighting back the tears and all
While another man is cryin in his biz in all
While his woman sayin cheers to it all
Aint no shame in the game
Just the way you were raised to always
Dream about better days better days
Ohh well remember this night when where old and grey
Cause in the future these will be the good ol' days
Ya were arm and arm as we sing away
In the future these will be the good ol' days