

# Bad Old Days

Big Sugar

I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
I asked my mother 'bout the bad old days  
She said, "Son, these are the bad old days"

Move on up, move on up

You've got to watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place  
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place  
Watch the back-biters tryin' to take your place  
All the time they're smilin' in your face

You can't trust your brother  
You disrespect your sister  
You got to

Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up a little

Move on up a little higher

When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
When God finds the time, he's gonna deal your case  
I'm sure He's gonna ask you 'bout your bad old days

Well, sing a little louder  
Look a little harder  
Sons and daughters  
Walk a little prouder  
Sing a little louder

Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up, move on up  
Move on up