

## G.O.D. (Good Old Days)

Fastball

I've been thinking about the good old day  
Decorated in a candy glaze  
Each pretty ink blot panel  
Tells a different tale  
Each photo on the mantel  
Sweet memories that never will go stale

I've been climbing up the walls again  
Living with a memory that might have been  
So pick me up on a weekday night  
We'll get together and ride around in  
The black and white

I've been thinking about the good old days  
My silly clothes and my silly ways  
Each drunken drugstore purchase  
Each chemical advance  
Seven days a weekend  
Everday the same old dizzy dance