

## Days of Yore

Fiddler's Green

Well he hung all his wild years  
On a nail which he drove  
Through his wife's lovely forehead  
That he laid on their stove  
Then he looked for his matches  
And heated the heat  
And his soul clasped it's hands  
'Bout his deed

Then he took two gallons  
Of gas in a can  
And doused everything in the house  
How nice it was burning  
But he didn't look back  
Never get caught in a trap

And he felt the same old freedom  
He used to feel before  
In days of yore

And his boss saw the muzzle  
Of his old army gun  
The trigger was pulled and he gone  
He was catching the glimpse  
Of forthcoming live  
Well, you've gotta be tough to survive

And the earth kept on turning  
Like in days of yore  
As an old paltry man reached the shore  
And he felt like a little nothing  
But there was no more pain  
So he jumped and thought  
"Let's do it again"

And he felt the same old freedom  
He used to feel before  
In days of yore  
And he felt the same old fre