I had a friend was a big baseball player back in high school He could throw that speedball by you Make you look like a fool boy

Saw him the other night at this roadside bar I was walking in, he was walking out We went back inside sat down had a few drinks but all he kept talking about was

Glory days well they'll pass you by Glory days in the wink of a young girl's eye Glory days, glory days

Well there's a girl that lives up the block back in school she could turn all the boy's heads Sometimes on a Friday I'll stop by and have a few drinks after she put her kids to bed

Her and her husband Bobby well they split up I guess it's two years gone by now We just sit around talking about the old times, she says when she feels like crying she starts laughing thinking about

Glory days well they'll pass you by Glory days in the wink of a young girl's eye Glory days, glory days

Now I think I'm going down to the well tonight and I'm going to drink till I get my fill
And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinking about it but I probably will

Yeah, just sitting back trying to recapture a little of the glory of, well time slips away and leaves you with nothing mister but boring stories of glory days

Glory days well they'll pass you by Glory days in the wink of a young girl's eye Glory days, glory days

Glory days well they'll pass you by Glory days in the wink of a young girl's eye Glory days, glory days