

# School Days

Joe Walsh

Returned to see my old neighborhood  
A dusty field where my school once stood  
A quiet street with no drag-racing cars  
A melody with no screaming guitars.  
I couldn't find that ol' sycamore tree  
Where my baby wrote that she loved me  
They chopped it down, and everything that wasn't good  
And nothing's left of my neighborhood.

School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! (2x)  
School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! (2x)

Oooooooooh-ooooooooh...oh oh oh!

Round the corner was the soda shack  
And just a quarter bought an after school snack.  
We'd hang out close to the neon light  
We'd eat at Joe's every Saturday night.  
All our heroes on the radio  
All the nights out at the drive-in show.  
Somehow we lost a piece of paradise  
Growing up is not our own device.

School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! (2x)  
School days! School days! Oo-oooh Oo-oooh! (2x)

We were the leaders of the pack  
We'd stick together never holding back...