

# The Good Old Days

The Libertines

If Queen Boadicea is long dead and gone  
Still then the spirit  
In her children's children's children  
It lives on

If you've lost your faith in love and music  
Oh the end won't be long  
Because if it's gone for you then I too may lose it  
And that would be wrong

You know I've tried so hard to keep myself from falling  
Back into my bad old ways  
And it chars my heart to always hear you calling  
Calling for the good old days  
Because there were no good old days  
These are the good old days

It's not about, tenements and needles  
And all the evils in their eyes  
And the backs of their minds  
Daisy chains and school yard games  
And a list of things we said we'd do tomorrow  
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The arcadian dream has all fallen through  
But the Albion sails on course  
So lets man the decks and hoist the rigging  
Because the pig mans found the source  
And theres twelve rude boys on the oars