

Bad Old Days

Tom Paxton

The gentle sound of your breathing, the murmur of the night
The sounds that really belong in music and someday I just might
Meantime I just lie here smiling wide awake at dawn
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone

Oh, I wonder where my bad old days have gone
When I was lost with nothing to count on
Now I lie here smiling all night long
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone

The danger's in the telling I'm tempted to be bright
When the truth is they were bad old days and didn't have to turn
out right
I love you more than morning and part of the reason why
Is you helped me kiss those bad old days goodbye

Oh, I wonder where my bad old days have gone
When I was lost with nothing to count on
Now I lie here smiling all night long
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone

You're quiet in the morning, you like to wake up slow
You need your coffee before you talk, I remember you tellin' me
so
Was it sixteen years ago or was it yesterday
That you came and chased my bad old days away?

Now I wonder where my bad old days have gone
When I was lost with nothing to count on
Now I lie here smiling all night long
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone
Now I lie here smiling all night long
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone