

## Good Old Days

"Weird Al" Yankovic

Oh some times I think back to when I was younger  
Life was so much simpler then  
Dad would be up at dawn  
He'd be watering the lawn  
Or maybe going fishing again  
Oh and mom would be fixing up something in the kitchen  
Fresh biscuits or hot apple pie  
And I'd spend all day long in the basement  
Torturing rats with a hack-saw  
And pulling the wings off of flies  
Those were the good old days  
Those were the good old days  
The years go by but the memory stays  
And those were the good old days  
I can still remember good old Mr. Fender  
Who ran the corner grocery store  
Oh, he'd strolled down the aisle with a big friendly smile  
And he'd say