

SkyMarshall Arts, Back In The Day

Back in the day, when everybody paid
to hear Alban, Dj Bobo and Haddaway,
rap about their shit.

What the hell was it about?

It didn't mean squat to them and even less to us.

But everybody dug it, we had no shame.

We partied to this euro-trash time and again.

Got their records, bought them all just to be part of the game.

Got the genre up to heights of glory and fame.

Nowadays everybody still pays
to hear the same kinda crap in all new fancy kinda ways.
Doesn't matter who's the maker,
it just has to sound great.

Our generation doesn't have the time to sit and wait.

We dig Milk Inc., Cascada, Cosmic Gate and Pulsedriver,

Dj Jean, Tiesto, Groove Coverage and Clubdriver.

The kick has to be hard, and the chorus-line fat.

That makes us happy. It doesn't take more than that.

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Back in the day,
when everything was great and we had it our way.
From party to party, drinking our ass off.
Barfing in ditches, an occasional suck-off.
I really wonder where those times have gone,
back when all was fun and not a single thing wrong.
I remember how it was, back in the days.
I remember how it was, back in the day.

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Go west - Life is peaceful there.
Go west - Lots of open air
Go west - To begin life new
Go west - This is what we'll do
Go west - Sun in winter-time
Go west - We will do just fine
Go west - Where the skies are blue
Go west - This and more we'll do

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