Slapshot, Old Tyme Hardocore

Something deed Inside of me Something you will never see But I believe That all is lost And nothing's real 'Til we can bring back

Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore

They say we changed We lost our way Said we saw out better days You're all the same You turned your backs Said we're fake You made a mistake

Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore

Done my time I got nothing to prove If you've got nothing there's nothing to lose It's easy to judge when you're only fifteen But it must be great to know everything

Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore

The more things change
The more they stay
And values seem to fade away
How can I care
About these things
I try to fight
To try and bring back

Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore Old time Hardcore