

# The Script, Good Ol' Days

Up in the bar off smokin sugars  
While we were drinking Irish whiskey straight from the jar  
Talking bout them better days are not that far  
Whoevers coming back to mine you better bring a guitar  
Ya play a sad song, ya sing it from the heart  
Tell a sad story and tell it from the start  
Pass me on the plane that you made into arch  
Ya passin through my skin like a heroin dart  
When someone's srummin on the streets  
And spittin things everyone's movin groovin  
Vibes will be on the scenes  
They gonna tell you with that passion and that soul  
When the first verse drops you'll be fighting back the tears and all  
While another man is cryin in his biz in all  
While his woman sayin cheers to it all  
Aint no shame in the game  
Just the way you were raised to always  
Dream about better days better days  
Ohh well remember this night when where old and grey  
Cause in the future these will be the good ol' days  
Ya were arm and arm as we sing away  
In the future these will be the good ol' days