



Grandpa (Tell Me 'Bout the Good Old Days)

Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good old days
Sometimes it feels like this world's gone crazy
Grandpa, take me back to yesterday
Where the line between right and wrong
Didn't seem so hazy

Did lovers really fall in love to stay
And stand beside each other come what may?
Was a promise really something people kept,
Not just something they would say?
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
Did daddies really never go away?

Oh, Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good old days

Grandpa, everything is changing fast
We call it progress, but I just don't know
And Grandpa, let's wander back into the past
And paint me the picture of long ago

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And stand beside each other come what may?
Was a promise really something people kept,
Not just something they would say?
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
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