

Gothic Psychology - I Miss The Good Old Days

{Verse 1}

**I'm just sittin' here, starin' at the Texas sky
Thinkin' 'bout them days gone by
Back when everything was simple and fun
Wishin' those times had just begun**

{PreChorus}

**Ridin' bikes down that dusty road
With my friends, life's secret code
Playin' games 'til the sun went down
Those moments, they're the best around**

{Chorus}

**I miss the good old days, oh, the memories
When life was easy, and we felt so carefree
But time keeps movin', and we're on our own
I miss the good old days, where'd they all go?
(I want em back)**

{Verse 2}

**Skippin' stones by the stream, our secret place
We were wild and free, no worries to chase
Climbin' trees, feelin' the wind in our hair
But those days, they vanished into thin air**

{PreChorus}

**Our hideout's all grown over and gray
Nobody goes there, we've all lost our way
I miss the laughter, those secrets we'd share
Now it feels like nobody really cares**

{Chorus}

I miss the good old days, oh, the memories
When life was easy, and we felt so carefree
But time keeps movin', and we're on our own
I miss the good old days, where'd they all go?
(I want em back)

{Bridge}

Things are changin', we're all growin' up
But deep inside, I'm feelin' kinda stuck
Wishin' I could turn back the time
To when the world was yours and mine

{Guitar solo}

{Verse 3}

The music played on that old radio
And we'd dance like there's no tomorrow
Promises we made under starry skies
Now they're just echoes, in a world so wise

{PreChorus}

Wishin' I could feel that innocence again
Back when life was simple, no need to pretend
But all I've got now are these memories
I'll keep them close, like a gentle Texas breeze

{Chorus}}

I miss the good old days, oh, the memories
When life was easy, and we felt so carefree
But time keeps movin', and we're on our own
I miss the good old days, where'd they all go?
(I want em back)

I miss the good old days, oh, the memories

**When life was easy, and we felt so carefree
But time keeps movin', and we're on our own
I miss the good old days, where'd they all go?
(I want em back now)**