

127-1000
Those days

Those days were happy days
At least that's what i recall
Blissful and ignorant
To the coming fall

Those days were saturated
In the Eagle's sweet summer sweat
Endless carefree Weekends
Nary a regret

Those days were endless days
Often still at dawn
Awake and never caring
That those days would soon be gone

Those days have disappeared
In the quest to make more money
The tragedy of growing up
The irony's so funny

Kahlil told me truly life tarries not with yesterday
And i know that it's lousy form to voice this dismay
But when i think about tomorrow, it's met with a heavy sigh
The joy so effortless i felt, how hard now i must try