

THOSE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS (DAMON)

Whenever I'm, from time to time, depressed
And the trauma wells and swells within my breast, I
Find some pride deep inside of me
As I fondly walk the lane of a memory

I see... Bonaparte, a mean one
If ever I've seen one,
And Nero fiddling through that lovely blaze
Antoinette, dainty queen, with her quaint
Guillotine
Yeahaha, those were the good old days

I was so contented
When prisons were invented
And the electric chair was the latest craze
And that glorious morn!
Jack the Ripper was born
Yeahaha, those were the good old days

I'd sit in my rocking chair,
Peacefully rocking there
Counting my blessings by the score
The rack was in fashion
The plagues were my passion
Each day held a new joy in store
Was anybody happy?

I see cannibals munching
A missionary luncheon
The years may have flown
But the memory stays
Like the hopes that were dashed
When the stock market crashed
Yehaha, those were the good old days
I'd walk a million miles more
For some of the gore
Of those good old days!