Fastball, G.o.d. (Good Old Days)

I've been thinking about the good old days Decorated in a candy glaze Each pretty ink blot panel Tells à différent tale Each photo on the mantle Sweet memories that will never go stale I've been climbing up the walls again Living with a memory that might have been So pick me up on a weekday night We could get together and ride around in The black and white I've been thinking about the good old days My silly clothes and my silly ways Each drunken drugstore purchase Each chemical advance Seven days a weekend Every day the same old dizzy dance