

Grandpa – Dave Fenley

Grandpa tell me bout the good old days
Sometimes it feels like
Like this world's gone crazy
And grandpa take me back to yesterday
When 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 wonder back into the past
And paint me the picture of long ago
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 then forget
Did families really bow their heads to pray
Did daddies really never go away
Oh grandpa, tell me bout the good old days
Oh grandpa, tell me bout the good old days



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych