

There's no such thing as the "Good Old Days"  
There'll never be any "golden years" in your life  
Today should be your good old days  
Child, open your eyes  
Open your eyes and see

There's not a whole lot that we can do  
For you and your's right now  
But if you'd like to check back later on  
We'll see what we can do  
Maybe push something thru

But if you don't mind  
Then we don't mind  
If you want to take yourself  
To the back of the line  
And keep still

**So, as the sun swings low I can see  
If you can't sing you can't do anything here  
Just like the songbird's hiss in my ear  
If you can sing you can't do anything  
You can't do anything, cause...**

*My voice, it could be beautiful  
With time and practice, you'll see  
Until then I will be hard-pressed  
Down on the schoolyard  
Where kids can make fun of me  
And if I sing I know they will*

*It could be alright with a sweet melody  
And not much to it, we could run thru it in awe  
It'd be a simple song writ with sincerity  
And not much to it  
But I can't do it cause...*

There's no such thing as the "Good Old Days"  
And I'll admit it scares me more  
than the coldest ghost in the dark  
to grow old in your good old days  
Child, open your eyes  
Open your eyes  
Child, open your eyes  
Open your eyes and see

There's not a whole lot that we can do  
For you and your's right now  
But if you'd like to check back later on  
We'll see what we can do  
Somehow we'll push something thru

But if you don't mind  
Then we don't mind  
If you want to take yourself  
To the back of the line  
And keep still

**So, as the sun swings low I can see  
If you can't sing you can't do anything  
here**

**Just like the songbird's hiss in my ear  
If you can sing you can't do anything  
here.**

**So, as the sun swings low I can see  
If you can't sing you can't do anything  
here**

**Just like the songbird's hiss in my ear  
If you can sing you can't do anything  
You can't do anything**