Were Those The Days?

By John T. Wurzer – 126 bpm

D-A-G-D 2X – CHORUS- G-D-G-E7-A-D

The places that I used to haunt,

I find that now they’re haunting me

From the Best Western Hotel in Chester Illinois

To Mascoutah where life set me free

Most of the buildings are standing

A few of them wiped away

In the drizzling rain with those yellowing leaves

A weather metaphor for the day

**Chorus:**

**Driving past people and places and things**

**That once etched themselves on my gaze**

**Southwest Illinois, as a middle-aged boy**

**Never realizing someday I’d say those were the days**

Red Bud and Chester get cuter through the years

Small town charm on every corner and street

While Sparta remains just as ugly as sin

Watching history skip then repeat

2nd Street and Nathan Avenue

A little bit worse for the wear

I searched for our favorite bars in Mascoutah

And found that both were no longer there

**Chorus**

Time passes much to quickly

Unless you’re waiting for something fine

We used to meet at a bar, change the oil in your car

We’d share a bottle of wine

Tornado watches, heat waves, snowstorms, car wrecks

And passions that were set ablaze

The hungry look in your eyes; no time to realize

Surprise! Those were the days.