

## Bad Old Days

Words and Music by Tom Paxton

The gentle sound of breathing, the murmur of the night,  
The sounds that really belong in music, someday I just might.  
Meantime I just lie here smiling, wide wake at dawn,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.

Oh, I wonder where my bad old days have gone,  
When I was lost with nothing to count on.  
Now I lie here smiling all night long,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.

The danger's in the telling, I attempted to be bright.  
The truth is they were bad old days, didn't have to turn out right.  
I love you more than morning, and part of the reason why,  
Is you helped me kiss those bad old days goodbye.

Now, I wonder where my bad old days have gone,  
When I was lost with nothing to count on.  
Now I lie here smiling all night long,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.

[Musical interlude]

You're quiet in the morning. You like to wake up slow.  
You need your coffee before you talk. I remember you tell me so.  
Was it sixteen years ago? Was it yesterday?  
That you came and chased my bad old days away.

Now, I wonder where my bad old days have gone,  
When I was lost with nothing to count on.  
Now I lie here smiling all night long,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.

Yes, I wonder where my bad old days have gone,  
When I was lost with nothing to count on.  
Now I lie here smiling all night long,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.  
Now I lie here smiling all night long,  
And I wonder where my bad old days have gone.