

## GLORY DAYS

7-15-14 (2)  
(#72)

1. **Glory days won our praise  
but, alas, was but a phase  
that gave way to nights  
that would change us forever.  
Changes that had come and gone  
didn't kill us or make us strong  
right or wrong they made us long  
for glory days.**

**REFRAIN: Glory days, were they just a fool's phase ?  
And the nights, oh, the nights of dreams come true.  
Out of all the treasures memory's maintained \*  
— rose-colored and stained —  
most of all, I remember, mostly you.**

2. **Glory days, youthful craze,  
flags of boldness that we'd raise,  
the weak and timid left behind  
with scraps and rind.  
Those *too* bold, grew too old  
some well-long before their time  
past their prime, before the best  
of glory days.**

**[REPEAT REFRAIN]**

3. **Glory days, through the haze  
looking back with jaded faze  
of perception-by-deception  
of all we'd won and lost.  
In the sun, in the rain  
days and years that form the train  
on the track of "no-going-back"  
to glory days.**

**[INSTRUMENTAL]**

**EPILOG: Glory days, † wild ways, †  
everything gone — nothing stays  
Glory days, the trail they blazed  
to where we are . . .  
in glory days.**

Written: July 15, 2014

\* Alternate "jewels" with "treasures"

† First four epilog lines half-spoken, half-sung;  
and last line, pure-spoken. All of epilog:  
Ritardando, more than moderate

**[END]**