

These Days

Intro

I'm not writing this, to get laid or paid
I just can't keep my pencil off this page
Said I'm not writing this, to get laid or paid or pave the way
I just can't keep my mind off that stage

Swear I'm not writing this, to get laid or paid
I just can't keep my pencil off this page
Not writing to get laid or paid or praised or pave the way
Well maybe one of These Days

Chorus 1

These Days of summer's haze
Running round the music's maze
Daydreaming of some far off stage
Where we can dance and laugh and sing about

These Days, before our escape
Before anyone knew our names
We just sung the days away
Man how I'm missing, I'm missing (These Days)

Verse 1 (Rap)

To make my nana proud, to support my fam
To hang with gang, just to have a little sing sang
To touch the sky, to free my mind, these are the reasons why
I wanna do more with mine than just get by

To never ever forget my being
To carve out new sights and heights and ways of seeing
To touch that truth, that lies in the air
That inner sweeter murmur that we everyday know is there

To live my life by philosophy, Bible to backbeat
Which I set down to make sense of what I see on the streets
To keep a diary for when amnesia hits
Of all the best feelings, all the best parts, all the best bits

Cause these are the days and we're living under-praised
Makin art for art's sake learning go our own ways
And I'll never forget the freedom of these caves
So come on brother, send it, take it away

Chorus 2

Sax Solo

Verse 2 (Rap)

When we were driving around with a bargain bucket
Your silence the key to my lyrical locket
A sounding board, tenor to my horn
Short man wearing shorts whether cold or warm

See you lent me your unchained ears
Taught me it was my life and story not someone else's
Friendship is your hug and the way you say goodbye
And the things you do musically are such a sweet surprise

Cause brother These Days would be grey without your guiness embrace
A short man wearing shorts getting lost on motorways
Chain-smoking as sun-sets on special place
You listen while I put my life together again

Cause brother these are the days and we're living under-praised
Making art for art's sake, learning our own ways
And I'll never forget the freedom of these caves
Well maybe one of These Days

Chorus 2 (Key Change)

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We just sung the days away
Man how I'm missing. I'm missing

These Days, I said I'm missing these
I'm missing, I'm missing, I'm missing
These Days, I'm missing These Days
I'm missing These Days.