

Willie Nelson, Good Times

When I ran to the store with a penny,
And when youth was abundant and plenty,
Classify these as good times.
Good times.

When I rolled rubber tires in the driveway,
Pulled a purse, on a string, 'cross the highway,
Classify these as good times.
Good times.

Good times are comin', hummin', mmm
Good times are comin', hummin', mmm

Go to school, fight a war, workin' steady,
Meet a girl, fall in love, 'fore I'm ready,
Classify these as good times.
Good times.

Here I sit with a drink and a memory,
But I'm not cold, I'm not wet, and I'm not hungry,
So, classify these as good times.
Good times.

Good times are comin', hummin', mmm
Good times
Good times are comin', hummin', mmm