

Bill Monroe, All The Good Times Are Past And Gone

I wish to the lord I'd never been born
Or died when I was young
I never would have seen your sparkling blue eyes
Or heard your lying tongue

All the good times are past and gone
All the good times are o'er
All the good times are past and gone
Little darling don't weep no more

Don't you see that turtle dove
That flies from pine to pine
He's mourning for his own true love
Just like I mourn for mine

Come back, come back my own true love
And stay awhile with me
For if ever I've had a friend in this world
You've been that friend to me