

Bobby Bare, All The Good Times Are Past And Gone

All the good times are past and gone all the good times are past and gone
All the good times are past and gone what's left for a poor boy to do

I can still see my mama bend over that ol' washpot
And it's so doggone cold you could nearly freeze on the spot
My pa eatin' them flapjacks and yellin' for more
And the kids makin' tracks across mama's clean floor
But all them good times are past and gone now all the good times are gone

Well you could look for miles down a winding railroad track
And see train a leavin' and hear one comin' back
And with a cloud of blue up over your head
It's like something from a storybook that you once read
But all them good times are past and gone now all the good times are gone
All the good times are past and gone what's left for a poor boy to do

And go down on that river when the big boats make their run
And the canepoles grow so thick they block up the sun
Just smell that coffee boilin' in an old tin can
And that hot grease poppin' in the fryin' pan
But all them good times are past and gone now all them good times are gone
All the good times are past and gone what's left for a poor boy to do