

# Clint Black, The Good Old Days

He still likes the bar room's  
Dim-lit, smoky atmosphere  
The different kinds of perfume,  
Conversations he overhears  
He's just one of many winding down  
Or winding up the night  
The only way he knows to let loose  
Is to hold on tight.

Chorus:  
And he'll never lose that hold  
He'll never change his ways  
The good times won't grow old  
These are the good old days.

He's got no broken romance  
That sent him wondering way back when  
He carries the torch for no one,  
That's the way it's always been  
He's just one of the chosen few  
Who won't push or tow that line  
He knows he'd only lose his heart,  
He'd never lose his mind.

Chorus:  
Oh, And he'll never lose that hold  
He'll never change his ways  
The good times won't grow old  
These are the good old days.

Chorus:  
Oh, And he'll never lose that hold  
He'll never change his ways  
The good times won't grow old  
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These are the good old days...