

Craig Morgan, Sweet Old Fashion Goodness

Wind chimes in a weeping willow
Biscuits light as feather pillows
At Mama's house
Sunday morning kids a squirming
Thank the preacher for the sermon
As you're walking out
Sweet old fasing goodness
Old man comes out and pumps your gas
Tells a joke while he cleans your glass
And says thatk you friend
Grab a cup of sugar from your neighbor
Honor roll made the morning paper
Cut it out again
Sweet old fashion goodness

We don't need no bureaucrats
No scientists or diplomats
To help us figure out what this world needs
Just sweet old fashion goodness

He says have you met my young bride
We got married back in '49
She ain't changed at all
There's a nervous boy on the front poarch waiting
While the daddy of the girl hes been dating
Lays down the law
Sweet old fashion goodness

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