

Flatt And Scruggs, Good Times Are Past And Gone

I wish to Lord I'd never been born or died when I was young
I never would've 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 but brother don't you weep no more
[fiddle]

Now don't you see that lonesome dove flying from pine to pine
He's mourning for his own true love just like I mourn for mine
All the good times...

[dobro]
Now can't you see that lonesome train going around the bend
It's takin' away my own true love to never return again
All the good times...