

ALL THE GOOD TIMES ARE PASSED AND GONE

G All the good G times are C passed and G gone
G All the good G times are D o'er D
G All the good G times are C passed and G gone little
G darling doncha D weep no G more G

O, don't you see that lonesome dove
Fly'in from vine to vine
Mourning for its own true mate
Just like I mourn for mine

O, cain't you hear that lonesome train
Com'in around th bend
It'll take me away from this ole town
Ain't never com'in back again

I wished to th Lord, I'd never been born
E'r died when I was young
I'd never had seen your smil'in face
Or heard your lyin' tongue

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