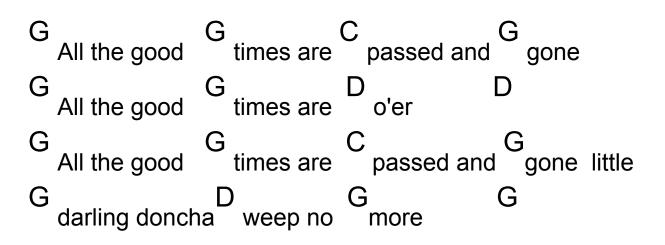
## ALL THE GOOD TIMES ARE PASSED AND GONE



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