

# They Don't Make Em Like They Used To

Aaron Watson

Bluebonnets down a long stretch of hill country highway  
Windows down, radio up, ride shotgun next to you  
You were smoking Camel Lights behind the wheel I can still hear you say  
Three hundred thousand miles you can't beat an ol' beat up Chevrolet

Well Granny's in the kitchen, smell of fried chicken frying  
She's cooking in her apron singing along with Patsy Cline  
Playing ball in the front yard, little sister runs in crying  
She climbs up in her arms, I hear her laughing through the old screen door

They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore

Well the days have changed since the golden days in some ways we've come so far  
But I never dreamed we'd trade the American Dream for a fancy foreign car  
Have we sold our souls to save a buck traded hard work for dumb luck  
And those old country songs are sounding better than ever before

They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore  
Now they don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore

So you live the kind of life so long after you're long gone  
You'll always be there in their hearts and your love light will shine on  
And someday they'll sit around down at John T's Country Store  
They'll be laughing over stories you told a thousand times before, saying  
They don't make em like you anymore  
They don't make em like you anymore

They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore

Well no news is good news, tell me whose news really tells the truth  
The death toll rises high as gas prices shoot straight through the roof  
Meanwhile politicians preach while some preachers politic  
Well we need is lots of love, yeah lots of love might do the trick

Instead we criticize, we glamorize who's right or wrong, who's left or right  
Missing out on so many beautiful colors fighting over what's black and white  
We've gotta forgive, gotta learn to live together, make the world a better place  
And just maybe someday somebody somewhere will look back on today  
Look back on us and say

They don't make 'em like they used to

They don't make 'em like they used to  
They don't make 'em like you anymore