

All the Good Times Are Past and Gone

Bobby Bare

All the good times are past and gone
All the good times are past and gone
All the good times are past and gone
What's left for a poor boy to do?

I can still see my mama bend over that ol' washpot
And it's so doggone cold you could nearly freeze on the spot
My pa eatin' them flapjacks and yellin' for more
And the kids makin' tracks across mama's clean floor.

But all them good times are past and gone now
All the good times are gone.

Well, you could look for miles down a winding railroad track
And see train a leavin' and hear one comin' back
And with a cloud of blue up over your head
It's like something from a storybook that you once read.

But all them good times are past and gone
Now all the good times are gone
All the good times are past and gone
What's left for a poor boy to do?

And go down on that river when the big boats make their run
And the canepoles grow so thick they block up the sun
Just smell that coffee boilin' in an old tin can
And that hot grease poppin' in the fryin' pan.

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What's left for a poor boy to do?...