Well I remember when I was as children The time the people used to treat the neighbor like a fellow man And all their singin' and big prayer meetin's When a man was proud to walk up and shake his neighbors hand

Oh you talk about the good times, Talk about the good times Oh if you ever needed help a friend was there Some good neighbor Help lift your burden Mmm, and the simple joys of life a friend would share

Times are harder and the people are changin' Now most folks couldn't tell you who their neighbors are All their guns are loaded, the front doors are bolted Ain't this ol' world takin' hate and fear just a little too far

Oh you talk about the good times, Talk about the good times I wish I could go back to the days I'm speakin of When a friend would meet you And a smile would greet you What this ol' world needs now is a little old fashioned love

My granddaddy God rest his soul now Well we had a big long talk together the day he died Said son this world is full of hate and venom An' I can't wait to leave this ol' place and rest on the other side

Oh you talk about the good times, talk about the good times Talk about the good times I'm gonna see all the friends I knew in the good ol' days We'll have a big hand shakin' An' sit and talk together Sit down by the river Jordan and sing our blues away

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