

# Good Old Days Are Gone

Frank Foster

Mr. Collin he's a hauling hay but his barn is falling  
He got a for sale sign on a rusty sixty-one Ford  
The train used to stop down here at the station  
But that old whistle  
It don't blow round here no more  
And time eases on  
And now the good old days are gone

Now old Mack, he was an outlaw, ain't no denying  
But Ms Wanita kept him coming home  
Eleven kids, seven decades later  
Like an old oak tree, he stands alone  
She's laid beneath the stone  
And now his good old days are gone

Father time, he's a heartless hunter  
He'll sneak up from behind  
Steal away your youth and age your mind  
Take away all the good things  
And a few good folks left around  
Til everything you love is in the cold ground

Cause old butch, he was a north Louisiana legend  
A country-preneur, the first and the last of his kind  
Til behind the counter at the bait shop one cold morning  
Shots were fired and a small town cried  
So let the Corny Queen, sail on  
Because the good old days are gone  
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