

Goodbye To Good Times

Kevin Morby

Seems the good times have finally come to pass
Make way for bad times, soon to cross our path
When my father was a young man, he got Mickey Mantle's autograph
And with the Ms shaped like the moon, he would contemplate the stars
And wish the good times would never come to pass

No, they just don't make 'em like that no more
No, they just don't make 'em like they used to
When my mother was nineteen, she'd dance to Tina, Tina Turner
And the hallway'd become a catwalk, and she'd go to the show
No, they just don't make 'em like that no more

Well rock me, baby, oh, rock me, child
I miss the good times, Mama, they've gone out of style
And I don't remember how it feels to dance, goodbye to good times

By way the crow flies, it could take all night
By way the crow flies, it could take 900 miles
When my sister was a kid, she lit a lantern and sent it to the night
She asked, "How far will it fly? And where will it land when it falls outta the sky?"
By way the crow flies, it could go all night

Sometimes the good, sometimes the good die young (Otis Redding)
Sometimes the good survive (Diane Lane)
When I was a little boy, I wanted to live and breathe inside a song
Well how about this one

Sometimes the good die young, and sometimes they survive
Well, Mickey, Tina, Otis, Diane, goddamn
Well rock me, baby, oh, rock me, child
I miss the good times, mama, they've gone out of style
And I don't remember how it feels to dance, goodbye to good times

Oh, rock me, baby, oh, rock me, child
I miss the good times, mama, they've gone out of style
And I don't remember how it feels to dance, goodbye to good times

Well this is a photograph, a window to the past
Of a family growing old, inside the boxing ring of time
In Bittersweet, Bittersweet, Bittersweet, Tennessee