

# The Good Ones

Wyatt Flores

I'm missin' someone damn near all the time  
And right now, they're weighin' heavy on my mind  
Hell, I barely hardly ever raise a glass  
But tonight, I'm celebratin' spirits passed  
I'm drinking one for all the ones we lost along the way  
Hell, I miss 'em every day  
And right now, this one here is raised

To all the good ones  
All them days we never had  
To the great times and the bad  
Yeah, tonight we raise our glass  
To their daughters, their mothers  
Fathers and their sons  
They ain't with us here tonight, but they ain't gone  
Here's to all the good ones

To the ones, that there's no doubt, we all love  
To the ones we know that always cheer us up  
To the souls flowin' with us down the stream  
And the ghosts watching over as we sleep  
I'm drinking one for all the ones we lost along the way  
Livin' for 'em every day  
And right now, damn right, this one's raised

To all the good ones  
All them days we never had  
To the great times and the bad  
Yeah, tonight we raise our glass  
To their daughters, their mothers  
Fathers and their sons  
They ain't with us here tonight, but they ain't gone  
Here's to all the good ones  
Yeah  
Here's to all the good ones

All the good ones