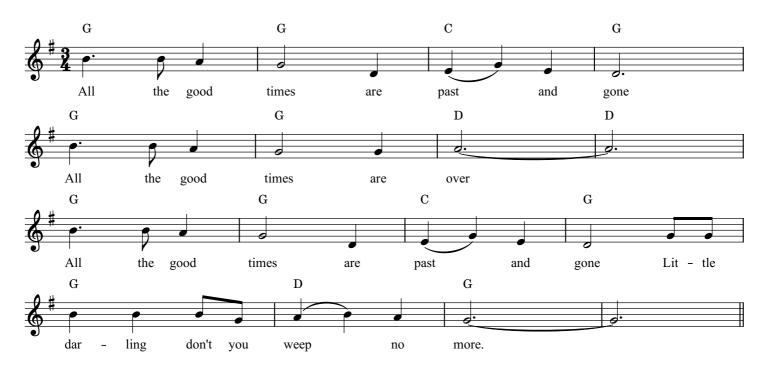
All The Good Times

US trad.



All the good times are past and gone All the good times are o'er All the good times are past and gone Little darlin don't you weep no more

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born Or died when I was young I never would have seen your sparkling blue eyes Or heard your lying tongue

Don't you see that turtle dove That flies from pine to pine He's mourning for his own true love Just like I mourn for mine

Don't you see that passing train Going 'round the bend It's taking away my own true love Never to return again Can't you see that turtle dove, Flyin' from pine to pine, She's mourning for her own true love, Just like I mourn for mine.

Woody knows nothin' but peckin' on a bow, Under skies of blue, I never knew 'til I met you, What love, oh love could do.

If you see my own true love, There's something I want you to tell her, Tell her to quit wastin' her time, Runnin' 'round with some other feller.

Come back, come back my own true love And stay awhile with me For ever I've had a friend in this world You've been a friend to me