

# All The Good Times Are Past And Gone

Bill Monroe

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

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

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

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