

The Good Old Days

Clint Black

He still likes the bar room's dim-lit, smoky atmosphere
The different kinds of perfume, conversations he overhears
He's just one of many winding down or winding up the night
The only way he knows to let loose is to hold on tight

[Chorus]

And he'll never lose that hold
And he'll never change his ways
The good times won't grow old
These are the good old days

He's got no broken romance that sent him wondering way back when
He carries the torch for no one, that's the way it's always been
He's just one of the chosen few who won't push or two that line
He knows he'd only lose his mind, he'd never lose his mind

[Chorus: x2]

These are the good old days