

Good Times Ain't What They Used To Be

Jamey Johnson

I thought Jack Daniels was the working man's tea
It was the windows to the life I used to lead
I used to ramble like a feather in the breeze
But nowadays the Good Times Ain't What They Used to Be

Back home on those backroad, everybody's movin' slow
'Til I hit that highway just as fast as I could go
I think that high road's been cacthin' up to me
'Cause nowadays the Good Times, Lord Ain't What They Used to Be

And nowadays I dream of an old cane pole
My baby's sweet tea and my favorite fishin' hole
I sit down on that bank underneath the shade tree
And I thank God the Good Times, Lord Ain't What They Used to Be

I sit down on that bank underneath the shade tree
And I thank God the good times, Lord, ain't what they used to be
I thank God the Good Times Ain't What They Used to Be