

## Stará dobrá country

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Gone are the days  
I never dreamed they would not last  
When we played our songs for love instead of cash  
There wasn't anybody for a country mile  
Who did not have a song  
On a hand me down fiddle or a mandolin  
Lord they'd pickum' all night long

I just want to hear that good ole country music  
The kind that Mama Maybelle use to sing  
I love the sweet fern and I love the wildwood flower  
And I can only feel the simple things

Seems like only yesterday we built that old dance floor  
Out in the middle of a dried up field  
Right next to Mr. Hayes store  
I can still see old John kickin' up his heels  
Dancing to a hoe down tune  
RC colas in a number 3 tub  
Was shining by the light of the moon

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