

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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