

Wynonna Judd "Grandpa"

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Grandpa, tell me 'bout the good ole days.
Sometimes it feels like
This world's gone crazy.
Grandpa, take me back to yesterday,
Where the line between right and wrong
Didn't seem so hazy.

Did lovers really fall in love to stay?
Stand beside each other come what may?
Was a promise really something people kept,
Not just something they would say?
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
Did daddies really never go away?
Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good ole days.

musical interlude

Grandpa, everything is changing fast.
We call it progress,
But I just don't know.
And Grandpa, let's wonder back into the past,
And paint me a picture of long ago.

Did lovers really fall in love to stay?
Stand beside each other come what may?
Was a promise really something people kept,
Not just something they would say and then forget?
Did families really bow their heads to pray?
Did daddies really never go away?
Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good ole days.

Whoa oh Grandpa,
Tell me 'bout the good ole days.

Musical interlude
Humming

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