

Weavers, The

"Good Old Bowling Green"

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Wish I was in bowling greens

Sitting in my chair

When I'm around my pretty little gal

When I'm around my dear, when I'm around my dear

Bowling Green, hey

Good old Bowling Green

Going through this worried world

Going through alone

Going through this worried world

I ain't got no home, I ain't got no home

Bowling Green, hey

Good old Bowling Green

I wish I was a bumble bee

Flying through the air

Take my true love by my side

Touch her if you dare, touch her if you dare

Bowling Green, hey

Good old Bowling Green

Going back to Bowling Green

Don't know how or when

When I get to Bowling Green

I'll never leave again, I'll never leave again

Bowling Green, hey

Good old Bowling Green

Bowling Green, hey

Good old Bowling Green

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