

Clint Black

"The Good Old Days"

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He still likes the bar room's dim-lit
Smoky atmosphere
The different kinds of perfume
Conversations he overhears

He's just one of many winding down
Or winding up the night
The only way he knows to let loose
Is to hold on tight

And he'll never lose that hold
And he'll never change his ways
The good times won't grow old
These are the good old days

He's got no broken romance
That sent him wondering way back
When he carries the torch for no one
That's the way it's always been

He's just one of the chosen few
Who won't push or two that line
He knows he'd only lose his mind
He'd never lose his mind

And he'll never lose that hold
And he'll never change his ways
The good times won't grow old
These are the good old days

And he'll never lose that hold
And he'll never change his ways
The good times won't grow old
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