

## Craig Morgan

# "Sweet Old Fashion Goodness"

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Wind chimes in a weeping willow  
Biscuits light as feather pillows  
At Mama's house  
Sunday morning kids a squirming  
Thank the preacher for the sermon  
As you're walking out  
Sweet old fasing goodness  
Old man comes out and pumps your gas  
Tells a joke while he cleans your glass  
And says thatk you friend  
Grab a cup of sugar from your neighbor  
Honor roll made the morning paper  
Cut it out again  
Sweet old fashion goodness

We don't need no bureaucrats  
No scientists or diplomats  
To help us figure out what this world needs  
Just sweet old fashion goodness

He says have you met my young bride  
We got married back in '49  
She ain't changed at all  
There's a nervous boy on the front poarch waiting  
While the daddy of the girl he's been dating  
Lays down the law  
Sweet old fashion goodness

We don't need no bureaucrats  
No scientists or diplomats  
To help us figure out what this world needsd  
Just sweet old fashion goodness

Nothin' but sweet old fashion goodness

[Thanks to Danielle for lyrics]

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