

## Hank Snow

# "Gal Who Invented Kissin'"

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Wind chimes in a weeping willow  
Biscuits light as feather pillows  
At mama's house

Sunday morning kids are squirming  
Thank the preacher for the sermon  
As you're walking out

Sweet old fashion goodness

Old man comes out and pumps your gas  
Tells a joke while he cleans your glass  
And says, 'Thank 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 porch 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 needs  
Just sweet old fashion goodness  
Nothin' but sweet old fashion goodness

