

## Owsley "Good Old Days"

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I went back home the other day  
To see some old friends that I used to know  
It was strange to see what all had changed  
But just like me my hometown had to grow

On lazy Sunday afternoons  
We used to drive around the neighborhood  
But as I look around I see  
That nothing really looks the way it should

There's a parking lot where the church used to be  
And the old town drunk changed his ways  
Still my mind goes wandering down memory lane  
Looking 'round for the good old days

My high-school sweetheart's married off  
With two kids and another on the way  
And my coach, I hardly recognized  
His thick black hair has slowly turned to gray

All the debutantes and the homecoming queen  
Have taken kids on to raise  
Still my mind goes wandering down memory lane  
Looking 'round for the good old days

When I find myself romancing now  
Of the way that it used to be  
I can't help thinking someday  
That it's coming back to me  
But I never was the kind  
To see the forest for the trees

Looking back on yesterday  
Never was my favorite thing to do  
But that's okay, it's just as well  
It's seems as though there's less to hold on to

There's a parking lot where the church used to be  
And the old town drunk changed his ways  
Still my mind goes wandering down memory lane  
Well I hope it's a passing phase, oh yeah  
Looking back at the good old days

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