

The Weavers

"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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