# Good Old Days

## Owsley

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 growOn lazy Sunday afternoons
We used to drive around the neighborhood
But as I look around I see
That nothing really looks the way it shouldThere'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 daysMy 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 grayAll 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 daysWhen 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 treesLooking 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 toThere'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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