

Sweet Old Fashion Goodness

Craig Morgan

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

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