

Good Old Days

Slim Dusty

With misty eyes we reminisce
About the good old days,
Family and friends, the old home town,
Are easy goin' ways,

They don't do things the way we did,
They don't know how.

But these will be the good old days,
Twenty years from now.

Age will fade the heartaches,
Time will dry the tears,
Memories of good times,
Glow brighter through the years.

But songs will sound much sweeter then;
They age like wine,

Troubles too will drop away
Like leaves falls from the vine.

And when the band plays it's last waltz
And takes its final bow,
These will be the good old days,
Twenty years from now.

Age will fade the heartaches,
Time will dry the tears,
Memories of good times,
Glow brighter through the years.

The songs will sound much sweeter then;
They age like wine,
Troubles too will drop away
Like leaves falls from the vine.

And when the band plays its last waltz
And takes its final bow.

Yes these will be the good old days,
Twenty years from now.
Remember these will be the good old days,
Twenty years from now. That's right!