

All The Good Times Are Past and Gone

D A D

traditional

chorus

3	0	6	3
3	1	4	1
5 4 5	3 0	3 4	0

0	3	2	
1	3	3	
3 2 3	5 4 3	4	

3	0	6	3
3	1	4	1
5 4 5	3 0	3 4	0 3 3

3	2	0	
3	3	1	
5 5 3 3	4 5 4	3	

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove
Which flies from pine to pine
She's mourning for her own true love
Just like I mourne for mine

Oh don't you see that passenger train
Goin' around the bend?
It's taking away my own true love
To never return again.

I wish to the Lord I'd never been born
Or died when I was young
I never would've seen your sparkling blue
eyes
Or heard your lyin' tongue

Come back, come back my own true love
And stay a while with me
For if ever I've had a friend in this world
You've been that friend to me.