

# The Good Old Days

As sung by Milt Okun

Contemplatively ♩ = 72

1. I'm near - ing eight - y years of age, My mind goes back to mem' - ry's page.
2. Oh, when we went to a par - ty or ball, We went with an ox team or not at all.
3. The boys, they were both heart - y and gay, They could dance all night and work all day.
4. The girls, they used to flirt and flout; If they had one dress they were well-fixed out.

Seems to me it's aw - ful queer. Some - thing new comes ev - 'ry year.  
 Now we have a horse and sleigh, Three or four buf - fa - loes and ev - 'ry - thing gay.  
 Now they look like an eel that's skinned; Rat - tle like corn shucks a - shak - in' in the wind.  
 Now they have so man - y clothes on their back, They look like a pump - kin a - sewed in a sack.

Oh, dear, I can but grieve the good old days of Ad - am and Eve.

\*On the first verse Okun holds out these notes slightly.