All The Good Times Are Past And Gone

```
   G                    C        G
Al l the good times are past and gone
                           D
All the good times are o' er
G                       C        C
All the good times are past and gone
                             D        G
Little darling don't you w eep no m ore
```

I wish to the Lord I'd never been
Or died when I was young.
I never would have seen your sparkling blue eyes
Or heard your lying tongue

Don't you see that turtle dove
That flies from pine to pine?
He's mourning for his own true love
Just like I mourn for mine.

Don't you see that passenger train
Going around the bend?
It's talcing away my own true love
To never return again.

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 a friend to me.