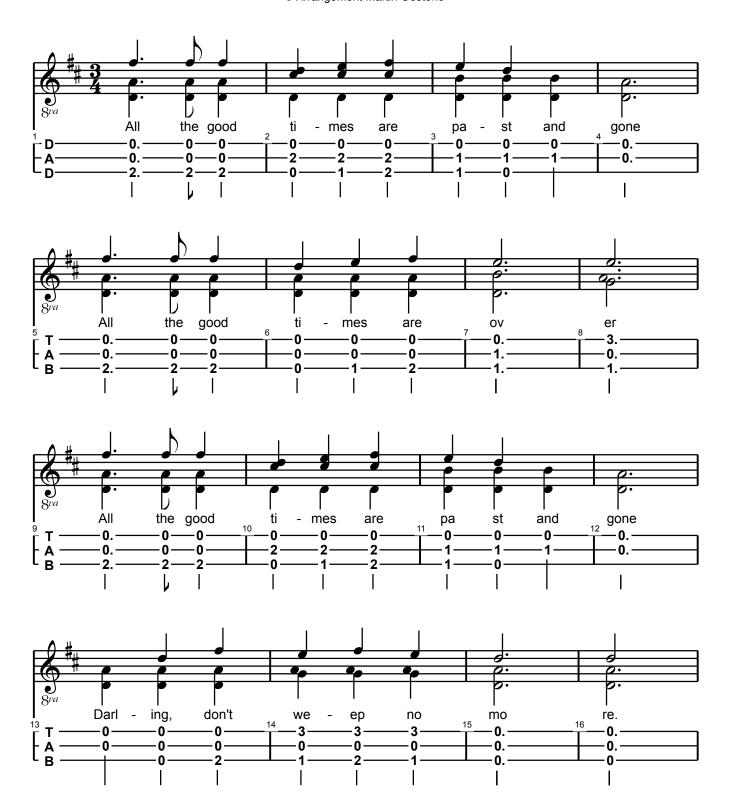
ALL THE GOOD TIMES

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2. I wish to the Lord I'd never been born, Or had died when I was young; And never had seen your sparkling blue eyes, Or heard your flattering tongue.

- 3. Oh, don't you see that distant train, A-comin' round the bend. It'll take me away from this old town; Never to return again.
- 4. Oh, don't you see that lonesome dove, That flies from pine to pine. He's mourning for his own true love, Just like I mourn for mine.