

We talk about the good old days
In tones of deep regret. -
When we were young and full of joy
and hopes we can't forget.
Those days have passed, alas 'tis true
We find a different time, -
We turn our pockets inside out
To hunt a lonesome dime.
Our cash is short. The world's awry.
We don't know where to turn,-
To get some fun from little things
Is what we have to learn.

A friend is something to possess
worth more than cold hard cash
as long as love will stay with us
Things cant go all to smash.
So here's to love and fellowship
The kind that don't forget, -
The corn crop's good I'm glad
to learn
And here's a cigarette.
Florence

Do you know dear, as I know

The years are passing by
And we can't stop their going fast
No matter how we try.
You may be bald, and I'll be gray
In just a little while.
How can we face this tragedy -
And force a gallant smile?
I've thought a lot about it all
Old age is very sad
But, if our friends will still love us
It won't be half so bad.
We meet new people all the time
And put them to the test
But they lack something that we crave
Old friends are always best.

I count on you always my dear
Old times I don't forget --
Lets throw off both the time and
years.
Not just a cigarette --

Florence

Carl-