



AARON WATSON THEY DON'T MAKE EM LIKE THEY USED TO

Bluebonnets down a long stretch of hill country highway
Windows down, radio up, ride shotgun next to you
You were smoking Camel Lights behind the wheel I can
still hear you say
Three hundred thousand miles you can't beat an ol' beat
up Chevrolet

Well Granny's in the kitchen, smell of fried chicken
frying
She's cooking in her apron singing along with Patsy
Cline
Playing ball in the front yard, little sister runs in crying
She climbs up in her arms, I hear her laughing through
the old screen door

They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore

Well the days have changed since the golden days in
some ways we've come so far
But I never dreamed we'd trade the American Dream for
a fancy foreign car
Have we sold our souls to save a buck traded hard work
for dumb luck
And those old country songs are sounding better than
ever before

They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore
Now they don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore

So you live the kind of life so long after you're long
gone

You'll always be there in their hearts and your love light
will shine on
And someday they'll sit around down at John T's
Country Store
They'll be laughing over stories you told a thousand
times before, saying
They don't make em like you anymore
They don't make em like you anymore

They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore

Well no news is good news, tell me whose news really
tells the truth
The death toll rises high as gas prices shoot straight
through the roof
Meanwhile politicians preach while some preachers
politic
Well we need is lots of love, yeah lots of love might do
the trick

Instead we criticize, we glamorize who's right or wrong,
who's left or right
Missing out on so many beautiful colors fighting over
what's black and white
We've gotta forgive, gotta learn to live together, make
the world a better place
And just maybe someday somebody somewhere will
look back on today
Look back on us and say

They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like they used to
They don't make 'em like you anymore

ASSOCIATION VAROISE DE DANSE COUNTRY