

# THE OLD FAMILY FARMS

(D)

The old family farms—(G) are fast fading (D) away  
Held together by (A) memories—(G)--of a better (D) day  
There's memories of families (G) lies—with children at (D) play  
Memories of (A) loved ones—(G) ---that have all gone (D) away

I cherish those memories—(G) es—the good and the (D) bad  
Looking back (A) now—(G) they're the best that I've (D) had  
Looking back (A) now—(G) they're the best that I've (D) had

(Music Break—Last 2 lines in Chorus)

There's memories of hard times—with too little pay  
Memories of the good jobs—that took us away  
The work week would end—when Sunday finally came  
And the families would gather—at the old church to sing

(REFRAIN)

(Music Break)

There's memories of neighbors—who'd come to your farm  
When a big storm was brewing—to get the crops in the barn  
There's memories of mothers—gently nursing their child  
Those were good memories—in a world that's gone wild

(REFRAIN)

(Break)

Now like those old farms—we know we can't last  
So we look to the future—and lean hard on the past  
And like our old memories—more precious than gold  
We keep them close by--for our travel weary souls

(REFRAIN)

RAY PAGE Jr.

