

Good Times

Jukebox the Ghost

They said it was the best of times
But I kept waking up on the floor
They said it was the prime of our lives
Then why can't I get out of the door?

Sun so hot that the concrete sweats
And the moon's hanging lower than it ever has yet
You get phone calls from people that you haven't even met
They say it's just a matter of time

Turn it up, let 'er rip
It's like we all just wanna get it over with
Golden age, but there are riots in the street
If these are the good times, why are they killing me?

They said it was the glory days
But I think it's just a figure of speech
Because the only thing that's changed
Is everything I wanted to keep

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If these are the good times
Why are they

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