

## 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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Why are they

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