

Barbara Kessler "Better Times"

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"Hey, why so sad, why so heavy all the time" you ask
I say, "Hey, it's not my nature to call it a half full glass"
There's a man I could love he's just the same
We love to get together and complain
Sometimes we drive on Sundays to sit beside the lake
We tease the greedy squirrels they don't ask before
they take
Are we just waiting for our ships to come in
Then will we blow our separate ways again?
Hey hey hey how time flies
When you're holding out for better times
Well I admit a craving for something square and
certain
A house and a yard and a window with curtains
Most days I don't even think twice
But every path not chosen has its price
Hey hey hey how time flies
When you're holding out for better times

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